

# Product Of The Environment

## 3rd Bass

Alright coming up now another request (this one)  
This time from the boys down at Anna's Pizza Paradise  
A new arrangement of a great oldie in rhythm and blues  
Verse One: Pete Nice (Prime Minister)  
In the heart of the  
city you was born and bred  
You grew up smart or you wound up dead  
Things moved fast, but you knew the scoop  
And your savior was a rhyme and a beat and a rap group  
A modern day production of the city street  
You said I didn't have it that I couldn't compete  
So the sleeper did sleep but the sleeper shoulda woke up  
Now you're in my sight, the buddha sess you smoke up  
That's the element you carry your rhymes on  
That style of rhyme won't let you live long  
Cause a strong song to you is what I sent  
Cause I'm a product, of the environment  
Chorus: There it is, black and white (2X)  
Verse Two: MC Serch  
On the  
streets of far Rockaway Queens  
Seagram Boulevard, be-17  
Redfern houses where no MC would ever go  
Is where I did my very first show  
Had the crowd had the rhymes going, I never fess  
(His reward, was almost a bullet in his chest)  
And on that stage, is where I first learned  
Stick out my chest to be a kid and get burned  
You're so foolish, but I think you knew this  
That on the the microphone punk I can do this  
And doing this, is what life meant  
Cause I'm a product, of the environment  
Chorus  
Verse Three: MC Serch, Pete Nice  
Back in the days when kids  
were mack daddies  
Striped Lee jeans, playboys and Caddies  
Long Beach, the M.O.K. center  
He almost caught a bad one when he tried to enter  
our way  
Bang!  
Bum rush the back door  
Then scatter, onto the dance floor  
Me and my boys, skeezin the cuties  
Never had static, 'cause everybody knew me  
Local DJ's, tearin up the wax  
And out the corner, some kid gets taxed

After the party, crack open a forty  
 Vicked it from the store yo the man never caught me  
 Went up to the arcade, cranked the bass  
 And then the five-oh chased us from the place  
 Hop on the railroad, play the conductor  
 Everywhere I went, I always tucked a  
 marker in my jacket to tag where I went  
 Cause we were just products, of the environment  
 Chorus Verse Four: MC Serch, Pete Nice  
 I want to tell you  
 something that gets me kind of mad  
 ...it's about my dear old dad  
 He's tired, and worn, and works a nine to five  
 Clockin thirty G's a year to survive  
 But I know kids who in a month or so  
 Make that money sellin ya-yo  
 Pushin a drug, I can't understand  
 Destroyin a life with a buck in the hand  
 Play rotten slum chain, local street hero  
 But if you ask Serch, you're just a bunch of zeroes  
 Too bad cause when you're older, you won't have a cent  
 Cause you're a product, of the environment  
 Chorus Verse Five: Pete Nice  
 You hear it in the strength of my voice  
 and in my rhythm  
 Now you know, how I was livin  
 It happened to me, like it happened to Serch  
 Prime Minister Pete Nice'll kick the verse  
 in Bed-Stuy with my boy, Kiwai Height  
 The K to A Kingston, Wednesday night  
 To the Empire, show slammin  
 Open for Dana, crew flammin  
 Mouth open wide, or listening  
 Dumb dope with a forty in my system  
 Unprotected but respected for my own self  
 Cause of talent, no shade, or nothin else  
 A time of tension, racially fenced in  
 I came off (and all the brothers blessed him)  
 I left more than a mark, I left a dent  
 Cause I'm a product, of the environment  
 Outro: K.M.D. and Serch  
 Aiyyo Serch, skin is just a color of the mind  
 and the soul  
 And a brother ain't a brother if his heart is cold, you know what I'm sayin fellas?  
 Word  
 And I think we need a positive Kause in a Much Damaged society  
 Word up man nubians killin nubians, brothers just don't understand  
 Word maybe it's some of that crime that's stoppin the growin  
 the drug pollution and all needs to calm down  
 Word man, cause that's what we need, we need Griff Productions  
 We need a K.M.D. man to uplift the race and bring Kause in the beginning

And a Posse called Get Yours  
There it is, to all y'all bigots who want us to bend  
We're just products of the environment, peace!!  
Hopefully...  
(There it is, black and white)

Songwriters

NASH, PETER J. / BERRIN, MICHAEL / CITRIN, SAMPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>