

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, youknwhatImsayin 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

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