

Old School (DJ Bazza Remix)

2Pac

What more could I say, I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way
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If the old school didn't pave the way I remember Mr. Magic, Flash, Grandmaster Caz
LL raising hell but, that didn't last
Eric B. & Rakim was, the shit to me
I flip to see a Doug E. Fresh show, with Ricky D
And Red Alert was puttin in work, with Chuck Chill
Had my homies on the hill getting ill, when shit was real
Went out to steal, remember Raw, with Daddy Kane
When De La Soul was puttin Potholes in the game
I can't explain how it was, Whodini
Had me puffin on that buddha gettin buzzed, cause there I was
Them block parties in the projects, and on my block
You diggy don't stop, sippin on that Private Stock
Through my speaker Queen Latifah, and MC Lyte
Listen to Treach, KRS to get me through the night
With T La Rock and Mantronix, to Stetsasonic
Remember "Push It" was the bomb shit, nuttin like the old school What more could I say, I wouldn't be here
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If the old school didn't pave the way I had, Shell Toes, and BVD's
A killer crease inside my Lee's when I hit the streets
I'm playing skelly, ring to leavey, or catch a kiss
Before the homies in my hood learned to smack a bitch, I remember
Way back, the weak weed they had

Too many seeds in the trey bag
 I'm on the train headin uptown, freestyling
 With some wild kids from Bucktown, profiling
 Cause the hoochies was starin, thinking, "Why them niggas swearing?"
 I'm wondering if that's her hair, I remember
 Stickball, pump the hoochies on the wall
 Or taking leaks on the steps, stinking up the hall
 Through my childhood, wild as a juvenile
 A young nigga tryin to stay away from Rikers Isle
 Me and my homies breakin nights, tryin to keep it true
 Out on the roof sipping 90 proof, ain't nuttin like the old school
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 Remember popping and locking to Kurtis Blow, the name belts
 And Scott LaRock the Super Ho back in Latin Quarters
 When Slick Rick was spittin La-Di-Da-Di
 Gaming the hoochies at the neighborhood block parties, I remember
 Breakdancing to Melle Mel
 Jekyll and Hyde, LL when he Rocks the Bells
 Forget the TV, about to hit the streets and do graffiti
 Be careful don't let the transit cops see me
 It ain't nothing like the old school!
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Songwriters

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