

# Old School

## 2Pac

Here we go, we gonna send this one out to the old school  
All these motherfuckers in the Bronx and Brooklyn and Staten Island  
Queens and all the motherfuckers that laid it down the foundation  
Ya know what I'm sayin'? Nuttin' but love for the old school  
That's who we gonna do this one for, ya feel me? What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way I remember Mr. Magic Flash, Grandmaster Caz  
LL raisin', hell but, that didn't last  
Eric B. and 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, gettin' 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 diggi 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  
today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(Ain't nuttin' like the old school)  
What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(Ain't nuttin' like the old school) What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(Yeah, it ain't nuttin like the old school)  
What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(Nuttin' like the old school) What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(Ain't nuttin' like the old school)  
What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
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 playin' 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  
Freestylin' with some wild kids from Bucktown Profilin, 'cause the hoochies was starin'  
Thinkin' why them niggaz swearin'?  
I'm wonderin' if that's her hair, I remember  
Stickball, pump the hoochies on the wall  
Or takin' leaks on the steps, stinkin' up the hall Through my childhood, wild as a juvenile  
A young nigga tryin' to stay away from Riker's Isle  
Me and my homies breakin' nights, tryin' to keep it true  
Out on the roof sippin' 90 proof, ain't nuttin' like the old school What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(Ain't ain't nuttin' like the old school)  
What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(Ain't nuttin' like the old school) What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(Nuttin' like the old school)  
What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(Ain't nuttin' like the old school) What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(Ain't nuttin' like the old school)  
What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way Remember poppin' and lockin' to Kurtis Blow the name belts  
And Scott La Rock the Super Hoe back in Latin Quarters  
When Slick Rick was spittin' La-Di-Da-Di  
Gamin' the hoochies at the neighborhood block parties I remember breakdancin' 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 nuttin like the old school What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(It ain't nuttin like the old school)  
What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(It ain't nuttin like the old school) What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way  
(Ain't nuttin like the old school)  
What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way Remember seein' Brooklyn go crazy up in the motherfuckin' party?  
Member how fuckers used to go, "Is Brooklyn in the house?"  
And motherfuckers would lose they goddamn mind

That's the old school to me, that's what I'm sayin'I remember goin' places that motherfuckers was scared to say  
They was from anywhere but Brooklyn  
That shit was the bomb  
Back in the motherfuckin' old school niggaRemember skelly nigga, knockin' niggaz out the box, poppin' boxes?  
Member stickball, member niggaz to run that shit like that?  
Member the block  
Remembers screamin' up at your mom from the window?The ice cream truck, member all the mother  
Member the Italian icy's yo?  
Yo, remember the Italian icy's the Spanish niggaz comin' down  
With the coconut icy's and shit?I came through the door, said it before  
That was the shit

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