The Town

TheWeeknd-XO

Now when I say 2-0, you say
Nah, you know the rest
This is our scene
our music, our movement, the history lives through us
I write to the beat and let life play the guitar strings
Despite the drama, there's respect and camaraderie
Every time one of my friends is mentioned in my philosophy
It's a rite of passage, I'm not trying to be corny
I got love for Sportn' Life, Alpha P, Massline, and Onry
Every time somebody steps out on the road
They bring a little Northwest soul with them, amen
Alright then, just so you know
I try to carry that everytime that I rock a show
So, turn my sound up
Ricochet off our mountain
It's Good Medicine that Chief Sealth would of been proud of
Sends our city, town pride, heart, blood, sweat, tears, I-5,
North, South side, vibe, live, ride down these city blocks
And never will be stopped
They tryin' to shut down the clubs that my city rocks
Now Mr. Mayor why would you enforce an ordinance?
Music it saves lives, these kids out here are supporting it
And through the art form we've learned the importance of community
Truth to the youth so they know what's up
Yup, and as a public school student
I learned from my teachers, but became through my music
Take that away, that's a vital
14 Fathoms Deep, Do the Math, Tribal
My greatest teachers: Beasope and Bida
Wordsayer was my mayor and things have changed
But I carry the torch and what I do with that flame
Is lit everytime that I step on the stage
The skyline is etched in my veins
You can never put that out, no matter how hard it rainsThat's right, when you put on a show
And watch the people seat in between the creases and the doors
Hitting the melly or sneaking in 'cause they're broke
Now leaving in between sets because a needing to smoke
The reason being whatever
The scene from Beacon to Everett

is in need of less ego when we kick it alright
I get on stage, style, share my whole life
Try to reach 'em at the bar where they're drinking Miller Lite
But the kids in the front, they bring out the passion, dude
Make noise throughout the show and not only when we ask 'em to
I watch the older cats jaded in the back
Hands clasped, forgot when they weren't too cool to be a fan, damn
Hatin' at the concert
You don't remember RKCNDY, watching Heiro, or vibing out to Alkaholiks
I know it's not the same, it never will be
But my, my, my, my city's filthy
And we've been truly dope since Supreme was up on
Broadway in the dookie rope
Mean muggin' in Sir Mixalot's video
Back when Scene was rockin' house parties on the floor
JMG's, Sit N' Spin, and The Paradox
Back when Mark introduced Geo to Sabz
So much has changed here, so much has not
I was just a kid hopin' I could earn my spot
Try to get some props
Meet a promoter who'll give me a shot
To let me get up on stage and get the crowd to rock
Read a page out my notebook
What I thought would be respected, they would connect with it
Now looking over the city's the only thing that keeps me calm
Scattered thoughts jotted down by this pen in my palm
It's like my city stands still, the world looks on
If I could only capture its beauty and put it in a song

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