

## Flashback

### Arsonists

Rock Steady was a B-boy crew, but to me it's all about hip hop,  
So, rock steady is a hip hop crew now. Its about all four elements, And we  
represent those lovely, sratch pickers, arsonists,  
All the b-boys that are down with us, the b-girls, we have some dope  
B-girls, and you know, we got graf artists like East and Zero T,  
Its just straight up on skills, this is Crazy Legs from the Rock Steady  
Crew, I'm out

Hip-Hop was breaking, spray paintin' full train cars  
DJ's cutting emcess presents the ghetto stars  
I was the skinny shorty wop, with the bop in my step  
Shams the bear and teloids, playboys and I was set  
Running through the streets of the boogie with a bang  
Pops was kinda strict, so at times I couldn't hang  
But whateva the case, I stuck close to my hip-hop  
Somethin' in my soul just kept that, on lock

And oppurtunity never knocked, but we was still open  
Saying ish like fresh, like def (dope in)  
And crack was on the corner rumblin' the dry goods  
With something I decided never to persue in my hood  
I was, too busy in the middle of the streets playing skelly  
With Ray and Big Lou, listenin' to Flash and Melly  
And rockin' block parties, seemed to be my route  
But I had to give that up, they always ended in shoot outs

Hip-Hop was rhyming, hard timin', radio hits  
No dats, so the D.J's was still in the mix  
Grafitti and breaking took a back seat  
Cuz the A&R's couldn't figure how to make they ends meet  
I was the high school rapper to the girls in the hall  
While my nigga Clarence Greer was slammin' with a basketball  
Tune my radio on a saturday night  
Daydreamin' 'bout grippin' mikes and being in the spotlight  
Fat rope chains in a pair of A.J's in the p.j's frontin' like I had status  
(what) who's the baddest?  
The brotha on swinten ave, though fresh out the lab  
You just couldn't tell Q-Unique what he couldn't have

It all started in Bushwick, defacin' the community  
Around the way, all you saw was nothin' but graffiti  
As a shorty I was poppin' never could I ever stand still  
Always battlin' cuz it was all about the skills  
Never learned windmills, but my boogie took me places  
When I started emceeing, I kept it fat like my laces  
Wrestlin' was the bomb, kept me from doing my homework  
Radio was my thing, when red alert went bezerk

Yes yes y'all, let me get some  
Cuz we, never forgot where we came from  
(4x)