

The Best Part

J-Live

{*scratched: "Hip Hop"*

[J-Live]

MC's out there, head down and listen here
It's J-Live and I brought Premier
And the crowd don't +Hush+ no more they say yeah
Hell yeah! With they hands up like they don't care
True school styles light up the night like Times Square
GZA said it, this is not a eighty-five affair
It's the grand openin of a long career
That's been, planned and developed for about ten years
Let the scene blur out; selector, press rewind
Just to show 'em who flat top groove in eighty-nine
Thirteen, still lacking b-ball skills to shine
But I got mine when I went home to write rhymes
Mastered all possible tactics of pause mix
Saved up - got my first Gemini starter kit
Like Rocky - these hands train on the cheap shit
So every other DJ they was bound to skip
Meanwhile now, for every new joint I caught
My MC style developed at the speed of thought
So hip-hop was the vessel that convinced my heart
Space and time make today's sun, tommorow's star; The Best Part

Chorus: {*scratched*

"Like this in the place y'all; it's like this y'all, ya don't stop"
"I make it happen" ... "On the mic"
"Do things for the kids" -> Prodigy
"Like this in the place y'all; it's like this y'all, ya don't stop"
"I make it happen" ... "On the mic"
"God Bless the child that can write his own rhymes"

[J-Live]

Ten years, ten crates and ten rhyme books later
My history, daily renewed on it's equator
Supreme mathematics is now the translator
As the stakes and the skills and the love became greater
For a artform to spread from East to Westside
The coast the hemisphere, look how hip-hop grew
But it's still the proverbial sad clown of music
Exploited by many, understood by few
I do the knowledge to the game from a bird's eye view
If I ain't have the stomach for it I'd have been passed through
Cause every level I examined from A&R to zigga zigga
Prove a MC ain't got a God damn clue
So let the babies be great, break down the bare essence
And build upon styles that's dope and brand new
Let no man put asunder to what the Bronx create
Manhattan make, Brooklyn take, and peace to Queens too
Cause the strength of any nation always been the babies
Let 'em learn from the elders that was strong and smart
So hip-hop'll be the music that still don't quit
When the next batch of MC's prove to be; The Best Part

{Chorus - cuts after 2/3rds

[J-Live]

Yo, yo, turn the music down, turn the music down
We gonna end it like this in the place y'all
It's like this y'all, and you don't stop

{*with hand clap only, no instrumental*
Aiyyo; East to West I'm a contender with the best
And more or less you're a pretender just confess
Sell your mic and buy a bike because you're weak
And take a hike when the J-Live starts to speak
Save that shit for the toilet and watch me flush
My style's a snow blizzard, yours is just the slush
My rhyme's a redwood tree, and you're just sawdust
I'm like a pizza, and sheeit you're just the crust

{*instrumental kicks back in*
So now you see the place I've been is the place I'm at
Dig up a seventh grade rhyme style and bring it back
So when you write your first rhyme tell me how you feel
Cause back then we wasn't thinkin 'bout a record deal
But now adays when a kid wanna MC
It's like just another job in the industry
So why you in it, for the pocket or the heart
Cause today's star gotta be tommrow's sun; The Best Part

{Chorus - repeat to fade