Yo do me a favor? (what?)
Accidentally step on your white sunglasses (ha ha ha)
We don't wear those over here, this is hip-hop {uh-huh}
This is Carhart jackets (yeah) Timberland boots unlaced {yup}
This is Champion hoodies, chicken wings and french fries {uhh}
R.I.P. pieces on the handball court (you see it)
This is us still fightin police brutality {AH-HAH!}

Everybody runnin they mouth 'bout how they real Ringtones blowin the doors off album sales Need to be tellin the people 'bout how they feel So that's how it all started, I'm surprised they feel I'll Music just ain't what it used to We used to have songs that, you could shoplift or boost to This is the truth too, listen we gon' pop in the Juice Crew Then run up in the mall, get loose boo Hard streets, hard times, beats and hard rhymes Five Percenters teachin the god lines Two turntables, a mixer, few speakers Haze didn't exist yet, they blew reefer Pink Champale, plenty of malt liquor Extension cord was ran through grandma's kitchen Fashion statements, bats was safe then Now, D-Block Royal bash your face in

Aww man (man) this is hip-hop Hands up, if you forever a fan of hip-hop I wake up hip-hop, go to sleep hip-hop Dream about hip-hop, cause I am hip-hop

Uhh, geah, check I said hip-hop, started out in the park Man I knew it was goin down from the start I be backstage with that extra pound in my heart Butterflies, what a vibe when I tear that whole crowd apart It's hip-hop, my lips got problems, I spit hot shit Watch the kid rock albums, I hurt verses And bruise flows, who knows what's next and when I'm like a NBA game, nothin less than 10 It's like all kinda diseases infest my pen I'm sick I gotta spit, I can't digest my phlegm This gift, could be a curse if you don't use it right So call me now, tell half of these dudes good night They let the lion out the cage, the dragon from out the cage Dudes worship him, girls be draggin him off the stage You dudes weak, you ruin beats, you don't hurt the track Give your producer my contacts I'll murder that

Knahmean? J-O!
See you my nigga, haha
Bring this shit back man
Bring it back in time man, check

Just when y'all thought Queenbridge was a wrap
Nas came back (Bridgin' the Gap)
Joey Crack told the whole map to (Lean Back)
For a second you would thought New York was takin the scene back

Even Ja dropped a mean track - it went "I'm from New York!" The first city that have heads to fiend for crack Now all I hear about is who's a Blood, who's a Crip Religious leaders only teach half of the truth and shit I'd rather rock a fake gold crucifix Than them platinum white Jesus faces; he rap like he's a racist Know a philosopher that reads the pages So that knowledge I try to keep away from me for ages (Aww man) It's like I'm in a race against time Couple years ago I couldn't wait to get signed I thought automatically that my face'll get shine But bein lyrical was just a waste of slick rhyme Cause so, still I annihilate though The sire lace the place with the fireplace flow The day y'all could fuck with me or Joell Ortiz? That's the day Hell gon' freeze Aww man