

It was all a dream
I used to read Word Up! magazine
Salt-n-Pepa and Heavy D up in the limousine
Hangin' pictures on my wall
Every Saturday Rap Attack, Mr. Magic, Marley Marl
I let my tape rock 'til my tape popped
Smoking weed on Bambu, sipping on Private Stock
Way back, when I had the red and black lumberjack
With the hat to match
Remember Rappin' Duke? Duh-ha, duh-ha
You never thought that hip hop would take it this far
Now I'm in the limelight cause I rhyme tight
Time to get paid, blow up like the World Trade
Born sinner, the opposite of a winner
Remember when I used to eat sardines for dinner
For dinner
I used to eat sardines for dinner
Peace to Ron G, Brucey B, Kid Capri
Funkmaster Flex, Lovebug Starski
I'm blowing up like you thought I would
Call the crib, same number same hood
It's all good
And if you don't know, now you know, nigga