

# Ninteen Seventy Something

Masta Ace

I was raised to the sound of the 70's  
Earth, wind and fire, sounded so heavenly  
Ohio players and Curtis Mayfield  
Aretha Franklin's picture on a playbill  
Al Green in a tight suit, all white  
Minnie Riperton high notes, all night  
Mom's even had a box full of 45's  
Put the needle down, yea that sounds sorta live  
Sound like the kind of groove I could rap over  
Got drunk off the beat then I was back sober  
Bring that part back, yea I'mma murder that  
Donny Hat on the track with Roberta Flack

Hide records  
In the bag  
Sneak them out before she notice that they gone  
Gotta think  
I don't know  
Should I rap of my mom's favorite song?

Better hope I don't scratch it, or that's it  
I'mma get my ass kicked, that's a classic  
Can't explain that I was just borrowing it  
Moms on a rampage lookin' for her Parliament  
And Donny Hathaway feelin like a cast'away  
Hiding in grandmom's room more than half the day  
If I told her that her Parliament at brian crib  
And nobody home now, I'mma be a crying kid  
But it's seeming like I'm safe for the time being  
My uncle gettin all the blame far as I'm seeing  
I just gotta lay low like a snake belly  
It's a sticky situation like grape jelly  
I'm on the titanic, or some other boat  
Got my mother and her brother at each others throat

You better hope mommy never find out  
Cause if she does then that's your ass  
You know damn well if you touch one  
And you get caught that'll be your ass

Ninteen-Seventy Something  
And the year is...

Ninteen-Seventy Something

The final act, Brian's at the door  
With a black and red nap sack  
Came to bring the vinyl back  
I put it back before anybody notices  
He said "close call" I said "yea I know this is"  
But I got away with it like the perfect crime  
And made the fresh tape, man it was worth the time  
An aggravation and stress almost made a mess  
She'd a found out it's me she would of laid to rest  
But I'm over like a fat rat  
That was smart it's a good thing you hid 'em in that backpack  
It feels so good to get that out the way

Now I'm out the door, back out to play  
I'm about to say these are the good time like Chic  
And then I hear my mom shriek

Duval  
Get back in here, (uh-oh)  
How did my record get scratched  
I know you did it  
Go get my belt  
C'mon ma'  
That's it get my belt, now  
C'mon ma'