

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'