

## Seasons

Masta Ace

One two  
It's Masta Ace, Cunninlynguists  
We about to get into the seasons  
The seasons of hip hop  
How we gonna start it?

As we spring back to the past, it was all happening fast  
We glorified coke and smoking crack in a glass  
When b-boys danced to the latest jam  
You could say this man was the greatest fan  
When shoelaces were fat, and all the rapper's faces were black  
And light-brown, a box with the right sound was all you needed  
When it blast, they must move  
You just proved you're hard like L in Krush Groove  
And songs started to drop, Ain't nobody start at the top  
Before Preme learned the art of the chop  
This is way before SP's and MPC's  
And long before CD's and MP3's  
The game started to bloom and blossom  
And masters ready for the ceremony, like a groom in costume  
Growth from the rain of the previous years  
I took notes from what I heard through these devious ears  
Yeah

As Summer's heatwaves ascended in it's splendid manner  
Green was flooding our scene, although the skin was tanner  
"Fuck The Police!" jumpin over radio scanners  
It was hot in the shade, wet paint all over the canvas  
Fuck Vanilla Ice cones, we had T, Cube's Amerikka's Most  
And wanted that Chronic on the Left-Coast  
Talent pools were full and fresh for swimming  
Backstrokin' through Dark Sides and Illmatic beginnings  
Them lemonade stands would make you street platinum  
It was 2 Live, Florida crews caught heat for rappin'  
But free speech pollination kept bees colonizing in hives  
And stung Delores Tucker right in her pride  
The Tribes ocean splash was rising the tide  
Strictly 4 My Niggas that were Ready To Die in the ride  
I wish the summer's vibe could've lasted forever  
To bad we had to have a change in that weather, that shit was beautiful

Seasons Change, mad things rearrange

Play me in the winter  
Play me in the summer  
Play in the autumn  
Any order

Seasons Change, mad things rearrange

Trees bright and green turn yellow brown, autumn caught em  
See all them leaves must fall down

As the East vs. West winds blew, causing two  
Legends to Fall like maple leaves from escalated beef  
Assumed that the worst was over  
Til these cats started wearing shiny costumes like the 31st of October

The weather's colder, but the word jacket/jack it  
Is what they did to people's styles  
Not what they covered they backs with  
Tactics of the skill impaired  
No Limit to what they'll do when the green is scarce  
Some be Thanksgiving for who they know  
While others get jerked for loot  
Cause getting signed ain't a turkey shoot  
No respect for the pilgrims who paved the way so you could rock that  
Just pop crap and Plymouth Rock-Rap  
Beyond gimmicks and fake plastic tits  
Outkast and Raekwon dropped fall classic discs  
Born to Roll, so I'm taking you back to school days of autumn  
Before the bottom dropped out in 2K

By the dawn of the new millennium we saw bright chains  
Winter brought along platinum causing the ice age  
No more Gold, no more YO! MTV RAPS  
Now we got R&B cats stealing classic rap tracks  
In winter it's snowed in like the temperature's below ten  
Citizens open up shows for more snowmen  
Scrawny boys rock bubblegooses to pose like grown men  
And you can catch freezer burn from women when they show skin  
Jolly, fat, white men get paid when rap hits the shelves  
And artists themselves get treated like Elves  
Matter of fact, Santa's gotten so greedy when a rapper sells  
You even need clearance to sample Jingle Bells  
What the hell! You need cells and 2 ways for chicks to bone ya?  
And so much ice on ya body that you can get pneumonia  
Even at the beaches of Daytona it's gotten colder  
But it's about time for the cycle to start over (echo)

How we gon' start it?