

E.k.n.y.

R.A. the Rugged Man

I'm a '88er, fly aviator
I been seen the future, way back then on beta
Winning is always better than losing
And winning big is better still
'88er

Rape scandal, Tawana Brawley, New York City
Before Giuliani turned Times Square to Walt Disney
Low cost anesthetic epidemic, CD bought
Wall graffiti'd up, cook coke, Scotty, beam me up
Murder rate stats are staggerin', lives unravelin'
Central Intelligence Agency is drug traffickin'
Cops with bad tempers, politicians pushin' their agendas
In the streets, it's murderers and rapists and sex offenders
Where they're growin' the roses, bloodsuckin' bats, vultures are ferocious
Roller coasters of rats and rodents and roaches
Homeless vet with skin rashes from tuberculosis
Narcosis, pimps and hookers and heroin overdoses
Every snitchin' bird chirps, that's how the world works
These hookers lookin' for who to burn first
Porn theaters and perverts
On your PRO-Keds there's bloody red spots and a dead cop
Got his head shot on the fed watch, call Mayor Ed Koch
C'mon

I'm a '88er, straight from the days of the pissy elevator
Teeny boppers, graffiti rockers, cops, and jealous haters
Dangerous back blocks, crack rocks and mad cops who clap shots
Aimin' to kill and steal a stash box
From psycho niggas fightin' with whites and Hasidics
Remember Willie Turks, Yusef Hawkins, and Michael Griffith
N.Y., prolific, kicked it with the lowlifes and Deceps
Who squeeze TECs, G-checkin niggas for weak checks
Sinister dark minds, victims of hard times
Pan Am Flight 103, Central Park Five
Thank Reagan for makin' dealers kingpins, who would think then?
We seein' Ms, all the shipments that's liftin'
'88er, architect, camouflage vet
My burner on the train, next to Bernhard Goetz
From the time the space shuttle and Chernobyl exploded
I voted for Dinkins knowin' he would never control it, word

Global cocaine trade, buy and sell, clientele
Drug cartels, crime grime spell, die in Hell
Colombian gun dealers citizens in cop status
Bronx raid, six cops shot by Larry Davis
A '88er, ATA the great yam scams can't fail
Land in jail, with a plan dumb like Dan Quayle
Coke deal in the back streets, everybody sniffed out
From Hollywood stars to celebrity athletes
Hold the crowbar, stole the car, crackhead moonwalkin'
With a Mike Jack' jacket, holdin' a broke VCR
Mommy never get a raise, kids hustle for better days
Crime forever pays, guardian angels with red berets
Ain't no Spielberg extra-terrestrial phonin' home
Just a homeless guy takin' a piss on the pay phone
They thought AIDS was only for gays, mass confusion

'Til Ryan White, the boy caught it from a blood transfusion
'88er

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Killa Bee
Echoin' through cell blocks and federal pens
I told the people the truth
I spelled out what had to be done, and we did it
Intellectual honesty and integrity, that is how we ran the city
And that's how we will continue to run this city