

Name: _____ Date: _____

Old School by 2Pac

What more could I say, I wouldn't be here _____
 If the old school _____ pave the way
 (X3)

I remember Mr. Magic, Flash, Grandmaster Caz
 LL raising hell but, that _____ last
 Eric B. & Rakim was, the shit to me
 I flip to see a Doug E. Fresh show, with Ricky D
 And Red Alert was puttin in work, with Chuck Chill
 Had my homies on the hill getting ill, when shit _____ real
 Went out to steal, remember Raw, with Daddy Kane
 When De La Soul was puttin Potholes in the game
 I can't explain how it _____, Whodini
 Had me puffin on that buddha gettin buzzed, cause there I
 was
 Them block parties in the projects, and on my block
 You diggy _____ stop, sippin on that Private Stock
 Through my speaker Queen Latifah, and MC Lyte
 Listen to Treach, KRS to get me through the night
 With T La Rock and Mantronix, to Stetsasonic
 Remember "Push It" was the bomb shit, nuttin like the old
 school

What more could I say, I wouldn't be here today
 If the old school _____ pave the way
 (X5)

I _____, Shell Toes, and BVD's
 A killer crease inside my Lee's when I hit the streets
 I'm playing skelly, ring to leavey, or catch a kiss
 Before the homies in my hood _____ to smack a bitch, I
 remember
 Way back, the weak weed they had
 Too many seeds in the trey bag
 I'm on the train headin uptown, freestyling
 With some wild kids from Bucktown, profiling
 Cause the hoochies was starin, thinking, "Why them niggas
 swearing?"
 I'm wondering if that's her hair, I remember

Stickball, pump the hoochies on the _____
 Or taking leaks on the steps, stinking up the hall
 Through my childhood, wild as a juvenile
 A young nigga tryin to stay away from Rikers Isle
 Me and my homies breakin nights, tryin to keep it true
 Out on the roof sipping 90 proof, ain't nuttin like the old
 school

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 If the old school _____ pave the way
 (X5)

Remember popping and locking to Kurtis Blow, the name
 belts
 And Scott LaRock the Super Ho back in Latin Quarters
 When Slick Rick was spittin La-Di-Da-Di
 Gaming the hoochies at the neighborhood block parties, I
 remember
 Breakdancing to Melle Mel
 Jekyll and Hyde, LL when he Rocks the Bells
 Forget the TV, about to hit the streets and do graffiti
 Be careful don't let the transit cops see me
 It ain't nothing like the old school!

What more could I say, I wouldn't be here today
 If the old school _____ pave the way
 (X5)