

BEATS, RHYME AND CULTURE DROPPIN THE NEEDLE OCTOBER 18, 2004

SOUTHEAST TO PENNSYLVANIA, TRANSPORTATION AUTHORITY
IS WHAT I'M PROBABLY ON, IF I AIN'T WHIPPIN A LAND
THROUGHOUT YA SEC-TION, MY MIND'S IN TRAUM'
NINE TIMES OUT OF TIME I RHYMES UPON THE L TRAIN
WITHIN MY BRAIN, FOUNTAINS OVER RUGGED MOUNTAINS
OF MY TERRAIN, DIG IT I CAME TOO FAR TO FRONT
SO I'M MEDITATIN ON HOW TO MAINTAIN
STEPPED OFF AT CITY HALL INTO THE RAIN;
AND RAN INTO MY NIGGA NAMED DANE - I MEAN HAKEEM
AND WE WAS BUILDIN ON HOW WE COULD ORGANIZE THE TEAM
FOR THIS CAPITAL GAIN BEIN THAT WE IN THE RAP GAME
IT'S TIME TO HAVE IT ALL, HE SAID HE FIGURED HE SAME
WE REALIZED THIS A PLANET OF CREAM, TO OBTAIN
WHEN THE PREDOMINANT RAP, CONGLOMERATE RAP SPARK THE FLAME
HARK THE NAME, THE FIFTH FROM THE ILL-POWER HILL AT THAT
HE DROPPED ME OFF WITHIN THE STREETS OF SOUTH PHIL'
WHERE NIGGAZ THINK THAT KILLING'S LIVING REAL
SHORTIES IS GETTING WETTED, FULFILLING THEIR FANTASIES TO SET IT
WE DON'T SWEAT IT, BY THE FIFTH YOU GET BEHEADED
I PIVOT THROUGH MY BOROUGH GIVIN POUNDS TO THE DREADED
AT THE LA SPOTS I GOT CREDIT; COULD RUN EM DOWN
IN ALPHABETIC-AL ORDER IT'S SORTA PATHETIC
YO, I'M LIVIN LIFE WITHIN A LABRYINTH OF NONSENSE
THIS IS A CONSEQUENCE OF BEING PHILLY RESIDENTS
TRYIN TO GET IT ON, THE RHYTHM GETTIN SHITTED ON

"PUSH UP YOUR LIGHTER", ILLADELPH HALFLIFE, THE ROOTS (VERSE BY
BLACK THOUGHT)

Inclined to rap about facts, I never fake jacks
Shit is Real like E packs, forty-fifty-sixes
Trims and gimmicks, couldn't faze the true heartache
when I first started, but then few remember this
Anti-Gangsta Bitch, sporting new jew-als
Plain Jane styles internal, to the naked eye
Derived from mindstates of Cold Crush tapes
and beat breaks seduced by means to elevate
Equates my views with the passing
Those matching this intellect identify, for like minds
Intertwine one thought in uni-son
We exquisite I exhibit the shine, ahhh

Bahamadia