# 3rd Bass, Product Of The Environment (Remix)

[Archie Bunker] "It's all made up huh?  Cause here he is"

"You don't like anything about us.
 Y-you resent our attitudes, our politics,
 even the clothes we wear."

[Verse One: Pete Nice (Prime Minister)]

In the heart of the city ya pops nutted
Twelve months later, your moms stuttered
The side of your grill, ill creational
You grew up, your rhymes were recreational
A modern day production of the city street
You said I didn't have it that I couldn't compete
But the sleeper did sleep cause the sleeper shoulda woke up
Now you're in my sight, the buddha sess you smoke up
That's the element you carry your rhymes on
but that style of rhyme won't let you live long
Cause a strong song the Minister sent
Cause I'm a product, of the environment

"There it is, black and white.."
 ..
"There it is, black and white"

[Verse Two: MC Serch]

On the streets of Far Rockaway, Queens
Edgemill Waycrest, by B-17
Redfern houses where 501's afraid to go
is where I first kicked my lingo
Crowd was flipped as I kicked it and didn't rest
And my reward was almost a cap in my chest
Now in 90, I can still say that
the brothers in Rockaway, yo, they don't play that
Hammer, Watts, or in every neighborhood
Look around and see all the young hoods
Kids will always be makin bids so you can't prevent
bein a product, of the environment

"There it is, black and white.."
 ..
"There it is, black and white"

[Verse Three: MC Serch, Pete Nice]

Back in the days when kids were mack daddies
Striped Lee jeans, playboys and Caddies
Long Beach, the M.O.K. center
  He almost caught a bad one as he tried to enter
  I'd wait
There it is G
  Bum rush the back door
  Then scatter, onto the dance floor
Me and my boys, just skeezin all the cuties
Never had static, cuz everybody knew me
  Local DJ's, tearin up the wax
  And out the corner, some punk gets taxed
After the party, cracked open the forty
Boosted from the store yo the man never caught me
  Jetted to the arcade, cranked the bass
  And then the five-oh chased us from the place
Hop on the railroad, play the conductor
Everywhere I went, I always tucked a

marker in my jacket to bomb up where I went
Cause we were just products, of the environment

"There it is, black and white.."
..
"There it is, black and white"

[Verse Four: Pete Nice]

You hear it in the strength of my voice and in my rhythm
Igg it - now you know how I was livin
It happened to me, like it happened to Serch
Pimp Minister Pete Nice'll kick the verse
Ah Richie Rich and my boy, Kiwai Hood-tight
The K to A Kingston, Bedford-Stuyvesant
Jetted to the Empire, and hoods was flammin
Open for Dana, skins in are skammin
Mouth open wide, all those listening
Dumb open with a Cisco in my system
Unprotected but respected for my own self
Cause of talent, no shade, or nothin else
A time of tension, racially fenced in
I came off (and all the brothers blessed him)
I left more than a mark, I left a dent
Cause I'm a product, of the environment

"There it is, black and white.."
..
"There it is, black and white"

[Pete Nice, MC Serch shoutouts]
?? shout Sam Sever, D-DS
  Yo true indeed a doo doo shout out to Marley Marl and the IC Posse
Doug E. Doug
  Yo K.M.D. Kausin Much Damage
My man Shameeq from the Fort
  Yo Kurious Jorge and Bobbi-to!!!!!!!!
The Jungle Kid
  True indeed
Nice and Smooth
  Yo I want to give a shout to Digital Underground
Reanimator Disagree, my brother V-Nice
  Larry MC Euthanasia, peace in pieces for ninety
Puta!
  Out..