

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

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

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

[Verse One: Pete Nice (Prime Minister)]

In the heart of the city ya pops nuted  
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

&quot;There it is, black and white..&quot;

..  
&quot;There it is, black and white&quot;

[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

&quot;There it is, black and white..&quot;

..  
&quot;There it is, black and white&quot;

[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

&quot;There it is, black and white..&quot;

..

&quot;There it is, black and white&quot;

[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

&quot;There it is, black and white..&quot;

..

&quot;There it is, black and white&quot;

[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

Put a!

Out..