

Arsonists, Flashback

[talking]

Rock Steady was a B-boy crew, but to me it's all about hip hop,
So, rock steady is a hip hop crew now. Its about all four elements, And we
represent those lovely, sratch pickers, arsonists,
All the b-boys that are down with us, the b-girls, we have some dope
B-girls, and you know, we got graf artists like East and Zero T,
Its just straight up on skills, this is Crazy Legs from the Rock Steady
Crew, I'm out

Hip-Hop was breaking, spray paintin' full train cars
DJ's cutting emcess presents the ghetto stars
I was the skinny shorty wop, with the bop in my step
Shams the bear and teloids, playboys and I was set
Running through the streets of the boogie with a bang
Pops was kinda strict, so at times I couldn't hang
But whateva the case, I stuck close to my hip-hop
Somethin' in my soul just kept that, on lock

And oppurtunity never knocked, but we was still open
Saying ish like fresh, like def (dope in)
And crack was on the corner rumblin' the dry goods
With something I decided never to persue in my hood
I was, too busy in the middle of the streets playing skelly
With Ray and Big Lou, listenin' to Flash and Melly
And rockin' block parties, seemed to be my route
But I had to give that up, they always ended in shoot outs

Hip-Hop was rhyming, hard timin', radio hits
No dats, so the D.J's was still in the mix
Grafitti and breaking took a back seat
'cause the A&R's couldn't figure how to make they ends meet
I was the high school rapper to the girls in the hall
While my nigga Clarence Greer was slammin' with a basketball
Tune my radio on a saturday night
Daydreamin' 'bout grippin' mikes and being in the spotlight
Fat rope chains in a pair of A.J's in the p.j's frontin' like I had status
(what) who's the baddest?
The brotha on swinten ave, though fresh out the lab
You just couldn't tell Q-Unique what he couldn't have

It all started in Bushwick, defacin' the community
Around the way, all you saw was nothin' but graffiti
As a shorty I was poppin' never could I ever stand still
Always battlin' 'cause it was all about the skills
Never learned windmills, but my boogie took me places
When I started emceeing, I kept it fat like my laces
Wrestlin' was the bomb, kept me from doing my homework
Radio was my thing, when red alert went bezerk

[Chorus] 4x's

Yes yes y'all, let me get some
'cause we, never forgot where we came from