

Hilltop Hoods, 1979 (Remix)

You're so fake its plain to see who you truly are,
looking less like a b-boy, more like a movie star,
forget the funk and go hook up those disco breaks,
sit down punk and take a look at what you make,
it's not hip-hop, it's something more sad, sick and seedy,
what's popping that coochie got to do with graffiti?
And your R & B dance-steps what about finger-popping?
b-boy electric shocking, windmills, body rocking,
so body-body rock, body-body rock, I'll take ya back,
break your back, realise b-boys aren't faking that
funk that you've forgotten hoe, how could you have gotten so
far gone, that you could never stop and go,
back to the roots, nineteen seventy nine,
birthplace of the scratch, birthplace of the rhyme,
you'll feel it in your spine like your first taste of wine,
we'll make it back; it'll just take some time

Remember kangol hats, fat laces and lino mats,
kids spinning on their backs to the sugar hill wax,
now the sugar hills collapsed and the sweets turned sour,
moneys walking my culture through its darkest hour,
now I wanna take it back, walk my way through time,
I was two years old in nineteen seventy nine,
but it's a time that I miss; you ask what's the difference,
Hip-hop was then a culture, now hip-hop's a business

Zulu started b-boying as a form of expression,
to channel youths stress and their aggression,
now through the suggestion of record companies mc's are pumping these,
problems back into ya section, and isn't it ironic?
but not the sort to make you laugh,
cos mc's are building futures by raping the past,
taking a glass of Chardonnay and putting it to your lips,
I'd rather take a razor blade and put it to my wrist
than sell records on the basis that I have to promote
sniffing and selling coke, toting guns and smoking dope,
you're all weaving the rope that you'll hang yourself with
my only consolation is within the hip hop nation is
b-boy elements that can still get me open,
like graff mags from Berlin, mix tapes from Oakland,
breakers from rock steady, plus anything from Tribe
and old school New York that's still got the vibe