

# Joe Budden, #1

Joey!

Let's go back in the days before your present  
Back when it was a little more pleasant  
Before I knew this rap shit would ever lure me in  
Let's go back like Mike Fox in the Delorean  
Back in the day shit, back to the basics  
When brass knuckles used to leave a nigga face ticked  
Its back to the Diadoras and the Asics  
It's back to the New Editon and The Take 6  
I'm Number one, one, one, one  
Damn it feels good to see hip-hop say its number one  
Let's go way back if you able to do the math yeah  
I'm talkin' bout the pool table in the cafe yeah  
When the strip was introduce to Paruiqo  
Commodore 64 and Coleco  
Not back to Cali back to the valley  
Back to dapadere yall back to Bally's  
Back before Puma and Stange'  
Before Zhane and go a little further back to Kwame  
Damn we came a long way  
I'm Number one, one, one, one  
Damn it feels good to see hip-hop say its number one  
I remeber break dancin' cardboards and backflips  
the royal blue and the orange Patricks  
wudn't like you homo sucka's  
I had the low top Converse cause I could change my logos color  
I remember way back when every clan was stylin'  
Flava Flav clocks and X-Clan medallions  
In class see a girl you glance at her  
pass her a note do you like me? Circle a answer  
I'm Number one, one, one, one  
Damn it feels good to see hip-hop say its number one  
Winters not the best time warm it up Kane had came through  
The eight ball jackets and Columbia Rain suits  
We ain't pay minds to the length of our chains  
Transformers was a dance Decepticons was a gang  
yall I'm talkin bout sheep skins  
Talkin bout wearn two pair of jeans when moms gave me a beatin'  
after school three o clock we was able to fight  
park dibs yall two turn tables and mike like  
I'm Number one, one, one, one  
Damn it feels good to see hip-hop say its number one  
What about when Public Enemy came out and they dropped a classic  
or the Pee-Wee Herman and the Roger Rabbit  
and the nerds took our tests and they passed em for us  
back to the roof top back to latin quarters  
the olds school's new school now it's the same ol  
It's back to Fila's, gazelles and Kango's  
It's back to 40 ounces back to OE  
Not back to rope chains but back to Gold teeth  
I was the class clown just snappin at cats  
Let's go back to the (?) with the matchin' hats  
Remember the Real Roxanne remember all (?)  
Remember Kool Moe Dee remember Lord Finesse  
I bumped Run-D.M.C. almost every weekend  
The Bronx and Queensbridge just couldn't stop beefin'  
Kept it on wax they ain't have to pack heat  
Back to Ron Zee tapes back to Black Sheep  
I'm Number one, one, one, one  
Damn it feels good to see hip-hop say its number one  
Come on say it with me  
Im talkin' old Bobby Brown before he (?) Whitney  
I used bring all my touys in the tub with me  
A snotty nose kid eatin boogers

It was Ultimate Warrior and Jimmy Fly Snooka on  
sometimes I read scriptures like Psalms maybe  
and I didn't wanna go to church but my moms made me  
TV made me laugh  
I remember night rider cause Kit used to save his ass  
Let's go back to spoonin' back to Black Moon and  
back to when wrestlin' had it's own cartoon and  
they used to sleep on us now they demand us  
Will smith told parents they just can't understand us  
back to playin the dozens  
back to humpin' our prettiest girl cousin  
psyche! I'm buggin.  
NWA was simply known  
Let' get back on the block I'm talkin Quincy Jones  
I gotta Jones yall  
I'm Number one, one, one, one  
Damn it feels good to see hip-hop say its number one  
Let's go back before I burned the booth  
when Tevin Campbell was ill before the whole world learned the truth  
Hip hop had a message then dudes was droppin  
I never got what I wanted on back to school shoppin'  
Think about, used to be about shit  
That was back when I still got easter outfits  
We all grew up all older folks  
Its more than just music its a culture folks  
We Number one, one, one, one  
Damn it feels good to see hip-hop say its number one  
Remember sugar water  
what was the name of the fuckin' drink  
that they said the fuckin triple K  
The Klu Klux Klan and shit had put some shit in and  
The black niggaz were gon' die - huh?  
Whatever that was, you niggaz knew about it