

Joe Budden, No.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
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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

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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

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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

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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

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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 f**kin' drink
that they said the f**kin 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