

Nostalgia (Instrumental)

Marco Polo

Yo, what's up Marco?*

What's up Brooklyn?

Filthy rich People in the audience, Masta Ace the name

I write rhymes and insert them inside your vein

They run through your bloodstream, get inside your brain

Cause I first put my name up inside the train

My mic control has been unprecedented

And you wrong if you thought you was was the best that did it

See I just started messing with it, I been married to the game since '88

You just committed

The entire fate of the whole Empire States

Into hands of a man that's here to inspire hate

Heed for the state of the music

And all these other cats looking for another way to abuse it

I wake you up like a gun in the face

I'm just here to let you know who's like running the place

And everywhere that I perform and do a show

As long as you know

"This is for those that don't know the half"

"Backtrack turn back the page"

"Let me show y'all new rappers"

"That's how the game go"

"This is for those that don't know the half"

"Backtrack turn back the page"

"Don't be missing any word I say" You love to hear the story, again and again

How it all got started from beginning to end

When cats used to run in a pack and slaughter

The rooftop, Union Square and the latin quarter

And if you came alone than your chain was gone

Unless you was from the hood and your name was known (yap)

And even than you was taking a risk

They would rush you for your chain while you was taking a piss

Hip hop used to be so thick in the air

When it was there you ain't even needed to kick in a snare

It could have been finger snaps and hand claps

But nowadays it feels a little different when a man raps

The track commence and these cats are french

The media lacking sense, what I rap's intense AND

I be the best in these rap events

And how I got this far?

It's called experience, come on

Yo it's the Ace in the flesh, of course I'm fresh

Oh you thought that I was rotten?
Huh, you must have gotten a bad sack of weed cause I track your speed
I run up, fondle your wife and smack your seed
I've been a star since Pat Benatar
And I still want the house, the boat, the truck AND the car
The limousine with the big screen and the bar
I'm trying to eat, watch it pour on like vine-gar
Cause I'm old and grey, control the day
I'm kinda like the light cause I show the way
I'm the one to collect the fongs and hold the pay
The kind that fold away than I stroll the way
Shit, I can't name all the hits we charted
That crazy ass Crooklyn ass shit, we got it
We came here tonight to get started
To go, act I'll and get re-tarded "In this rap game"
"This might be my last"

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