

# Nostalgia (feat. Masta Ace)

## 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 preform 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 fons 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"

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>