

Live from the New York underground but I'm now London-bound
I come to town to light up the mic once the flight touches down
But it's not just me it's Us3 so it must be funky trust me
Fingers still dusty from digging in the crates for jazz breaks
Master tapes or acetates
Low fi so I use a high sample rate to compensate
Pure bass not from concentrate
Now you wanna taste so you salivate
Just grab a plate and dig in
We're dishing food for thought from the soul kitchen
No chicken but the drumsticks are hitting the spot
Gotcha licking your chops
Don't bite cos it's sizzling hot
See we're mixing a pot of gumbo
Funk, soul, with some hip hop and a little drop of jazz on top
Just add some rock some be-bop ah scooby doo
Guess what Europe, we love you too
And it's just for you
Come on every 1
Who you're listening 2
Us3 the crew
Playing just 4 you
Way down in the concrete jungle of Harlem
There was a young man on the road to stardom
He had many raps and it wasn't a problem
To rock shows in winter, spring, summer and autumn
Now I don't like dissing people like most do
I'd rather speak freely on the struggles we go through
So listen up close if you see me approach you
And just pay attention cos you know you're supposed to
Too many people in this world are jobless
Or work long hours even though they're impoverished
I'm not preaching I'm just trying to be honest
Cos it's not for me to treat people like objects
Forget opinions let's get to the facts
I'm trying to end world poverty like Jeffrey Sachs
So don't try to tell me to relax
When we base our education on a property tax
Come on every 1
Who you're listening 2
Us3 the crew
Playing just 4 you
Now keep in mind you'll find this time it's a live band
No hype man all I need on stage is a mic stand
And Wiseguy by my side, but now it's Akil
And DJ First Rate on the wheels of steel
Cutting scratching but Gaston's what's happening
Just rapping for you cos you're the main attraction
Time for me to punch in like Action Jackson
Crafting raps with a passion like I'm Gaston
But it's Akil D and I know that you feel me
The real G's chill on my block on 115th street

I rock beats for the people that cops beat
I'm on a hot streak and competitors got beef