

Pete Rock, Cake

I'm all about makin it happen
can it steady yappin
cheddas stack cap I get it crackin
bringin the action
center of attraction
late night on the creep trashin
mashin on the party crashin
rap with a passion
not a quitter or a forfeiter
one of them raw rap cats
with hollow point rhymes
comin to hit ya
I'm talkin and I shot at all them fake rappas
who fake wanna be gun clappin
cats claimin they the baddest
claimin that they ran the streets ragged
knowin they chillin hard in the village up
up in the gay bar talkin to faggots
I'm not a gangsta
and I'm not a thug nor a blood
or cripp
strugglin brotha tryin to hard to get rich
i've been nice in this hip hop *ish
from way back when
days of the jeffersons
good times to whats happenin
you niggaz want beef
then call my name out
still rockin the Mecca when the soul brother
like it just came out

Lets get it on
Lebanon
Strong as an ox
an' I spit flows blowin up yo' audio box
Document muh style I'm cool when I rock
and I rush like the Bus
followin' muh blocks
G's up I'm on set y'all niggaz freeze up
i make dirty dolla's turn 'em in to clean bucks
my stocks rise
it's cool, it's no surprise
and them laws, the rules
you make, I straight defy
rebel in the highest form
the fifth born
gully nigga on the track screamin they saw'em
stop the dat
rewind that
thoughts combine that
Criminal minds
an' rhymes
underline that
dolla' dolla'
street scholla'
flow then ya falla
expert
puttin in work
for the next saga
so yo get yo' lean on
flows you fiend on
F-ckin with U. and N. the 2000 phenom

[Chorus]

yeah, U. and N. sound greater than great
still up, holdin my 'gz up
not my name hold weight
and you can betcha bottom dollar money mo' I make
lets get this cake
son do what it take

yeah, U. and N. sound greater than great
still up, holdin my 'gz up
not my name hold weight
and you can betcha bottom dollar money mo' I make
lets get this cake, c'mon

hold up
applause for the cause you know
you could call it telephone love tap
high explosive experiment
situate depressed upstate
bless a blessed a whats up with you
what you talkin, pocket filled well then feel
yeah its good, like you should
I'm Dino, begs no pardon
borrow no lending, begs no friends
ya hear me all my mens love women, raw
links with mommy cuban
or takes me back to union
baby girl got cousins and now one of 'em frontin
U.N
checker flagging me down
fast-en ya sound
how we quick to pick me up in that lex-ed iced edition
state ya position
back jabbin this bone wishin
ms. dont have me whiff missing
puttin everything Dwight Gooden-nuff talk
you can have a ball and go walk
hear me now, feel me later
later Dino Braves smooth and get paid
feelin the shook up
keepin the stick up
forever keep this hit the wikka wikka

A verbal contract the way life is put on you
now the harsh facts circle your world at
allow you like a wise author
sci-fi writins and novels
ridin ova potholes
play King Arthur inside my brothel
the size of waffles gunshot holes
blowin like the U.S marshall
of Luis Armstrong
and the winner falls sprawl spot it
and at the same time he shot it
frollic with raps and fiber optics
like 4,5,6
hard to get at
sharp as an axe
order jockage
armored trizzack
tryin to be modest
fiery thoughts burn like L's with chronic
make ya lungs black, sip gold hell in a bottle
blow willa sinna maholla thats on the house
compliments on my corner moral
how I get down

chase his ass round like cat and mouse
you feel my passion?
(f-ck life) if I ain't mackin
niggaz wanna see me stagnant
similar to two magnets
we can never be a package
a printed jewla
show my crew love
before this rap *ish
who can fool us
beautiful lust
don't think I'm too cool to bust
loot and do drugs
who's who
few knew it was fool proof
but true it was, crime organiza
forty fiva
hit ya Porsche up, (f-k) you in lava
hit them to my product
just a taste was life threatenin
stretch his limbs out
to 5 seperate ends
prey on my fall and every cent
like I don't know it
I hold macs posin in flicks like Dinero in Ronin

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