

Pete Rock & CL Smooth, Check It Out

[CL Smooth]

We go back and forth, sending this out to my people up north
Tell 'em if you ain't from New York you're soft
Box or throw rocks, fish or cut bait
Cause I fight great, but wait
Here's the hottest joint on lockdown
Ready for release what they call a masterpiece
Covers are blown, known for keeping shit lethal
Cause now I'm like water in the desert for you thirsty people
What's the fixation with all this artillery?
Now you catch a look, saying "Who are you to question me?"
Giving sighs from enemy lines taking care of my business
Is how you found out Wayne's World was never his
See my pend holds strong for all my cookies in mink
We call all types of bitches running out of ink
later for ticky mind, avoid like suama
But I don't see nothing wrong with a little bump and grind

You know it's my thing, get your bell rang
By the Meccafied slang, the jack of all trades
Couldn't even gang bang, and niggas can't hang
With so many styles, you'd swear the shit was out of Wu-Tang
But the samurai, CL Smooth I
be slicing, dicing you down when the mic is around
I rebound like Oakley when you provoke me
This is the Chocolate Thai, be careful how you toke me
I razzle dazzle your fragile ass until you pay homage
To the man I plan is holding all the knowledge
In five minutes of funk off my tounge, read the label shown
Is it Pete Rock or Oliver Stone?
Still the same, they remember my name
Kind of reminds me of when Rocket Ismail played for Notre Dame
Invincibility with no vulnerability
Selling more than gold with the killers on my payroll

You'd better watch your step, known for the rep
Of being real but can't accept jealous brothers and others
Who can't relax with pep, and if it was the playoffs
your ass would get swept and kept on stash
The Tango & Cash competitors bow
Cause I would think we all know who The Don is by now
Making loot at the pace of a horse race
Now once again my friend, the great paperchase
Here's a taste of life in the fast lane
Now house full of chicks, he's stripping off the Don P
With the profound sound, I ride swoops like a hawk
And can only bring the essence of New York
It's the Vernonville daddy, can you comprehend?
How some real live niggas set a new trend
Of being so blasted, smoothest prophets to the brain cell
While I bid you all a farewell