

# 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