

# Queen Latifah, The Pros

(feat. Daddy-O)

[Queen Latifah]

I stepped into a basement party in Brooklyn  
The brothers was looking as soon as I put a foot in  
A female walked up to me and said "Latifah bust a line"  
I don't think you're on the strength, show me the time  
I said "If you really want to do this, we can do this, fine  
Take six paces and begin to rhyme"  
As soon as attempted to make a sound  
I ate her up with the verb, broke her down with the noun  
Cause I hate it when someone challenges with me but cannot balance with me  
I get annoyed when they can't go blow for blow  
I get pissed when I hear the lyrics a sucker brings

[Daddy-O]

Ha ha, I was thinking the same thing  
Well I was approached by a whole damn group of them  
Rhyme fiends, biters, and bums  
Took me kind of light, said they wanted to fight  
I kinda got uptight (You didn't do what I think you did?) Yeah, right!  
Bash! went the first, Smash! went the next one  
He started, he started to run  
But to his surprise, his feet must have slipped  
Cause I snapped that neck before the second step

You see you may speculate, but everybody knows  
Not one amatuer can deal with the pros  
These are the pros, coming now from Queen Latifah and Daddy-O  
And if you want to hear more then just follow  
If you like the smooth chanted lyrics then just say "Bo bo bo!"

[Daddy-O]

There was a time that a man could go  
Anyplace, anywhere without a Rambo  
But now me have to keep me pistol loaded with rhyme  
Have to deal with bad breath biters that step out of line  
So when they make a move them surely get a taste of it  
I'm Daddy-O and I don't quit  
So feel the flow, y'all, because you're under attack  
>From my rhymes, cause I'm writing swift rhymes in stacks  
And four words to the wack, just "Stay the hell back"  
Cause it's a fact if you're wack you ain't saying jack  
So we can go rhyme for rhyme if you wish  
But eating you suckers is my favorite dish  
And I warned you suckers if you messed with me  
You'll be the next ingredient in my recipe  
Start and don't finish, I'll hunt you down  
And you can't run forever, so you'll be found  
And with nowhere to run, and nowhere to hide  
How you wanna be eaten, boy, baked or fried?

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[Queen Latifah]

It's Latifah the Queen, pioneer of the mainstream  
I flow just like a pro cause it's the same thing  
Suckers have to realize how foolish they sound  
So button your lips and stop trying to be down  
I caught you out there (How many times?) A lot of times  
Cause when it comes to mine, you know I gotta rhyme  
Stepping to the right, to the left

To the best place, well I have to face  
A sucker like a pooh-butt, weak and soft  
Riding my brastrap trying to get off  
Understand and know, if you want to go  
You'd better be ready to floaw cause I'm a pro

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[Latifah & Daddy-O]  
We wax floors with bums, make mocks out of some  
Sting 'em hard, and watch them complain how it stung  
Kidnap the babysitter, lock 'em inside a box  
Daddy-O and the true blue Queen of Rock

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