

# Pete Rock & CL Smooth, For Pete's Sake

Here come's the rugged one, plus the way I flip it  
I collect the loot and then I knock the boots  
A smooth dark lover, prefer to be called the chocolate lover  
Cuz I can do wonders under cover  
I'm dip-dip-dope, I rhyme like riz-ope  
I cleanse like soap, 'cause it's the great black hope  
Stay away from the penile, I can rock the senile  
Hons always wave 'cause slick like bunile  
Pete Rock on the boot knock, on the boot knock  
Plus the way that I flow...blood clot

Mm-hmm, mm-hmm, yeah...  
So funky, like a street junky  
Like I said before, we go, c'mon...

For Pete's sake I break and update, wait, I radiate  
The dub played to navigate the tune I make  
I fit like a slipper, so catch the Big Dipper  
Vital signs are quicker, not the flat line picture  
Showtime original, official with the smooth criminal  
I hit the cliches on the subliminal  
With the soul technician to fill the prescription  
In addition listen close to the mission  
The P.E.T.E.R.O.C.K., resume  
With the route to Brut by Faberge  
No doubt, to shout about a 20-bar segment  
Off spring the lyrics when the microphone's pregnant  
Give it a rubdown, now here's the sermon  
Everywhere you go you hear Mecca from the Vernon  
Pound for pound, uptown, I get down  
And bound to spin the record like a merry-go-round  
The cut don't flow that I touch is not a preemie  
And who would ever see me when I dream of Jeanie  
I don't think so, peace, I gotta go  
And shake like an earthquake, cousin, for Pete's sake

To my man...

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I collect the loot and then I knock the boots  
A smooth dark lover, prefer to be called the chocolate lover  
'Cause I can do wonders under cover  
I'm dip-dip-dope, I rhyme like riz-ope  
I cleanse like soap, 'cause it's the great black hope  
Stay away from the penile, I can rock the senile  
Hons always wave 'cause I'm slick like lunile  
Pete Rock on the boot knock, on the boot knock  
Plus the way that I flow...blood clot  
Yo, my style's cock-diesel and I can do the hustle  
Niggaz know the time, I don't have to flex a muscle  
I'm not the type to fake it, I wouldn't try to take it  
Tie your girl to the back of my Jeep butt-naked  
Slide her monkey ass down the hill  
So if you don't want beef, money, chill for Pete's sake

To my man...

Music please...

(C.L.) The Mecca's sweet like nectar, maybe 'cause you need it  
There's a ribbon in the sky, but I wonder if you see it  
In the days of thunder, notice how I simplex in the proper context  
Here steps the one, the answer to the riddle  
Survey says the black press can make you wiggle

The staff to the craft, the stroke of a pena  
Pefect stranger, melody arranger  
Loopholes are filled when I build with the skill  
Liquid steels the mic on the Rock's chill  
No financial aid wade when I'm paid  
Deep as the Everglade, the escapade a renagade  
Study in the archives, place your bet, sonny  
Head crack back to back for the bail money  
For you, a chapter, slayed by the author  
Lickin' on your daughter, say, south of the border  
Now, here we are with the funky repertoire  
Draw warm like a spa, star, forget all the hoopla  
C.L. Smooth and Pete Rock  
Could break and penetrate, piece of cake, cousin, for Pete's sake

To my man...

For Pete's Sake, c'mon...