

# Pete Rock & CL Smooth, If It Ain't Rough, It Ain't

[CL Smooth]

Above the level of a mezzanine, healthy as Ovaltine  
The dominant ? clean, I mean go, the light's green  
The protege could play like chess to quest the best  
Confess, never poor as Bangladesh  
I get busy like a boxer, operate like a Doctor  
Seal like a locker, pop like Orville Redenbacher  
Buy the tape, LP, CD  
All me, and Petey, to cater to the needy  
Like a Prayer for Madonna but A Different World for Jasmine  
CL is well a physical attraction  
Let me make myself perfectly clear:  
while I'm there, I make a peer a positive pap smear  
Really I do, once I light the barbeque  
Thread the loose ends, see my friends are the crew  
The fright night King of New York like Frank White  
If it ain't rough it ain't right man listen..

[CL Smooth]

If it ain't rough enough, to mingle in the stuff  
to scar and scuff and make you cuckoo like a cocoa puff;  
it ain't right so I smash the satellite  
Check the farenheight, before I take flight  
Unique as Mozambique, here to freak Sheik  
The skills that won't leak, and never antique  
Warm like a oven you're lovin the style I'm druggin  
Alleyway muggin, heavyweight sluggin  
No fibs I kick the ad libs and rock it in the cribs  
Break your ribs like a toothpick cause you were never slick  
? you lacked back when I first started  
CL's the one who got the Red Sea parted  
My conversation qualification is a doozy  
The rude Rudy wreckin write you off as a floozy  
I shoot for the moon, but even if I miss  
I'm among the stars, to put a bullethole in Mars..

[CL Smooth]

In my frame of mind I design the best-seller  
For rougher cats can Rockafeller you're Penn and Teller  
Steady with the convo, rought like Brillo  
Let your head hit the bed and knock the feathers out your pillow  
The master intelligent, with the black testament  
Found it relevant, and mailed it to the President  
But overall I get papes for my labor  
with the physical manifestation of a saviour  
You wanna test this, but I slay anyway  
cause your rhymes are old, with more wrinkles than a charpei  
Mecca Don upon the streets of Babylon  
Pass the baton to respond like Farrakhan  
Hard like Shaft with the staff for the Backdraft  
A blazin aftermath, so hon make a path  
If you don't trust him, bust him  
But if you don't have a weapon, then kid keep steppin  
The main idea in here for the hemisphere  
CL's here to get wreck for the year  
A large man's appetite, blowin like dynamite  
If it ain't rough it ain't right, COME ON!