

Pete Rock & CL Smooth, The Basement

[Pete Rock]

Ahh yeahh!! Feel the funk bay-beeee!!
That's right, this is called The Basement!
And my man CL Smooth kick it for you like this..

[CL Smooth]

From the Heights, not what am I write, simple I can do this
Like Popeye to Brutus, I'm your host like a stewardess
Fly with the neighborhood hi-jackin fella
So prepare for landing, and crash into a cellar
Bodies in the buddha cloud, misty in the tune
Like a show all nights, a figure eight in a lagoon
With Pete Rock, the complete lock and beat stop
Now all the horny heffers wanna dangle on my *errr!*Down by the dungeon with the cracks on the wall
Buffoon I'm like a mink while you're soon to pimp a raccoon stole
Vocal arrangement, ready set to hit the pavement
But not before the kid leave The Basement

[Pete Rock]

The Basement, put the Funk in Grand
Here comes my man
My brother.. Grap Lover, get wreck cousin, c'mon

[Grap Lover]

Call me the Grap Lover, yes, the younger Soul Brother
Keep your eyes on the prize cause you won't find another
When the funk is played, the rhyme I display
Quick to bust a ditz so don't slip in the way
of the kid, with the flavor, the party people saviour
Clockin all the honies, eyes sharp like a razor
I kick a dance step, you're soon to discover
Yo, that's the kid from "Mecca and the Soul Brother"
Yeah once in a while I be with CL on the DL
or I flow with Pete, and find my placement in The Basement
The Basement, yes where the beats and the rhymes flow
Peace I gotta go, Grapster's out the door of The Basement

[Pete Rock]

Of the Basement! Next we got.. a special guest
I ain't gonna tell you who it is..
C'mon.. rap along..

[Heavy D]

Tick tock tick, things are gettin - thick
Here comes the Heavster, and I know it makes ya - sick!
To see a black man gettin paid on the regular
Car with the cellular, fellas I'm tellin ya
I got plots and plans, pots and pans
Stocks and grands, so make room for the big man
I walk the streets in peace and I'm never strapped
But I know a crew of Young Gunz that'll send you back
So easy does it on the DL
Peace to Pete Rock, and the Mecca Don CL
Heavy D's on this track, lettin you know there's no replacement
Peace signin off, check one two straight from The Basement

[Pete Rock]

Straight from The Basement
I'm tellin you now, kid
It's crazy fat
I wonder who this is comin up?

Fourth but not least, the backbone of the Wig Out

Freestyle, crazy hardcore, no sellout
Speakin, upon where I dwell from the dungeon
All over the U.S. states, even London
Pasttime present, black to the future
Swimmin in beats like a Dolphin, so call me Don Shula
A Raider well like Art Shell, crazy defense
A Pro Bowl with soul for local events
The crew name is CL Smooth and Pete Rock
Here to sail when I prevail and stare into the dock
The Pimp Daddy of the funk flavor, catch you later
Clever like a secret agent comin from The Basement

That's right, crazy funky
Aww my man
He's crazy funky, his name is Rob-O, check him out

[Rob-O]
Ali-kazaam, you'll never guess what I am
Motto is that nothin ever changes but haircuts and kicks
to stacks of vocal breaks life pays when
kid said, "Pete makes beats in The Basement";
Cold hit, the pavement, over to the chill side
The real side, the 7-7 hillside
I thought I'd just chill, take a breath
Straight up Columbus Hill, make a left
and get fixed, plus the ghetto chicks got flicks
of me stacks of kicks, my joint's bumpin lovely
Walkin down the street, much props, on the ?
I hear voices sayin, "That's Rob-O'Dingo in The Basement";

[Pete Rock]
Ahh ha ha ha! Hah yeah! This is funky!
I can feel it
My man from the Vernon, his name is Di-da, make it raw

[Dida]
Fly like an eagle, a seagull
Always into somethin, like Snoopy, the Beagle
People, grab a tight hold of the sound
Hard, snatchin raw papes off the shelves
Blowin up spots from state to state
I'm comin to town but you just can't wait
Check the station, for conversation at six-block
Uno here, to put suckers in the mix
I get deeper than oceanography
Thinkin of crazy shit, like psychology
So speak the piece, then slide like grease
The beat is fat, but the rhyme is obese in The Basement

[Pete Rock]
In The Basement, is where I dwell
Check the MC's swell
Cause I am, crazy funky, with CL Smooth
My man ?, Rob-O, G-R baby pah
The Heavster, my brother Grap Lover
Everybody.. *fades out, can't hear it*