

# Pete Rock, No More Words

[Intro: Pete Rock]

Yeah yeah one two I.N.I. in the place  
from the Vernon-ville section yeah  
this goes out to all the niggaz that  
be frontin always talking saying shit  
they don't need to be saying and goes  
like this Grap Luva

[Verse 1: Grap Luva]

Dig it I bust rhymes that keep the wise minds open  
Plus am hoping that ya get in the gist of my mind bliss  
Yo I am to represent the most high  
I heats up ya mind like a furnace no lie  
So why try test or dismiss ya stress  
On brother like grap lover  
Is to impress ya friends or maybe my man Rob O  
But the God is down with I so that shit do go so  
Take that ass to the lost and found  
Look for ya style there you little clown  
I am too busy paying dues got no times  
For playing games more credentials to my name  
Cause I am about to get fame  
Ya played out game got you thinking you star  
But talk is cheap so you won't get far  
Tag ya name on the list with the rest of the herbs  
Cause on the strength for you  
I got no words

[Chorus: Pete Rock] (4x)

Check it out I got no more words frontin niggaz  
tag ya name to the rest of the herbs

[Verse 2: Ras Luv]

Justice imperial heavenly Asiatic decent  
On to be another hero in the present  
Father blessin brought all by his essence  
The healer of soul beyond the heights untold  
Worth gold plus I rest aside the Vernon-ville bold  
Where the brothers get ya open  
Junior players stay hoping to make it  
You might not last they might bust that ass  
And that's when ya grasp for the father  
You call you should da stall  
So why bother at all  
I stand tall and reign supreme fa I va  
I bet yo won't find a no mc that's liver  
So wish upon a star that's yo rhymes up yo part  
You study all day to pass the mc bar  
It's no thing to put the funk swing in a effect  
I loves on the beat so the mic gettin wreck  
And theres no more words so respect kid

[Chorus: Pete Rock ] (4x)

Check it out I got no more words frontin niggaz  
tag ya name to the rest of the herbs

[Verse 3: Rob-O]

Started my man played it off  
I never noticed me why you scheming  
With the fucked up motive  
But uh check it let me school ya  
On the I the who what when and the why  
See I am despiser of discussing needs  
Of the I rule is the size of a muscle

Seem smaller than smallest hidden just  
To niggaz planet and soil of earth  
And it's the biggest  
Tree that you ever seen turned into green  
Now ya fiend some man made shit by machine  
Shy damn bring the sticks  
Bring the brimstone bricks  
But ya naming them  
Listen to the crunch of your cranium  
Flow to the very last word of revelation  
Not sweatin armageddon or am I lettin  
Quite patient but still I bust that thick like ill  
Smoke trauma chill son no more words

[Chorus:Pete Rock](4x)  
Check it out I got no more words frontin niggaz  
tag ya name to the rest of the herbs

I am out  
We got no more words for brothers  
That be steppin on niggaz and frontin  
No what am saying straight up I.N.I. 95, 96  
Word to mother soul brother records  
My man ran bangers in the house  
As we do it like this check it out  
One two no more words no more words

[Fades out]