

# Pete Rock, To Each His Own

(feat. Q-Tip & The Large Professor)

Yeah, uhh uhh I.N.I. is in the place  
Yeah yeah uuh  
Along with my man Extra P and my man Q-T  
Here in the place to be  
With the capital P, Rock on

[Verse 1: Grap Luva]

I'm braced just from my voice bring life to microphones  
And my weight phone moves I'm headed for the dead zone  
You heads flown and it's a crazy rest  
You should've vest when the Kane come to test the best  
So next up is the one the non-half stepper  
Keeper of the thought, healer of the lepras  
Controller of the treezy with no ego to feed  
Cause I stays level headed, vocabulary  
I'm better up in the dome, I'm bound to crush  
Rollin' up I spill the bone free  
See it's the G bring it to you in the physical  
Comin' through with the crucial ball material  
I entertain each time I'm in the session  
Leavin brothers guessin', yo what's that sound  
Got 'em wishin' they was on this bitches mouth goin' down  
Inl vibrations over plumb tracks  
Most of y'all found cats couldn't match that  
Touch this, I don't think you should attempt to  
Cause if you do, plus I got two examples  
From gettin any clout  
No doubt to each his own

[Chorus]

To each his own (repeat 8 times)

[Verse 2: Q-Tip]

Check it out to each his own, watch out cat  
Niggas think daz can get a dollar bill  
Choices made, they choose the ill  
Inside a nigga wanna survivalism of all the scrams  
It's crazy let's make you move, tryin to be topscore  
And he really don't give a rats ass who he go to  
He's a big boy, he bites all he can chew  
But yo I eat all plates with hip hop written on it  
Pete Rock the group I.N.I. shittin on it  
Lyrically impressive ain't no second guesses  
The most poppin shit talker is the one who stresses  
And you see the Abstract with a tight lipped caddy  
Speakin on my peace and my soul is ever vary  
Til my microphone I dialogue  
Sit back with a whole lot a love, complement it with claps  
I'm on some grown men shit, my peak is not yet reached  
So I remind my one and take 'em each  
To each his own

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Rob-O]

Excuse me, I'm here to earn a man a buck or two  
Now take a chance with life or lose the fuckin you  
All your friends, your flower lack potent  
You used to be shy but now you wanna be my stands  
On the E-L this is gonna swell for a second  
While I'm catchin wreck, how many others should she step in  
The sack with, guess I better get a Profalectic

Back to the crib in case I smack it  
Bad tactic cause a gym hat caught it flat  
Plus the ball stick wasn't even all of that  
Now it's hectic I'm headin to the joint gettin injected  
Plus the fact that I'm infected  
So check it out, yo when you with these chicks  
And they spread out, with skins enough to take ya head out  
Use precaution cause some is packin' death behind the set  
Peace to the Gods, so watch your dick  
To each his own

[Verse 4: Large Professor]

To each his own, niggas is sown, bout to full blown  
Brother who could never be a clone  
Large Pro so fuck your bullshit harsh, yo  
I'm rappin with the weapon my whole squad glow  
Like a diamond, so don't sham fan, I have to climb in  
That ass like a truck, leavin niggas as struck  
Like lightening bold that cats flow goes right in the volt  
In the end peace to land times ten  
Cee-Lo the whole I.N.I. is my people  
So sit back relax and just listen while we pull  
The moneys and honeys fake fours did clone  
To each his own, to each his own

[Chorus](repeated til fade)