

Rodney Kendrick, No Dress Code

(feat. Dreddy Kruger, Killah Priest, Spider, Timbo King)

[Killah Priest]

Check it out.. right here
We gonna rock, all night
Killah Priest, Rodney Kendrick
Timbuktu, Dreddy Kru'
Wu-Tang, word's bond

Piano keys, the soprano leads
Dark melodies, sweet heavenly
Ebony tones, soft sacks of bones
Help relax the dome when we sat on thrones
Back at home, we left poems and catacombs
Black wars, the Wu grown
Black anglosaxons, feel the beauty of the war passion
when swords are clashin'
We got busy with Didi Galleby
Left the world stress-free
He got into it, he really really got intimate
with his instrument, he was heaven-sent
A black president, we used to poke off of music notes
Black popes with exotic funk
Thelonious Monk left piano drunk
Back in the days we used to skat, but now we rap
We used to bebop and now it's hip-hop

[Chorus x2: Dreddy Kruger (Killah Priest)]

No Dress Code (Come if you're young or old)
No Dress Code (Music that'll touch your soul)
No Dress Code (Hear it all around the globe)
No Dress Code (Music for the earlobe)

[Spider]

Now let's have a moment of silence for these men gone
Gotta spread the music all across the nation
Peter Touch, Bob Marley or Derrick Gargon
King Turbo sire this musician
Well, to my soldiers in inspiration
Doug E. bust songs of redemption
From a small island to all dimensions
And I am meant to bring it out strong
Well.. let me bridge all the gaps
If you see no type of mishap
Let the music play, no ID to stop
While people in the dancehall want to rock
Well.. a little of this and a little of that
Welcome to the meltin' pot
Well.. a little of this and a little of that
Please.. player turn it up a notch
And..

[Chorus x3]

[Timbo King (Dreddy Kruger)]

Jive talk theatric, musical vibes, spark tribes
Cab Calloway style, spinnin' forty-fives
Live city melodic, the night life jazz scene
Jungle mama jazz queen, you make me fiend for your clarinet
I'm at the Cotton Club soakin' wet
Board room, wall-to-wall jazz rules
Mobile army, instrumentals
I roll to Paris to hear Barry Harris
Swing music, we do our thing: music

Last trumpet play, Billy Holiday on Apollo stage
Orchestrated, dominated three-sixty
Hell of fists, blow whips of Charlie Walker
Play music darker, The Legacy from our forefathers
(You don't know Brooklyn 'less you know the author)
The Legacy from our forefathers
(Wu-Tang All-Stars, Rodney Kendrick, Collaboration '98)

[Chorus to fade]