

No More Words

Pete Rock & Ini

Yeah yeah one two InI in the place
From the Vernon-ville section yeah
This goes out to all the niggas that
Be frontin always talking saying shit
They don't need to be saying and goes
Like this Grap LoverDig 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 don't 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
Check it out I got no more words frontin niggas
Tag ya name to the rest of the herbsJustice 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
Check it out I got no more words frontin niggas
Tag ya name to the rest of the herbsStarted 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 niggas 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 wordsCheck it out I got no more words frontin niggas
Tag ya name to the rest of the herbsI am out
We got no more words for brothers
That be steppin on niggas and frontin
No what am saying straight up InI 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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