Don't Be Mad

Pete Rock

You niggas hate me because I live like a champion
I'm eating scampian shrimp
And the vehicles I'm lampin' in you can't be in
I'm the one like Mr. AndersonRappers can't handle them
I hand em' a handkerchief and hang of shit, it's Pete Rock
The nigga you should be hangin' with, bangin' with
But you havin' problems trying to tame your chickAnd I know it makes you sick, see me in the six
With your chick bumpin' my shit singing high pitched
She on her side kick, telling her girls we got that hot shit
Boppin' like "Who made the beat? " Green Lantern bitchYeah, so pay the nigga homage, I'm about them dollars
I could pay for you to go to college
Sometimes a little modest but yo I'm no trick, girl
Collect cash is the motto
Ya'll quick fast tryna come up in my world
This is grown man BI and y'all just squirrelsDon't be mad because you can't do what I can
Like when Jordan went up took that shot and switched hands
(With his tongue out)
Don't be mad 'cause you not me
I'm the fuckin' poster boy for the MPC my niggaI had to spit this verse for the world and the rest of y'all boys
Rest in peace to Trouble T Roy
Usually produce a hit record now I'm making the noise
Calm and poise, got inflection in my voiceShould be the choice to make the people respect the movement
I did it dog of course I know what I'm doing
Pursuing what got tossed in the wind
There was a point in time me, Puff, Eddie and C.L. was friendsHef set trends and put the hood on
But you know the hood is hood and the hood will do wrong
I ain't Rodney King so I don't care if we don't get along
The point of the song is to make the wrongs rightYou at the top of your career but you not at your hype
D. Mac on Scotty G keep my hairline tight
Roll a backwood over a dutch, the shop is exit ten of the hutch
I spit this verse for unique two, five and dutchReminiscing when I got the name Rock
Round the same time Hef still lived on my block
The game flipped flopped and shit got controversial
Everyman for himself, I guess we going to commercialGet it crunk, do your thing like Camron
Pete Rock coming with heat and that's word bond
Beastin' on the track like I lost my Akon
New York, New York, bring it back to the east dogI'm tryna make ends meet, stay true to the street
Kill them with the beats, make stacks and still eat
This is for my son E and the rest of my family

Holla at your boy PR be the recipeMy nigga Green Lantern one time for your mind
Yeah, taking hip hop by storm once again
Legendary status, y'all niggas, one

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