Grown Man Sport

Pete Rock

Natty Dread like Bob so rock steady
With no spaghetti with meat sauce
Maybe salads with one toss
No bread of the sorrow cause afraid to see tommorow
It's religion never suspicious
You're too delicious for the tongue
See the lungs breathe a natural high
Just like the shirts that's so lovely
So ask Marco Polo and I never go solo
Cause I roll with the crew that keep the funk flows
That make ya dance until the sisters take glance
I hope you find romance... try your luck take a chance
Til I enter like the Milton Plaza I'm the center
Of it all, the fuckin' prince of the ball
Standing six feet tall, that's a long way to fall
But not worry, cause my vision ain't blurried
The +I+ is hotter than the spice and curry
So don't stress the father or you might feel the fury
So check the situation, a raw deal is what we facin'
What's the flavour of the rules they mandate
The climbin' gets hotter as the city gets smarter (?)
A million one catch they tryin' to earn top dollar
Half that mill, they straight out to kill
I'm cultivated and destined to act real ill
Black let up in the things of five burroughs of pain
Only reason why the east and the west it ain't the same
I'm twenty-something years of age and life surely ain't about hand-outs
So I lace my plan out, hard work is levicated to an encore survival
Considergize less and from conception to arrival
Now that I'm here my fear shall decrease
Learn about life makin' my way to the east
From four square yard struggler
The G's on time, yo god hit me with that rhyme
In-tro-ducin the R to the O-B-O
You didn't know, I witness ya thoughts I'm Robodendo
But your inventions confuse me on the surface
Ya nervous, because your lack of purpose
Check it, thought about it, much much later
Should've kept it real would've been much greater

But, you got in it like a pussy, in fact
Bein' pussy kept your wack ass back
Now in '95 to 2000 Rob is on some next shit
Game type, yeah in ya heart, you know it ain't right
Dissention among the ranks
I'm givin' thanks to the most high for plantin' me firm
Upon this world that's forever changin'
The conflict that I'm engagin'
The concert with amiss communication
Imagine that me take the weight for some next kid short
Yo it's a Grown Man SportYeah yeah like that
laalalaaaaalalalaaaaaaaa
it's a Grown Man Sport, yeah
laalalaaalalaaaalaalaalaaaaaaaa
it's a Grown Man Sport, come on
laalalaaaaaaaalalalaaaaaaaaa
it's a Grown Man Sport
lalalaaaaalalaaaalalalaaaaaa
this here is a Grown Man SportHold it suppose it was me speakin' on tapes
To create a lifestyle to marinate
Different latitudes search cocaine to food
Excuse my move to bliss
Eternal stress in fits
I see the same in many, penny thoughts
Cause honey thought I wasn't ready but willin'
Now I'm blowin' through the ceiling
Go real only when a nigga make me any noise
So figure, the first letter supports the sportlaalalaaaaalalalaaaaaaaa
it's a Grown Man Sport, yeah
laalalaaalalaaaalaalaalaaaaaaaa
it's a Grown Man Sport, come on
laalalaaaaaaaalalalaaaaaaaaa
it's a Grown Man Sport
lalalaaaaalalaaaalalalaaaaaa
yeah it's a Grown Man Sport
Like that
This one goin' out dedicate this one to the almighty god
Rastafari Selassie
InI as we come of for '95 '96
Ya live, respect
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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