

# We Good (Album)

## Pete Rock

Yeah, I see you P'Rrahh  
It's Mr. Kardinal, we good  
Worry about us, it's Kardinal OffishallKnahmean, circle niggaz in dis  
Y'knahmean, straight from T Dot  
Linked up with grand master of the beats, P'Rrahh  
It's the Pete Rock, yeah, NY to T DotC'mon, yeah, raisin' my fist  
Is like the bat sign, bringin' out lyricists  
I attract heat, I be the under overground  
Microphone magician, subteranean, unidentified sky-toucherManeuver the machines and rip apart MC's  
And hang 'em from the seams  
Large nigga seem scary out in the hood  
Shootin' tic-tac-toe in your BurberryFor generations, a cold verse killer's been chillin' out  
Waitin' in the cut, spillin' out  
Hot shit, yeah they feelin me now 'cause I linked with Pete  
The best at it since Nas and 'Illmatic'  
Respect is automatic, got it, well hold itA lot of MC's will need it to pay they rent, sewed it  
And eventually fold it check my resume  
I'm like H&R Block when I rock  
Y'all niggaz get the greatest return, plus a 3rd degree burn  
When I earn airtime like H. SternKardinal's like a 20 carat diamond  
Up in the rough dust, New York check the shinin'  
I'm intertwinin', line for line combinin'  
With Mr. Rock rhymin, flowin' on time and  
Stop your whinin,' y'all couldn't let go  
Since I flowed over the remix of 'Grindin'"We good , don't worry 'bout us, nigga, we good  
Kardinal and Pete Rock crank up in the hood  
(Yeah when I'm in the USA, they say, "Yes, DJ")  
When Pete's in the blend they say "My nigga, come again" "We good , don't worry 'bout us, nigga ,we good  
Kardinal and Pete Rock crank up in the hood  
(When I'm in J.A. they say, "Yes, DJ")  
When I'm in the C A N they say "my nigga come again" "Yeah, what makes the best rapper, ice on the wrist?  
Ice on the chain? Ice in the bucket with the Crist'?  
Ice grill, iced down, ice inside my frown  
Ice start sparklin' on the spaghetti strap gownKardinal, nickname, No Gimmicks  
Still nigga to get up in it, rip the place down  
Rock a wife beater, show off my belly when I'm ready  
The type to drive around on bootleg PirellisMC's gettin' stuck like clubgoers in Chi-Town  
Rip any prick from Brixton to my town  
The T Dot, yeah ,you know me

Bringin' back the bad bwoy style, yeah, ya owe meGun finger in da air, shootin' blanks  
Thinkin' 'bout the day I can live next to Phil Banks  
'Til then, my circle niggaz straight out the hood  
Don't worry 'bout us, nigga, we goodWe good , don't worry 'bout us, nigga, we good  
Kardinal and Pete Rock crank up in the hood  
(When I'm in J.A. they say, "Yes, DJ")  
When I'm in Brixton they say "My nigga, come again"Yo, yo, protect your Head & Shoulders when the  
Kardinal bust  
Boy, take care of two in one shot like Pert Plus  
Niggaz get dumb live on acetate  
Massacre masses of MC's on mixtapesStreet cats get taken out with street raps  
Live from the streets where peeps meet to see a weak nigga  
See defeat, take a week to look back  
And reflect on how you can't spit when Kardinal speakUnique like occasional crackheads  
Monster talk to settin 'off a gourmet, verse like rice pilaf  
I'm great, save the petty black trash talkin for Ricky LakeWe good don't worry 'bout us, nigga, we good  
Kardinal and Pete Rock crank up in the hood  
(When I'm in the USA, they say , "Yes, DJ")  
When I'm in the C A N they say, "My nigga, come again"We good (we good) don't worry 'bout us, nigga we  
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When Pete's in the blend they say, "My nigga, come again"  
We good

Songwriters

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