

# The Basement

## Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth

Featuring heavy d rob o grap lover and didaAhh yeahh!! feel the funk bay beeee!!

That's right this is called the basement!

And my man cl smooth kick it for you like this.From the heights not what am i write simple i can do this

Like popeye to brutus i'm your host like a stewardess

Fly with the neighborhood hi jackin fella

So prepare for landing and crash into a cellarBodies in the buddha cloud, misty in the tune

Like a show all nights, a figure eight in a lagoon

With pete rock, the complete lock and beat stop

Now all the horny heffers wanna dangle on my \*errr!\*

Down by the dungeon with the cracks on the wall

Buffoon i'm like a mink while you're soon to pimp a raccoon stole

Vocal arrangement, ready set to hit the pavement

But not before the kid leave the basement

The basement, put the funk in grand

Here comes my man

My brother. grap lover, get wreck cousin, c'monCall me the grap lover, yes, the younger soul brother

Keep your eyes on the prize cause you won't find another

When the funk is played, the rhyme i display

Quick to bust a ditz so don't slip in the way

Of the kid, with the flavor, the party people saviour

Clockin all the honies, eyes sharp like a razor

I kick a dance step, you're soon to discover

Yo, that's the kid from "mecca and the soul brother"

Yeah once in a while i be with cl on the dl

Or i flow with pete, and find my placement in the basement

The basement, yes where the beats and the rhymes flow

Peace i gotta go, grapster's out the door of the basementOf the basement! next we got. a special guest

I ain't gonna tell you who it is.

C'mon. rap along.

Tick tock tick, things are gettin - thick

Here comes the heavster, and i know it makes ya - sick!

To see a black man gettin paid on the regular

Car with the cellular, fellas i'm tellin ya

I got plots and plans, pots and pans

Stocks and grands, so make room for the big man

I walk the streets in peace and i'm never strapped

But i know a crew of young gunz that'll send you back

So easy does it on the dl

Peace to pete rock, and the mecca don cl

Heavy d's on this track, lettin you know there's no replacement  
Peace signin off, check one two straight from the basement  
Straight from the basement  
I'm tellin you now, kid  
It's crazy fat  
I wonder who this is comin up?  
Fourth but not least, the backbone of the wig out  
Freestyle, crazy hardcore, no sellout  
Speakin, upon where i dwell from the dungeon  
All over the u.s. states, even london  
Pasttime present, black to the future  
Swimmin in beats like a dolphin, so call me don shula  
A raider well like art shell, crazy defense  
A pro bowl with soul for local events  
The crew name is cl smooth and pete rock  
Here to sail when i prevail and stare into the dock  
The pimp daddy of the funk flavor, catch you later  
Clever like a secret agent comin from the basement  
That's right, crazy funky  
Aww my man  
He's crazy funky, his name is rob-o, check him out  
Ali-kazaam, you'll never guess what i am  
Motto is that nothin ever changes but haircuts and kicks  
To stacks of vocal breaks life pays when  
Kid said, "pete makes beats in the basement"  
Cold hit, the pavement, over to the chill side  
The real side, the 7-7 hillside  
I thought i'd just chill, take a breath  
Straight up columbus hill, make a left  
And get fixed, plus the ghetto chicks got flicks  
Of me stacks of kicks, my joint's bumpin lovely  
Walkin down the street, much props, on the?  
I hear voices sayin, "that's rob-o'dingo in the basement"  
Ahh ha ha ha! hah yeah! this is funky!  
I can feel it  
My man from the vernon, his name is di-da, make it raw  
Fly like an eagle, a seagull  
Always into somethin, like snoopy, the beagle  
People, grab a tight hold of the sound  
Hard, snatchin raw papes off the shelves  
Blowin up spots from state to state  
I'm comin to town but you just can't wait  
Check the station, for conversation at six-block  
Uno here, to put suckers in the mix  
I get deeper than oceanography  
Thinkin of crazy shit, like psychology  
So speak the piece, then slide like grease  
The beat is fat, but the rhyme is obese in the basement  
In the basement, is where i dwell  
Check the mc's swell  
Cause i am, crazy funky, with cl smooth  
My man?, rob-o, g-r baby pah  
The heavster, my brother grap lover

Everybody. \*fades out, can't hear it\*  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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