

# Don't Curse

## Heavy D

This one definitely goes out on a censorship tip  
So everybody sit back relax and have a champagne sip  
We gonna teach these people out there who are  
Against saying what we want to say the right way  
Y'know what I'm sayin', so what we're gonna do  
Is kick back swing a little funky beat by my man  
DJ Pete Rock producer extraordinaire  
Yo, Pete Rock, make it clear  
I can flex, bend, lend a pen to a friend  
Keep a party pimping from now to then  
I don't have to swear, curse or juggle  
Lyrics in the verse to make a party bubble  
So 'Mister Censorship', tell me, what's your problem?  
There's girlies on the corner, and phife can't solve 'em  
How did she say it, I'm curious G  
Does she say honey love me, or baby baby, fun me  
Anyway, we say what we wanna say  
Play how we wanna play, feels good that way  
So G Rap, huh, it's time to kick a verse  
Do your man a favor and don't curse  
You're tellin' me don't curse on a verse, they did it worse  
First I put a curse on every verse  
I kind of got outrageous  
Check it, even made a record on how I'm doing on the B I T C H es  
Drop some verses for the bust  
Every word that you heard is cause I didn't give a f, aw shucks  
Hey yo, I almost forgot  
The curse is a plot but it's getting kinda hot  
So I'ma let profanity retire, hey  
But if worse comes to worse, I'll cut you out like Richard Pryor  
So Grand Puba, kick a verse  
But do your man a favor and don't curse  
Don't curse, bust it  
I won't curse, I'll take a famous curse word and just say keuf  
Keuf flipped around the other way means ha  
Boy when I do, I see, I can't get stuck  
Jump on the mic then I earn a quick buck  
Buck meanin' loot, then I grab some boots  
And set wit my troops

For those who can't follow and got stuck  
Kcuf flipped the other way means  
It's just a curse, I freaked a nurse in a hearse  
But I made sure I had my hat first  
CL Smooth, it's time to kick a verse  
God cypher the rhyme, you can't curse  
Go ahead ask me, when I kick a curse in a verse, I say nope  
Grab you by your hand, wash you're mouth out wit soap  
Thinkin' to be the last one wit the bad lingo  
Scoopin' on the skinz in the church from your bingo  
Sounds of the Mecca, dark fresh from the tailor  
Because they made a movie when he cuss like a sailor  
Better yet, dialect dirty like a subway  
Freakin' for your loot, here to make it go the other way  
In a vocabulary scrimmage  
But cursin' in my village ain't good for my image  
So Big Daddy, you know it's time to kick a verse  
But do your man a favor, don't curse

The smooth rap inventor that enter  
Parental discretion's not advised so there's no need to censor  
Kiss on, peep it, but you want to beep it, what?  
I feel like slapping a sticker on ya, chill chill, see what  
But, too magical rhymes are too tragical  
For any source to stop Kane from getting capital  
If I thought sticking me was dissing me  
Man, don't you know that this would be  
Worse than Stephen King's Misery  
So clean all profanity, stealing all the man to be  
Rocking any microphone you're handing me  
So Heavy D, I'm about to disperse  
So kick another verse and don't forget not to curse  
God Bless, but I can't mess around wit the curses  
So I'm a kick verses or a verse  
Soul brother number 1 here to kick facts  
Smoke the microphone and produce crazy tracks  
Your my bad bro, let's start the flow  
I'm a kick rhymes till it's time for me to go  
I can't curse cause Heavy D said so  
Now I'm a get back to the subject  
Get wreck, if you think I'm bluffin', just check  
Wit the crew, Pete Rock and CL Smooth very down to earth  
And we didn't have to curse  
Yea, yea the Abstract poet Q-tip of a Tribe Called Quest  
Here to wreck, y'know what I'm sayin'

Got my man Pete Rock and my man Heavy D in the house  
And we're definitely chillin' on the lifted tip  
So bust the spit out, aha  
Flin flam flim, lick my big black stuff  
Plus I kick a curse to be rough enuff  
You could put the sticker where the sun don't shine  
So back off and let me get mine  
Visions in my head when it's dealing wit hits  
If I had 4 girls then I lick 8 its  
Wait, don't wanna hear no drama  
'Cause the bum didaly Heav is a favorite of my mama's  
So I blew out get mad lifted  
Don't have to say up the show that I'm gifted  
God bless me 'cause I reach my 21st  
Heavy D, don't drop a curse  
Peace, peace, peace to the preacher  
I'm talkin' about a verse without a curse that's how I reach ya  
I can rock a party without a swear or a harsh verb  
Backwards, no curse words, Heavy D prefers  
So swing, swing to the Soul bequiem rhythm  
Before I say goodbye, let me tell ya how I hit 'em  
CL, Pete Rock, G Rap, Maxwell  
Big Daddy, Q-Tip and ah me as well  
Time to say peace, thank Pete for the beats  
This funky beat was made for the street  
Notice how clean that we kept every verse  
But if worst came to worst, we all said a curse  
Free Slick Rick  
Free Slick Rick  
Free Slick Rick

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