

# #1 Soul Brother

Pete Rock

I travel the land with the SP in my hand  
Rock from New York, London and Japan  
It's time to take command expand to higher lands  
P.H. the next man not in da plans  
I'm dead serious like as in response I hit niggaz in the head  
P.R. the thoroughbred comes through intellectual  
I rap lyrical, always on da humble and sometimes I'm spiritual  
Hands down accept any mans challenge  
I strive and keep the competition off balance  
Da fruits of my talent is this it's simple  
I drop science on the instrumental  
I take seven ill drums put `em in a line  
And add seven more snares to make it combine  
It'll take seven more horns before I start to rhyme  
Now that twenty-one beats made up at the same time  
I was bound ta shine haters get left behind  
Ain't no time for them, stamp my name on rap  
Perhaps you hear da words from pay next sequel  
Part two something for tha people  
I'm still number one Now I appear return ten years the pioneer  
Deliver action thrillers that explode in ya ear  
Compensate for all the ups and downs in my career  
Stop the small talk my focus remains clear  
Should have won a Nobel prize for thoughts and ideas  
Critically acclaimed while some of y'all cats in tha game for fame  
Fame lives in my name Pete Rock it's simple and plain  
Check it simply stressing it soon to start chin checking kids  
God protected, so I'm selected to orchestrate the next great  
And create, contemplate the world's fate P.R. the heavyweight  
Put these thoughts in ya mind while we on the topic  
You can tell I'm still on it by the way I rock it  
Full swing introduce the ninety-eight product  
Niggaz talk the gossip but they ain't got shit  
I'm number one This goes out to deejays and emcees  
Unlock real hip-hop, Rock holds the key  
Magnificent ya style is irrelevant  
I'll flip the bass and erase any trace of sample evidence  
Trust a few men within this circle of thieves  
Single out the enemy with ease

Earned every stripe on my sleeve  
The five star general keep it moving ya rap needs improvement  
So here`s a lesson ta learn, lyrics under fire burn third degree  
And my steez is making hot tracks for G`s  
World famous, salute my capabilities with 21 guns and ammunition  
The SP runs 91 rounds precision on target with this rap bullet  
First string team in position  
The medal of honor hanging from my neck swinging  
I`m still number one

Songwriters

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CARLTON DOUGLAS / BARRIER, ERIC / GRIFFIN, WILLIAM  
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