#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 oneNow 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 oneThis 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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