We Good

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'Rrrah
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, unindentified 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 good
Kardinal and Pete Rock crank up in the hood
(Yo when I'm in J.A. they say, "Yes, DJ")
When Pete's in the blend they say, "My nigga, come again"
We good

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