

# Mecca & The Soul Brother

## Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth

VERSE 1: C.L. Smooth ]

Okay, you wanna act trife and flip the script  
With your Wonderama drama slash coma riff  
That you're kickin like Pele, flows even Bo knows  
My versatility capability can simply bruise youY to the o-u-n-g, another G-to the u-n-s  
Let's back up, shortie, from the naughty like Saudie  
Berry Gordy with a forty gettin papes, oh Lordy  
Claim you shoot more rounds than an Uzi  
Stop the violence, cause ya can't do me  
New York to L.A. say what I play  
So catch a runaway smooth like a Billie Holiday  
You couldn't bag me, boy, with a hefty  
Train like Rocky but still can't step to me  
So take a hint, money, leave it alone  
And play like Stephanie Mills and 'find a home'  
Plus I never boogaloo with Jacob  
We're mixed with the tricks in a alphabet stew  
When I design a army I can reign  
But never have more beef than Saddam Hussein  
The Night Cap, so prepare for a catscan  
When I turn your brain into Moogoo Gai-Pan  
Finger-lickin the papes like there is no other  
Mecca and the Soul Brother(Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth) -- Heavy D

Mecca and the Soul Brother(Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth was on stage drinkin Cisco) -- Heavy D[ VERSE 2: C.L.  
Smooth ]

Schizophrenic, on a panic I do work  
When you lurk with the professional ceremonial expert  
The bold swinger, the Asiatic acrobatic  
Lovable, sing the blues when I tap it  
Save the mystery for Agatha Christie  
Gimme a break, better wake Chief Kanisky  
I'm not your ordinary modern day clichée  
Cause I'm here to save you little lost souls anyway  
Go with the flow with the flutes when it exectues  
Any comp livin got buried in black suits  
The limelight, never let it confuse you  
It's a \_Fantasy Island\_ without a Tatoo  
The hardcore few tend to look for  
It's true, can't buy a knuckle game in the stores

Makin movies like your name is Faye Dunaway  
To hear the rumor echo in the project's hallway  
You want a fast break, me no static  
But Mister Whipple can't dribble like Magic  
I yolk em up in domination, nerds got scrambled  
The Tony Randall left in shambles  
Finger-lickin the papes like there is no other  
Mecca and the Soul Brother(Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth) -- Heavy D  
Mecca and the Soul Brother(Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth was on stage drinkin Cisco) -- Heavy D[ VERSE 3: C.L.  
Smooth ]  
Let me see..  
Pete Rock is like salad dressing  
When I toss another lesson  
Ready or not, prime time after seven  
I pull women like a wisdom tooth  
Without any conversation with Doctor Ruth  
Makin all the girls wind with the glamity  
'When Doves Cry', Apollonia and Vanity  
Picture the Mary Jane frame on a mantle  
Consider me a vandal the Virgin can't handle  
And never clown downtown with Pat Sajak  
Popping that yang riffin "Homie don't play dat"  
So don't gas the kid to make a movie  
While I'm smackin a booty who just love to rock a doobie  
Even though I make petty cash like a beggar  
With no stash I make ???? sweater  
So the Night Cap of rappin, no slackin, backin  
Hand clappin, feet tappin Chief and Captain  
Could finger-lick the papes like there is no other  
Mecca and the Soul Brother

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