Tru Master

Pete Rock

Your highness, live from the bricks, one six
Pete Rock bang your head, break the drumsticks
Verbal assault, rhymes rippin' through the mix
Specialist, with the smash hits that can flipSavagely attack this, clash with, accurate aim
Spark the flame, burn this inside the vein
Ride tracks like the Soul Train, hold ya brain
In the state of shock, make 'em drop hits of cocaineI bang with the big boys, those who hold name
Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains
I swing blades, best bring grenades against
A tru master, way beyond your freshman attemptsSpit rounds on the floor, evidence of the war
It's on 'til the death, 'til we settle the score
You can never measure, to the standard, of the most
Popular demanded, rap classicsPop corks while the style knock your tops off
Ghetto summer jam's got the streets blocked off
Plots to knock me off get stopped short
Armed with my thoughts, move the world with an unknown forceAiyyo, we had the bass pound speakers, shell toed Adidas
Original rap with new school leaders
(True)
Graffiti art names with fat gold chains
Shock the world cousin, while hip-hop remainsI'm a true master, you can check my credentials
Master in the MC field
Master, preacher, poet, a teacher
From the master from the masterYo I drop jewels like hail, rap rides the third rail
Transmit def styles with sign language in braille
In hot pursuit of Donald Trump rap loot
Produce what you feel with Navy Seal mic troopsSpark the S-P, slaughter, Pete Rock of Gibraltar
Miraculous lyrics that tread water
A rap nigga, show respect, write rhymes that connect
Collaborate, break bread with Kurupt and DeckKeep my feet blessed, fresh with the Scottie Pippen's
In the game of life, I play all positions
Stop look and listen, total package, yes a true master
Produce rhymes, slang hits fasterThe master of the game, solo artist by name
Paint the masterpiece that lies inside the frame
Passionate bright colors, the number one Soul Brother
All eyes on us, guard your grill and take coverAiyyo, we had the bass pound speakers, shell toed Adidas
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Shock the world cousin, while hip-hop remainsI'm a true master, you can check my credentials
Master in the MC field
Master, preacher, poet, a teacher
From the master from the masterI'm the epicenter of this natural disaster
I'm disastrous with smashes, cold and hot flashin'
Masters of self, a whole carload of explosives
Like Zorro your host isDeath with the intellect from wizards to warlocks
I'm sore ock, I'm raw ock with four glocks, smallpox
More ways to get paid, more ways to display
More rhymes to say, more AK's to sprayGod is good growin' up in the hood
Done some things bad, done some things good
Me and Pete is like rhymes to chemicals, clash
Atom bombs to mustard gasWe intervene, I break ya, take ya to a whole difference scene
AR-15's and beams Got em jumpin, like
I swallowed a gang of jumpin' beans
Explode and reload, we dumps machinesRadical in war, Kurupt's a mad star
I'm a hard dogg, raw dogg, hog with the gold pawDogg Pound Gangstaz
I'm a Dogg Pound Gangsta
I'm a Dogg Pound Gangsta
Inspectah Deck and Kurupt and Pete Rock to drop the beatMasters of art
Be the sharpest motherfucker
With the beats, with the rhymes
Check this out

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