For Pete's Sake

Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth

Here come's the rugged one plus the way I flip it
I collect the loot and then I knock the boots
A smooth dark lover prefer to be called the chocolate lover
'Cause I can do wonders under cover

I'm dip dip dope I rhyme like riz ope
I cleanse like soap 'cause it's the great black hope
Stay away from the penile I can rock the senile
Hons alway wave 'cause slick like bunile
Pete Rock on the boot knock, on the boot knock
Plus the way that I flow...blood clot

Mm-hmm, mm-hmm, yeah...
So funky, like a street junky
Like I said before, we go, c'mon...

For Pete's sake I break and update, wait, I radiate
The dub played to navigate the tune I make
I fit like a slipper, so catch the Big Dipper
Vital signs are quicker, not the flat line picture

Showtime original, official with the smooth criminal
I hit the cliches on the subliminal
With the soul technician to fill the prescription
In addition listen close to the mission

The P.E.T.E.R.O.C.K., resume
With the route to Brut by Faberge
No doubt, to shout about a 20-bar segment
Off spring the lyrics when the microphone's pregnant

Give it a rubdown, now here's the sermon
Everywhere you go you hear Mecca from the Vernon
Pound for pound, uptown, I get down
And bound to spin the record like a merry-go-round

The cut don't flow that I touch is not a preemie
And who would ever see me when I dream of Jeanie
I don't think so, peace, I gotta go

And shake like an earthquake, cousin, for Pete's sake

To my man...

Here come's the rugged one, plus the way I flip it
I collect the loot and then I knock the boots
A smooth dark lover, prefer to be called the chocolate lover
'Cause I can do wonders under cover

I'm dip-dip-dope, I rhyme like riz-ope
I cleanse like soap, 'cause it's the great black hope
Stay away from the penile, I can rock the senile
Hons alway wave 'cause I'm slick like lunile
Pete Rock on the boot knock, on the boot knock

Plus the way that I flow...blood clot
Yo, my style's cock-diesel and I can do the hustle
Niggaz know the time, I don't have to flex a muscle
I'm not the type to fake it, I wouldn't try to take it

Tie your girl to the back of my Jeep butt-naked
Slide her monkey ass down the hill
So if you don't want beef, money, chill for Pete's sake

To my man...

Music please...

The Mecca's sweet like nectar, maybe 'cause you need it
There's a ribbon in the sky, but I wonder if you see it
In the days of thunder, notice how I simplex in the proper context
Here steps the one, the answer to the riddle

Survey says the black press can make you wiggle
The staff to the craft, the stroke of a pena
Pefect stranger, melody arranger
Loopholes are filled when I build with the skill

Liquid steels the mic on the Rock's chill
No financial aid wade when I'm paid
Deep as the Everglade, the escapade a renagade
Study in the archives, place your bet, sonny

Head crack back to back for the bail money
For you, a chapter, slayed by the author
Lickin' on your daughter, say, south of the border

Now, here we are with the funky repertoire

Draw warm like a spa, star, forget all the hoopla
C.L. Smooth and Pete Rock
Could break and penetrate, piece of cake, cousin, for Pete's sake

To my man...

For Pete's Sake, c'mon...

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by COREY PENN / PETE PHILLIPS
Lyrics Â© Royalty Network, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/