

Sporty Thievz F/Mocha

"To the Right"

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[Grand Puba Maxwell]

Yeah we're gonna swing this one to the right
Wanna give a shout to my man Pos K
My man Big Daddy, he's cool
Now Rule Mob
Check it out

Well honey here's a hickie, Puba's not a quickie
When it comes to skins, God damn I'm picky
Who will be the princess to occupy the prince?
And if she's less than dope I hope the limo's got tints
Now honey, you see this may sound profound
but LET ME LOVE YOU DOWN
And if I'm Uptown I'm back downtown
All the skins I've been in I gets no frowns
You see doo-doo MC's, really think they can outlast..
I smell gas
As a yung'un I was theftly, born as a lefty
The rhymes I drop, somethin more than hefty
Roll like a Ranger, Puba's no stranger
For those who try to diss me - uh-oh, danger
Used to drink the Olde E, coolers, just be goldie
When I played soccer with the dreads that play goalie
Here steps the one that's capable, of slaughterin
For those who wanna bite get the catalogue, start
orderin
cause - Puba's shit is on stock Ock
I shape the wig like a woodblock
I like to dip dip dive, a Benz I'm soon to drive
I guess you can call this my nine to five
I send my lust to scoop skins with my skin buster
Freak the mind and butt behind and I gots the Georgia
But hang on for a sec!
You don't have to worry about the Puba gettin wreck
Cause to me see it's more than likely
And if I flow too fast, let me, slow down slightly
Let's take a trip expenses paid money grip
Don't flake or flam, cause Puba's not HAVIN IT

[Derek X/Sadat X]

Derek X to the right

C'mon and clap your hands for Zulu Nation
C'mon and clap your hands for Zulu
C'mon and clap your hands for Zulu Nation
C'mon and clap your hands for Zulu

You see me rock a video and slam shit up on _Feels So Good_
There was no doubt about it, cause I knew that I would
Before I kick these lyrics that I rip and I rule with
This girl done tried to cram cause she was down with
the OLD SCHOOL
She.. smacked me, attacked me, harassed me til I
swung
But I made her see stars cause her bell rung
(See an Uptown girl is much different than a downtown
girl!)
No.. I'm.. not a wife beater
No.. I'm.. not a girl cheater
I nipped this problem in the bud
with my force from the Rule and my man Ron.. Stud..
(Word to life!)
So give a shout if you know what I'm talkin about
And if you don't then brother you're lost
I had a boss, traded it in for a horse
It died, I made glue, it's no loss
I'm the boss at my job cause I hire all workers
Tired of the sob story tear jerkers
Compassion, for fashion never seen in our slums
Never sold work, never handled no gems
So que sera sera as the fat lady sings
But when the bell toll is the song I sing
Taken up the flights, whether Uptown or Crown Heights
I pound a bunch of you after lunch cause I do right
Appear from the rear with my Clan, and I'm the Cave
Bear
Rip up the street on my worldwide tear
So loudly my troops, and let's form three groups
Wreck time is here, so let's get paid on free loops

[Lord Jamar]
Allah Jamar to the right
Peace God! (Yo knowledge the God) Peace God!

You're captivated by the science cause the lesson's
mathematical
Jamar rockin the jam, is an emphatical
Y, equal, Knowledge Born
I go on, although clothes get torn
by weaker Cypher men.. cause what came from my pen
made 'em lust, now I must
Rush out the back door, in-to the alley

Girls in pursuit, enough to form a rally
I didn't wanna scuff up my brand new Bally's
So I made a quick dip, like I was goin back to Cali
Took the Lear jet, don't fear yet
Comin on your earset!
So as I hit program, you know I'm gonna slam
Cause even in my name there's a funky live "Jam"
Don't eat Spam or no types of ham
Polite to all women so I say, "Yes ma'am!"
Sniffin a gram ain't flam, it's kinda weak
Jamar I keep you open through the rhymes I speak
Not down with a frat, no I ain't no Greek
A Message From a Blackman is what you seek!

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