

The Lox F/ Lil' Kim % Skeek "What's Next on the Menu?"

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[Pete Rock] Uhh.. {*scratches*}
"Let's see what's next on the menu!" -> Big Daddy Kane
[Pete Rock] One two.. ahh.. ahh yeah.. {*scratches*}
"Let's see what's next on the menu!" -> Big Daddy Kane
[Pete Rock] Yeah.. {*scratches*}
"Let's see what's next on the menu!" -> Big Daddy Kane

{Pete Rock keeps scratching the sample until C.L. raps verse one}

[Pete Rock]
Uhh.. uh-huh..
Pete Rock.. uh-huh..
One two..
Say what, say what?
Say what, say what?
Say what, say what?

[C.L. Smooth]
The chef in one breath laid a dance of death
on a grill pursuin and barbecuin and groovin in skill
(WHOO!) Holla when I snatch em by the collar
See em starvin like Somalia
while you trickin stickin chicks up in the booty parlor
(Whoah) A lot of funk to make you say, "Aow, C.L.
how?"
Cause all I know is listen, can I get mines now? (Say
what?)
In my verse brain cells burst so beep the nurse
for the knowledge cause the worst niggaz talk garbage
A mean machine, to light it like kerosene
My cuisine is how David killed the freakin Philistines
(uh-huh..)
Begin to sin, with the devilish grin
so me and my kin, can win and break bread when the
record spin
(Yeah..) My love is real Ock, a lyrical buildin block
with incredible settable pure funk of Pete Rock (woo-

WHOO!)

Forget the soup of the day, cause niggaz are gassin
Well styles I broke smooth lotion down the ashy as hell
Got a rhyme so chunky it's amazin G
I make you think the Fat Boys are back on crazy (YEAH)
Major Mecca's in Asia when I date her
Some old flavor by the sun moon and stars and over
the equator
Universally thirstin me to show no mercy
to madmen, the Devil wanna send (YEAH)
Word to life money ain't a rapper livin I can't run though
so
(.. "Let's see what's next on the menu!")

{Pete Rock keeps scratching the sample until C.L. raps
again}

[Pete Rock]
So? What's on the menu?
What's on the menu?
So.. what's on the menu?
What's on the menu?
What's on the menu?
Hah..

[C.L. Smooth]
I'm buckwild, I'm wise for my size so realize
my lyrical fries today's tough guys, nigga
So box and throw rocks, fish or cut bait
Even if I was a lightweight, I still fight great (UHH)
I double em up and shuffle em down, combinate, stick
n move around
til you work me up an appetite to fight
Like a nick in the paint, think it is when it ain't
With no more restraint I make a frail opponent faint
(OH!)
You need to get your ears glued to soul food
that makes you boogie til your nude and you never get
rescued
(OW!) Now waiter take an order simply nothin shorter
than the lamb to the slaughter recorder I'm flowin like
water
(YES..) Since you're popular, I see nothin stoppin ya
from generatin lucci livin larger than Gucci, HELLO
It's Mecca's hour when the man is in power
to roast there (what?) I cook a medium rare, so toast
Perignon Poppa, my rugged styles vary; shit,
I want a salary Mariah couldn't Carey DIG IT
I sport a blue face Rolex for thirty grand (yeah..)
Now take your family to go see "Who's the Man?"
I wear colognes that excite your hormones

and Versace the wifey bought, now who woulda ever thought?
Word to life, ain't a rapper livin I can't run though so
(.. "Let's see what's next on the menu!")

{Pete Rock keeps scratching until his rap verse}

[Pete Rock]
What's on the menu?
What's on the menu?
What's on the menu..
Uhh! Yeah.. c'mon
What's next on the menu?
What's on the menu?
What's on the menu?
Ahhh..

Here I come on the rise
The Godfather of the Funk I make it happen (what?)
I'm next on the menu, "Who's the Man" rappin? (uhh)
The hardcore for the dancefloor, no need for an intro
(say what?)
You know who's the one, the man that gets the job
done (yeah)
It's rare, the sound that you hear is so original
You can't copy it down, so let it be subliminal (AOWW)
You can't rock like the Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth (aw
yeah)
Together forever, like G. Rap says, "YOU LOSE!"
So pull up a chair and relax and let the music flow
And leave you on that note cause I'm read' to go
(yeah..)
You gonna have a hard time tryin to run through me so
(.. "Let's see what's next on the menu!")

Uhh.. what's on the menu?
What's on the menu?
What's on the menu?
Ahh, c'mon..
What's on the menu?
What's on the menu?
What's on the menu?
Yeah..

Special shoutout, to my man Lord Finesse
He's in the house y'all
Can't forget my man, O.G., he's in the house y'all
Can't forget my man C.L. Smooth
He's in the house
Grap Lover, I-N-I
Everybody up in the Vernon, peace

Yeah, funk
Yeah, funk
Ahh
Can't forget the Uptown crew
Can't forget the Bronx crew
Can't forget the Brooklyn crew
Can't forget the Queens crew
Yeah, AOWW!
Can't forget the Yonkers crew
Can't forget Now Rule crew
The whole Westchester, White Plains
got to get props
Yeah.. the beat don't stop
And we out like this..
SEE-YAH!!!!!!!

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