

## **The Madd Rapper F/ Nature, Black Rob**

### **"Cali to New York"**

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#### [Verse One]

As soon as A La stepped off (the floor)  
People started hollerin (for more)  
Beggin us to bless 'em with an (encore)  
You know the Peas they game to that (for sure)  
No matter what the coast we, be on  
Pacific or Atlantic we, stay strong  
Foreign or domestically, we conquer  
all obstacles professionally and rock on  
And that's exactly how we made it rock (made it rock)  
We turn this on and then we make it hot (make it hot)  
We also known to cause a state of shock (state of shock)  
We start at 2 then go to 10 o'clock (10 o'clock)  
10 o'clock the next day that is (day that is)  
No matter what city or state that is (state that is)  
Don't ask no questions, that's the way that is (way that is)  
Don't ask no questions, that's the way that is

#### [Chorus - 4x]

Back, back, back, back, and forth  
from Ca-li to New York

#### [Verse Two: Pos]

Introduce Posdonus y'all ('Nus y'all)  
Sticky like cous-cous y'all (cous y'all)  
Be the words that I ap-ply (ap-ply)  
My peeps mass, karma N.Y. (N.Y)  
Check it out, you see you other emcees, sound like  
brother emcees  
Raised by the same pop and mother emcees  
While I got a lot of brand in my name, I'm recognizable  
Leavin me the cash amount, that's quite sizable  
Rich in that english that's broke as hell  
That's why my niggaz in the hood understand me so  
well  
Its the modern rap type talk  
used to walk, all over your ears  
You hear the thump, this track pumps like, well order  
Some others fell short of the line of finish

You didn't practice harder at the scrimmage  
Now my image is the golden cup  
My career is dirty compared to yours, it's all washed up

[Chorus - 4x]

Back, back, back, back, and forth  
from Ca-li to New York

[Verse Three: Dove]

We, we, we, we regulate and cross plates, destruct ya  
Toss coins to distract it and we bust ya  
Minds blow bigger than tempers out in Russia  
Cuss like a sailor, make you shame like thely  
Stitch a verse tailored to fit  
Spray paintin' your spit  
on the deco we art, spread apart  
I raid mo' tracks than flicks in "Beat Street"  
with kicks until the sole/Soul wear out, never that!  
We weather that, you light in the ass and feather that  
Heavy like black leather coats, you pleather that  
Last dick on the line, we way ahead of that  
Squeezin like Freddie Foxx, and his two glocks  
Rocks don't impress niggaz who speak to God  
We get jams to make a tuna melt  
Held down by the BEP, we strictly, new getty  
Two-fifty up in front of the mic, so what it look like?

[Chorus to fade]

Back, back, back, back, and forth  
from Ca-li to New York

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