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Carr Vikki "Damn Right"

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erbally its dinner time..me and

mine dine exquisite...Ice like a blizzard.. rockin crocks

lizards...me and Poof in the Ac..North Kack be where we're

at..droppin

hits at the Ritz allway down to Sugar Shacks..matter fact

we got it sewn..lock, stock, and barrel...bout to hit you soon - keep

your eye on the sparrow...Gotta bounce when you hear

..turn it up a notch..cause man Fat Daddy bout to blow up your

spot..We

keep it hot like July ...you can't deny that we fly...see we play every day from L.A. to N.Y..and cross seas we got trees

in the

West Indes...Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord Mercy...With fourty thieves, I be chillin..keep the Champagne

spillin..theres no need for illin..representin all my children...as the

world turns ..gravity pulls..we hold it down..lt's O..D...T...and

me...The best pound for pound

Vs.2: IQ & T-Strait

It's the incredible sound...that shakes the

ground..city..states and

towns..holding it down..for our crown...headed legacy

bound....so

what's

your name.. T- Straite, who are you...It's I.Q. ...taking

these crews out by twos making moves to

confuse....who could

refuse the

flave the way we shape it like clay....without a loss..we

set it off without F. Gary Gray....For all my peeps in this piece....From F.J.'s to Black Sheep...School Boy and Big Lord we keep attacking them beats....From the streets of Q.C....Internationally....collectin cheese...fillin seats to capacity...you know the type..we're first in flight ta keep if fly with a mic....F. J.'s that hype to keep you tight all night..Damn Right

Vs. 3: DRES

Yo..I be ahead in the polls to rock enumerous souls...got this style more sweet than Dr. J's fingerolls..who it be..me..slammin from the top of the key.. Black Pearl - I.Q. - T Straite

- and Fat Daddy..Now watch us achieve and sieze the moment with the greatest of ease..with expertise on the air...it be

the

draft of coolbreeze...with cheddar cheesey vocals...gotcha

actin so-cial ..from North Kak to Cali..to New York City lo-cales....bout ta..cut the gristle...who's sharper than a whistle...who's

sound get's around like a pawn shop pistol...freely I flow...see me

and

mine ...G. E....TP....AI....D ..you cant mess with

the...cheeba

choppin money clocker droppin lyrics on the one....with my pants

kinda

saggin cause my pockets weigh a ton...cheat on my wife

with a mic...so complex our romance...that I be known to get a

dance out

of a B-Boy stance

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