

B Charme

"Worldwide"

Visit "[Worldwide](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Rob-O]

Who keeps it methods and orthodox, who caught the
props
Who's styles are shit, who's gonna rock?
On to the break of dawn, you wanna battle, pay the
price
Mathematically precise, smooth and plus nice
With a flow that's like a mailman or letter carrier
Rob-O brings the ghetto area
Funk flavor through your neighborhood, state, town, or
borough
Stay down, I don't think I'm quite thorough
Not your average rapper (Listen)
Cause in a sec I write some shit to blast your wack ass
to Mecca
See Rob's the most Mecca
To grab the microphone and yes y'all it
To school these dreds and stress these bald heads
The INI's in the house (You don't stop)
Pete Rock, Grap Luva, Mark, and Polo rising and you
don't stop
We let the funk slide and let God be our guide
Flowing from the Vernon worldwide

[Pete Rock]

It's the funk god, taking you worldwide, so bust it
Flowing over beats cause it's a must, kid
That I proceed to fix the hardcore in the mix
Check one two with the flow that fits
I make the hits that soar, I put the wreck in the raw
'94 in your local record store
It's Pete Rock and CL, the Main Ingredient
Now leave your wack style home, cause you won't be
needing it
I grab the mic and get wreck for real
You hear me on the wax, kid, you see me on the steel
Can you feel the funk as I inject?
Then God protect it, hold the mic, see I select it
To keep it crazy versatile
but still underground, packs the four pound cause it's
wild

In this place you'll find it hard to hide
Soul Brother and I'm going worldwide

[Rob-O]

Now who's the greatest? Few debate this, you're still
figuring?
Well perish the thought, there's none bigger in
This act son, Mecca is all I attract
You're wack, son, yeah your talent's a fraction
While I'm nice, as Christ, there's two religions
So envision a messiah on a mission, the competition
I'll stop your wishing point blank cause you lost it
Your joint sank, your soft style's exhausted
And now it's mandatory, you stand before me amazed
and awed
Giving praise, you're the God
Rob cipher's born, most Mecca supreme
A fly MC with the self-esteem
You keep it wholesome and still I relax a bit
I play your shit out like ??? cause my wig out has to hit
I'm steadily encouraging head bops while you're
scurrying to get props
I'm worldwide

[Pete Rock]

Yo, check out the rhyme buster, pulling niggas through
the wringer
I'm not a singer, as I conduct with one finger
It's the orchestrator, mutilator, master funktator
I've got mad flow from here to Asia
Cause I'll amaze ya with the skills that I possess
Knock out the rhymes with all the rest
So I suggest if you're in the way step aside
Cause Pete Rock is coming worldwide

Visit [B Charmé](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.