

Chill Rob G "Wild Pitch"

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Yo look, you're in my way, I'm tellin you to back up
You think this is a game, so I'll commence to rack up
Points like the pro that I know that I am
Break on the mic, then go for the slam
You can't slow me down, talk about stop me
The best that you can do is try to copy
The rhythm of the stylish on the Wild Pitch label
I'm able to bust a fat cable
Kids can't cope, you call it a rope
Lookin straight in my face yet the image is
kaleidoscope
Due to the drugs you're takin your brain is fakin
Stop and take note of the mistakes you're makin
(?) pebble
Callin me brother but you're not on my level
I'm too much in effect, too much self-respect
I'm too live to ever drive my life to a wreck
I break necks, cash checks, have sex and plex
Do a battle in a flash then ask who's next
I'm a survivor kickin liver than a Memorex
Stompin out competition like Tyranosaurus Rex
I'm master-educatin, you masturbatin
Traps for weak raps, you need to be slapped
You suck (?) your baseball cap
From now on wear a beanie, stop chasin the genie
I rather chase a cutie in a teenie bikini
Sip Martinis on the rocks to keep it cold
Then chase it down with a quart of Olde Gold
The Chill will fill you with the weapon of wisdom
I master creation, never plagiarism
Offer me a blast, you must be jokin
Let my posse find out, your butt will really be smokin
This cat is courageous, outrageous, contagious
Most DJ's say they can't wait to play this
On a plate or platter made from wax
You wanna hear me chit-chatter, then pay the tax
Even on cassette I make suckers sweat
And the wack are afraid of me cause I'm a threat
Yes, you're all wet, caught up in my net
But I'll let you go, there's no need to fret
It's time to rewind, so go head, flick the switch
It's fat, catch it - Wild Pitch

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