

## Cledus T. Judd

### "The Basement"

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[Pete Rock]

Ahh yeahh!! Feel the funk bay-beeee!!  
That's right, this is called The Basement!  
And my man CL Smooth kick it for you like this..

[CL Smooth]

From the Heights, not what am I write, simple I can do  
this  
Like Popeye to Brutus, I'm your host like a stewardess  
Fly with the neighborhood hi-jackin fella  
So prepare for landing, and crash into a cellar  
Bodies in the buddha cloud, misty in the tune  
Like a show all nights, a figure eight in a lagoon  
With Pete Rock, the complete lock and beat stop  
Now all the horny heffers wanna dangle on my \*errr!\*Down by the dungeon with the cracks on the wall  
Buffoon I'm like a mink while you're soon to pimp a  
raccoon stole  
Vocal arrangement, ready set to hit the pavement  
But not before the kid leave The Basement

[Pete Rock]

The Basement, put the Funk in Grand  
Here comes my man  
My brother.. Grap Lover, get wreck cousin, c'mon

[Grap Lover]

Call me the Grap Lover, yes, the younger Soul Brother  
Keep your eyes on the prize cause you won't find  
another  
When the funk is played, the rhyme I display  
Quick to bust a ditz so don't slip in the way  
of the kid, with the flavor, the party people saviour  
Clockin all the honies, eyes sharp like a razor  
I kick a dance step, you're soon to discover  
Yo, that's the kid from "Mecca and the Soul Brother"  
Yeah once in a while I be with CL on the DL  
or I flow with Pete, and find my placement in The  
Basement  
The Basement, yes where the beats and the rhymes  
flow

Peace I gotta go, Grapster's out the door of The  
Basement

[Pete Rock]

Of the Basement! Next we got.. a special guest  
I ain't gonna tell you who it is..  
C'mon.. rap along..

[Heavy D]

Tick tock tick, things are gettin - thick  
Here comes the Heavster, and I know it makes ya -  
sick!  
To see a black man gettin paid on the regular  
Car with the cellular, fellas I'm tellin ya  
I got plots and plans, pots and pans  
Stocks and grands, so make room for the big man  
I walk the streets in peace and I'm never strapped  
But I know a crew of Young Gunz that'll send you back  
So easy does it on the DL  
Peace to Pete Rock, and the Mecca Don CL  
Heavy D's on this track, lettin you know there's no  
replacement  
Peace signin off, check one two straight from The  
Basement

[Pete Rock]

Straight from The Basement  
I'm tellin you now, kid  
It's crazy fat  
I wonder who this is comin up?

Fourth but not least, the backbone of the Wig Out  
Freestyle, crazy hardcore, no sellout  
Speakin, upon where I dwell from the dungeon  
All over the U.S. states, even London  
Pasttime present, black to the future  
Swimmin in beats like a Dolphin, so call me Don Shula  
A Raider well like Art Shell, crazy defense  
A Pro Bowl with soul for local events  
The crew name is CL Smooth and Pete Rock  
Here to sail when I prevail and stare into the dock  
The Pimp Daddy of the funk flavor, catch you later  
Clever like a secret agent comin from The Basement

That's right, crazy funky

Aww my man

He's crazy funky, his name is Rob-O, check him out

[Rob-O]

Ali-kazaam, you'll never guess what I am  
Motto is that nothin ever changes but haircuts and kicks

to stacks of vocal breaks life pays when  
kid said, "Pete makes beats in The Basement"  
Cold hit, the pavement, over to the chill side  
The real side, the 7-7 hillside  
I thought I'd just chill, take a breath  
Straight up Columbus Hill, make a left  
and get fixed, plus the ghetto chicks got flicks  
of me stacks of kicks, my joint's bumpin lovely  
Walkin down the street, much props, on the ?  
I hear voices sayin, "That's Rob-O'Dingo in The  
Basement"

[Pete Rock]

Ahh ha ha ha! Hah yeah! This is funky!  
I can feel it  
My man from the Vernon, his name is Di-da, make it  
raw

[Dida]

Fly like an eagle, a seagull  
Always into somethin, like Snoopy, the Beagle  
People, grab a tight hold of the sound  
Hard, snatchin raw papes off the shelves  
Blowin up spots from state to state  
I'm comin to town but you just can't wait  
Check the station, for conversation at six-block  
Uno here, to put suckers in the mix  
I get deeper than oceanography  
Thinkin of crazy shit, like psychology  
So speak the piece, then slide like grease  
The beat is fat, but the rhyme is obese in The  
Basement

[Pete Rock]

In The Basement, is where I dwell  
Check the MC's swell  
Cause I am, crazy funky, with CL Smooth  
My man ?, Rob-O, G-R baby pah  
The Heavster, my brother Grap Lover  
Everybody.. \*fades out, can't hear it\*

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