

## Dj Honda "What You Expected"

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[Featuring Grand Puba Sadat X Wakeem]

Hook:

Word up hip hoppers as you feel the breeze  
From New York straight talk to the Tokyo scene (x4)

Sadat X:

Walkin' New York with the big stick loaded  
Most voted for the daily tabloid from Tokyo to Repungy  
Square

I be there and as the plan unfrail I freak the ?

Sadat X I'm more New York then the yellow cabs

I'll move your pectorial muscle on down to your abs

My man Honda not the car but the DJ

Attacks the pans and move fast with your hands

Up in the wild lands and walked across the burning  
sands

Can I have a little more Saki in my cup?

Yo DJ Honda I'm kinda fonda these Japanesse women

They treat me like a king and scream my name out  
loud

There's room for one more three is never a crowd

My Cloak and Dagger is enough to make you swagger

Been on this here stage since 12 years of age

Ha the pleasure prince of poem is invincible

Sight unseen I'm long and lean

It's like that Sadat is president

Ha live and on stage New York resident

Check it

Hook (x4)

Wakeem:

Uh oh camras in flick reports all on my shit

Chickens be analyzin' from London to Japan

Showin' me and my man we chinky off the scomma

They know we holdin' for drama so they ain't sayin'  
nathin'

Meditatin' mad gucci eatin' sushi

With the chinks who sport links and Georgio Armani

See me in my China mommy slippin' outta town

She love a nigga long time still holdin' me down

And tell 'em I'm the King Of New York a black Frank

White aiight

I'm still polititic scrappin' all the paper in

Bringin' the socki in the Bronx got a brother thinkin'

Live Tokeyo watch Sadat will blow the spot up  
Hook (x4)  
Grand Puba:  
It's time to run right through ya like White Castle do ya  
Be true to the game or I'll play like I never knew ya  
Brothers here can't get a red penny  
Mess around and catch a bad one like that devil Denny  
Now a days I'm real leary on the Hilfigure  
Hit them people off it's time to see a nigga  
A phat Benz seven figures and all that  
Cause I'm the one who put Tommy Hilfigure on the map  
It's time to surrender servin' MC's like a bartender  
Monkey wrench your whole agenda  
Brother got more game then Bob Barker  
But I'm smoother than Peter Parker  
In junior high I kept Vodka in my locker  
Mama left don't get home till 6:30  
Bag a joint persue to groove and get dirty  
I'm puttin' MC's to the curb  
Puttin' brothers outta buisness like Barny did Big Bird  
I got to have it bad I'm hungry mess around I'll swallow  
ya  
I'm hungrier then a nigga in Somalia  
Grand Puba Sadat X comin' here to wet it  
Not gonna let it, no  
My rhymes vary cause I'm good like Carey  
Pop shit like a cherry make you blue like berry  
I stay thinkin' me take shorts is dead and stinkin'  
I spilt Malibu on my knickers down to my last drink and  
Oh let me out so I can run my route  
Plus make the girls pout cause I am trippin' out  
Baby, no maybe baby on top like gravy  
Roll with more motherfuckers than the Navy  
No fakin' I puts the Asalam with the Lakim  
While brothers turnin' fowl like bacon  
You still can't have my style cause it's taken  
I'll leave you in your boots shakin'  
While I'm countin' all the money that I'm makin'  
No diggedy no doubt  
With my man Honda and I'm out  
Hook

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