

Enrique Iglesias

"Like That"

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(Check it out y'all) --> Big Daddy Kane

[VERSE 1: Mos Def]

Well it's the ill funk freaker, keynote speaker
To make a crowd jump up and shoutout Eureka!
Gold-struck, I make a whole staff go (buck-)
nuts when I represent the cuts on the struck, what
Niggaz wanna start beef and throw a fit
And puffin out they chest when they can't sing a hit
Shit, son, you know you need to stop that shit
Son, you know you need to stop that shit
Gettin too hot, you 'bout to catch a ill crash landin
I take you to places beyond your deepest
understanding
If there's a hell below, then fuck it, we can go
But I really doub that
You can find your route back
It's the outback ranger, sound shape arranger
Spells danger to any punk fakin the funk that got the
vapes
With the bump to make your backbone hump
You mistook me for a chump, nigga, you must be drunk
Like a bum on the bus you can play in the rear
Kid, you drink too much beer to even mermit my fear
I'm always shinin light bright cause my mind is clear
I got the crisp vocal tone for the world to hear
I flash a grin cause once again the losers can't win
Even as (?) I exhibit and promise
So please, you can act surprised if you want
That Mos is a pro, not a dilettant
Call me the pro-active mack with the ludicrously fat shit
That never fail to twist a nigga cap backwards
Being (?) numb to the hum of a drum
When the M-o-s come batty done, so run
Deserve a word like phenomenon
Like that

[CHORUS: Mos Def]

We are UTD and
This is our way of livin
We rock and shock the party

With the vibes that we be givin
So where ya at y'all?
Where ya at?
Where ya at y'all
Where ya at?

[VERSE 2: Ces]

I got the book of rhyme pages for all types of ages
All types of phrases, I been to mad places
I guess that means that I been around
I got the ear for the sound, the sound of the
underground
I'm not lost and could never be found
I give my man a pound from the love and respect
A brother try to diss me, I put his ass in check
I yoked him by the neck cause I don't go for the
disrespect
Black, you don't even know me like that
But if you wanna blow we can go to combat
So - so - so - so
Don't never even think about jerkin me
I got mad grip with the UTD
A brother baby boo and the QCD
Now when I flow I drop the b-o-m-b
Cause it's like that, what, yes it's like that
It's like that, what, yes it's like that
It's like that - well what is it like?
What is it like when I pick up the mic
I attract and excite at night like dynamite
I got a brother so heated that he was ready to fight
So I gotta keep the grip that's tight, aight
I walk through the street swiftly and safely
But you never catch me with my shit locked on safety
Cause I gotta be ready, be ready for the bomb
Be ready to throw down, be ready to get it on
(It's a shame) Now brothers is trife in this life
And I already been through enough strains and strife
A brother tried to play me and 'do me baby' like Silk
The joke was on him, he didn't know that I was drinkin
milk
So I ripped and pulled until I flexed
My eyes turned red so he could see that I was vexed
I caught wreck and then I yoked him by the neck
I loved him like a reject, full of neglect
So who's next to contest
You don't want it but you're on it

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: DCQ]

Well let's take it down to the nitty gritty

The dot-dot-ditty from the fourth largest city
Where is that? Brooklyn, Bed-Stuy region
The U is comin through with the freshest this season
Even kill, it's all real, you know the deal
Say what you will and do how you feel
It's the Brakalak bop, blowin up spots
Just be cautious, cause the shit is type hot
Book page turner, teach and learner
Givin niggaz heart (?) without the fuckin burner
Constantly keepin it on the one
Cause the god's only doin what must be done
From cipher to born we got it goin on
(Yo D, watch your bars, god, we runnin too long)
Peace, you see I'm out of time
Niggaz gotta go for theirs, yo, I went for mine

[CHORUS]

Right here...

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