

**Ferrick Melissa****"Exquisite"**

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[McGruff]

Rock mics, hold my diz-ick, flow exquisite  
Pop niggas then I throw the biscuit  
Get some 'dro and twist it, when from Mo' to Cryst shit  
Still gettin that dough, on the striz-ip, on the coke tiz-up  
They call me Gruffie, Crime Hound, used to be a Pound  
Puppy  
You should see the way I down bubbly  
Every dame in the town love me, stay dip  
Cardiere flame shit, Polo brown rugby  
Moves too swift to let ya clowns touch me  
Smokin like a doo-doo Dutchie, and you get found  
musty  
Bust his here, man ya cats just infer  
It's been a while now, I must appear, ya ass out  
You fuckin wit the cause of this, who liver than this  
Dive on ya wrist, take ya rollie, try to resist  
Now I'm in the club shakin wit some pie and some Cryst  
And that shit ya be makin ain't hotter than this

[Chorus 2X: Shugar Diamonds]

Ya know how them thug cats do  
McGruff style hard wit that Harlem crew  
Gettin bent every day, all day  
The club see sick, it's that Harlem way, exquisite

[McGruff]

Yo, yo my name rings, champagne king, chain danglin  
Harlem World to England, make world tour moves  
Up in hotels, girls all nude, who want get screwed  
Big boobs, wantin to get wit the dudes, sippin Crys' wit  
the cube  
Lookin slick on the tube, yo these bitches got my dick in  
the mood  
Flushed out, my mind, room service picked us some  
food  
We in the rich cart and got baby girl clit fartin  
Newly ro', day your dick cartin, six squadron  
Forty D, front row seats, Knicks at the Garden  
We players, six hundred Benzes, Navigators  
Snatchin papers, overseas, under grass and acres

When it catch in Vegas, bastards hate us  
Fly first class wit gators, flash the latest  
My ass stay switch ya ass to neighbors  
Diamond rings from stings, still spendin cash on more  
capers

[Chorus 2X]

[McGruff]

I drop hot rhymes, take ya Hot 97 slot time  
I shine like an archive, her thirty night dime  
V-12, six hundred gas, put my Nike on  
Put a mic on, put it piked on  
Strong-arm like 'Nam, Desert Storm never fight calm  
Roll fifth, shook my right arm, pearl white palm  
Murder your life form, make more noise than a night  
storm  
Heavy artillery, hand grenades, and pipe bomb  
Light Tron, then there's no tellin, who I might harm  
Top wall, street businessman, in they white bond  
It's like on, bullet holes, buck 50 life long  
Fight strong, Don Juan, ill trife con  
Write hype shit, my gang can make a dike like dick  
And my crew bigger than ya crew, twice as thick  
Niggas be lookin for some mic's to stick, nights to slick  
And pikin dick and all the bad righteous chicks  
My niggas light toke, you like them flicks  
Tenure conversely, all types of kicks  
My man L got 25 to life, told me life's a bitch  
Said hold ya head Gruff, son and write them hits

[Chorus 2X]

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