

Grand Daddy I.U. "Pick Up The Pace"

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[VERSE 1]

Pick up the pace, speed it up fast and faster
Keep the cuts crisp and clean, and then blast the
Bass till impact is unbearable
And I'ma do MC's somethin terrible
Cause I like to start shit off with a bang
Cliches and slang that no man can hang
With, the one your girl shares her putang with
And Jimmy's what a stick that thang with
You can't stand the pressure and pain when you're put
in heat
You felt defeat, so you cheat and still couldn't beat
The vocal phenomenon, word is bond, the U's a don
I correspond and strike like a python
Fast and furious, foes find it frightening
The bass is thunder, rhymes strike like lightning
Kay on the set and Doc throw the samples on
Anyone who step in my path'll get trampled on
Save all the talk, keep it under your hat
You ain't sayin nothin slick, so go head with that
Or I take your space, replace your face, erase your
trace
In case you wanna base, pick up the pace

[CHORUS]

Ready, are you ready? (Are you ready?)
(Go off, go off)--> Treacherous Three

[VERSE 2]

I speak and peak a verbal crescendo
Play MC's like a game of Nintendo
Clear the board, and then switch the cartridge
Hold em hostage and fry em like a sausage
So this advice, I think you should take
Those who fake and flake face a break
For goodness sake, I go and flow, do a show solo
Touch the pro - hell no, you must be on alcohol
So keep your distance before you get your head flown
For tryin to touch a microphone when you shoulda
known
Better, it's time to settle a vendetta
It ain't Y-o-u, it's one letter

I'm growin and flowin and hoein
And clockin dough and showin
I break backs like a wild Samoan

I freeze MC's and leave competetors comatose
Lyrics are so dope, the listeners overdose
But everytime I turn, another sucker bit
So I'ma drop em just for the fuck of it
The U comin first place in a race
While Kay deejay and play, I say: pick up the pace

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

It's like magic the way the rhyme flows
Smoother and smoother as time goes
On, soft and warm like the quiet storm
Cause this is poetry in the highest form
So check the technique, if you just said weak
Methods or efforts, then check till next week
You won't find one, son, cause there ain't none
Rhymes are artwork, now watch me paint one
Colorful rays in the shades of a rainbow
Can't estimate the rate of my brainflow
Is it fast or is it slow?
If you wanna know
Then pick up the pace

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 4]

Straight off the top I step and then take yours
Money, your jewels, and even your girl's drawers
You took a loss, so learn to accept it
Cause if you were swift, then you woulda kept it
Rick holds the dustpan while I sweep up
Tired MC's that could not keep up
With rhymes the U kick, the pace is too quick
Rick with the suits and Kay with the chew stick
What I recite will keep the whole place hype
Raps are capsules, the mic is a basepipe
Inhale the smoke, one toke you choke
And bums look for crumbs when the mic is broke
Females slave and crave to get next to this
Lyrics I kick are fierce as the exorcist
Helter skelter, MC's run for shelter
Kay'll melt the belts, and I'ma swelter
Any MC who step in my face
Cause the rhymes are good to go, so yo, pick up the
pace

[CHORUS]

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