

## A Canorous Quintet

### "The Sky's the Limit"

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Greg Nice:

Sellin out shows like John Mellencamp  
Hype so hype call me Joe Amp  
Skins be playin me close like a stamp  
Its dark in here, turn on the lamp  
End of the month, say what? you got the cramps  
Now who is the man with the bag of tricks?  
Hey it's not a problem that I can't fix  
(And we been doing this since '86)  
Now I don't want trouble  
I'm humble like Barney Rubble  
If you give me trouble, I'll give it back to you double  
It ain't nothin but a little razor stubble  
And don't make me burst that bubble  
I like diamond links and minks and furs  
With some cowboy boots without the spurs

Chorus: (Repeat 5X)

Check out the way we be rippin it  
Sky's the limit, this is how we flippin it

Smooth B:

I'm happy to be alive, never took a dive  
Used to hang out with this king who had 43 wives  
Didn't know who he loved the most  
So they all played him closer than butter on toast  
For rhyme or reason, never treason  
The kid was always in season  
Took me to the players ball and all  
Told me always keep my game tight and stand tall  
Now I always have love for my people  
Especially when they stayin on point like a steeple  
But now more than ever we got to stick together  
There's been enough bad weather  
Take a look around you  
I know it seems sometimes like negativity surrounds  
you  
But don't let it stop you from gettim loot

If homegirl's frontin, than play her like a flute  
Yo man start fakin than he can get the boot  
Cause being on the block broke man ain't cute  
Patience persistence  
And all praises due for this physical existence  
I always say first things first  
The last thing on my mind is things can be worse

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