

## Kid Rock

### "It's On You"

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Chorus (with EPMD samples):

On you ("Smile in my face, behind my back they talk trash")

On you ("Mad and stuff because they don't have cash")

On you ("When I roll and stroll ???? always pack a tool")

On you ("Just in case, a brother acts a fool")

[CL Smooth]

It's death before dishonor, strap the vest down tight  
when you bring the  
drama

Now raise up off mine, and taste it in the raw  
Before snipers on the floor galore, in my hardware  
store

Nightmares of thirsty crooks, niggas all acting fishy  
working off the books

Painting pictures of poverty, causing armed robbery  
And provoke every last one gets smoked

No doubt for real it's like wildlife

Where thugs forever pull caps and always keep a knife  
Cause on the strip warefare's inevitable, hot steel's  
incredible

And it's a pride the revolution won't be televised

As I supply and demand, as I build my currency to  
expand, call it progress

When I bless my territory all respect due

But can niggas keep it real? It's on you

Chorus

Step into the dragon's lair, where CL's the don and  
Pete's the creator

Now praise the most high and represent the best  
Cause the number one killer of black men is stress

The armed and dangerous, the bulletproof  
Couldn't stop the homicide of another youth  
Penetrating your body parts with hollow point shells,  
you fraud

Cause vengeance is mine said the Lord, indeed  
My own click now truns greedy

Out of twelve of my soldiers, one will deceive me  
With salt in the game, shame the family and push  
My black ass straight into a terrifying ambush  
The whole empire's at stake  
Mastering the streets, devil the mental won't break and  
turn snake  
For Pete's sake you gotta be true to the crew  
So if niggas want to set it, it's on you

Chorus

Capture the beast within me, beware when it's moving  
deep in New York City  
The diabolical gangster chronicle mob scenes in all  
directions  
The type of connections to get your wig split  
Submit the wanted signs posted, chickens spots for  
major knots you get  
toasted  
To the head piece, I release firepower, only I'm  
controlling  
We put in work and got the right brothers rolling  
When hell kicks off we lick off  
Keeping mine hard like stone from the red zone, to  
each his own  
Smile in my face behind my back you talk trash  
But my pockets hit empty and my Lexus crashed  
but not in your wildest dreams  
Hear my name in all the scandals and all the schemes,  
I rest in Queens  
The Veronville's my capital, so memorize the cuts  
Then give you two more seconds to get off these nuts,  
it's on you

Chorus

\*song fades out and a freestyle session fades in\*

[Pete Rock]

Check it, Grap Luva, if you're in the house  
Just get on the mic and show 'em what it's all about

[Grap Luva]

It's all about the wicked check one two  
Cause I rips a microphone and pass it to my crew  
I don't drink no brew, I smoke nuff spliffs, I don't have  
no riffs  
So check me as I shoot the gift  
Rip rhymes, freestyle rhymes  
Off top of the dome every time  
I'm glad this shit is going on tape

So I can escape into the beat and make nuff papes  
Word to God, kicking nuff freestyle rhymes

\*fades out\*

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