

**Kid Rock****"What's Next on the Menu?"**

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[Pete Rock] Uhh.. {\*scratches\*}  
"Let's see what's next on the menu!" -> Big Daddy Kane  
[Pete Rock] One two.. ahh.. ahh yeah.. {\*scratches\*}  
"Let's see what's next on the menu!" -> Big Daddy Kane  
[Pete Rock] Yeah.. {\*scratches\*}  
"Let's see what's next on the menu!" -> Big Daddy Kane

{Pete Rock keeps scratching the sample until C.L. raps verse one}

[Pete Rock]  
Uhh.. uh-huh..  
Pete Rock.. uh-huh..  
One two..  
Say what, say what?  
Say what, say what?  
Say what, say what?

[C.L. Smooth]  
The chef in one breath laid a dance of death  
on a grill pursuin and barbecuin and groovin in skill  
(WHOO!) Holla when I snatch em by the collar  
See em starvin like Somalia  
while you trickin stickin chicks up in the booty parlor  
(Whoah) A lot of funk to make you say, "Aow, C.L.  
how?"  
Cause all I know is listen, can I get mines now? (Say  
what?)  
In my verse brain cells burst so beep the nurse  
for the knowledge cause the worst niggaz talk garbage  
A mean machine, to light it like kerosene  
My cuisine is how David killed the freakin Philistines  
(uh-huh..)  
Begin to sin, with the devilish grin  
so me and my kin, can win and break bread when the  
record spin  
(Yeah..) My love is real Ock, a lyrical buildin block  
with incredible settable pure funk of Pete Rock (woo-

WHOO!)

Forget the soup of the day, cause niggaz are gassin  
Well styles I broke smooth lotion down the ashy as hell  
Got a rhyme so chunky it's amazin G  
I make you think the Fat Boys are back on crazy (YEAH)  
Major Mecca's in Asia when I date her  
Some old flavor by the sun moon and stars and over  
the equator  
Universally thirstin me to show no mercy  
to madmen, the Devil wanna send (YEAH)  
Word to life money ain't a rapper livin I can't run though  
so  
(.. "Let's see what's next on the menu!")

{Pete Rock keeps scratching the sample until C.L. raps  
again}

[Pete Rock]  
So? What's on the menu?  
What's on the menu?  
So.. what's on the menu?  
What's on the menu?  
What's on the menu?  
Hah..

[C.L. Smooth]  
I'm buckwild, I'm wise for my size so realize  
my lyrical fries today's tough guys, nigga  
So box and throw rocks, fish or cut bait  
Even if I was a lightweight, I still fight great (UHH)  
I double em up and shuffle em down, combinate, stick  
n move around  
til you work me up an appetite to fight  
Like a nick in the paint, think it is when it ain't  
With no more restraint I make a frail opponent faint  
(OH!)  
You need to get your ears glued to soul food  
that makes you boogie til your nude and you never get  
rescued  
(OW!) Now waiter take an order simply nothin shorter  
than the lamb to the slaughter recorder I'm flowin like  
water  
(YES..) Since you're popular, I see nothin stoppin ya  
from generatin lucci livin larger than Gucci, HELLO  
It's Mecca's hour when the man is in power  
to roast there (what?) I cook a medium rare, so toast  
Perignon Poppa, my rugged styles vary; shit,  
I want a salary Mariah couldn't Carey DIG IT  
I sport a blue face Rolex for thirty grand (yeah..)  
Now take your family to go see "Who's the Man?"  
I wear colognes that excite your hormones

and Versace the wifey bought, now who woulda ever thought?

Word to life, ain't a rapper livin I can't run though so  
(.. "Let's see what's next on the menu!")

{Pete Rock keeps scratching until his rap verse}

[Pete Rock]

What's on the menu?

What's on the menu?

What's on the menu..

Uhh! Yeah.. c'mon

What's next on the menu?

What's on the menu?

What's on the menu?

Ahhh..

Here I come on the rise

The Godfather of the Funk I make it happen (what?)

I'm next on the menu, "Who's the Man" rappin? (uhh)

The hardcore for the dancefloor, no need for an intro  
(say what?)

You know who's the one, the man that gets the job  
done (yeah)

It's rare, the sound that you hear is so original

You can't copy it down, so let it be subliminal (AOWW)

You can't rock like the Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth (aw  
yeah)

Together forever, like G. Rap says, "YOU LOSE!"

So pull up a chair and relax and let the music flow

And leave you on that note cause I'm read' to go  
(yeah..)

You gonna have a hard time tryin to run through me so  
(.. "Let's see what's next on the menu!")

Uhh.. what's on the menu?

What's on the menu?

What's on the menu?

Ahh, c'mon..

What's on the menu?

What's on the menu?

What's on the menu?

Yeah..

Special shoutout, to my man Lord Finesse

He's in the house y'all

Can't forget my man, O.G., he's in the house y'all

Can't forget my man C.L. Smooth

He's in the house

Grap Lover, I-N-I

Everybody up in the Vernon, peace

Yeah, funk  
Yeah, funk  
Ahh  
Can't forget the Uptown crew  
Can't forget the Bronx crew  
Can't forget the Brooklyn crew  
Can't forget the Queens crew  
Yeah, AOWW!  
Can't forget the Yonkers crew  
Can't forget Now Rule crew  
The whole Westchester, White Plains  
got to get props  
Yeah.. the beat don't stop  
And we out like this..  
SEE-YAH!!!!!!!

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