

Letters To Cleo

"We Got It Like That"

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Once upon John thinking on this
MC's just don't know
That the best will never contest my flow
Hieroglyphics the fly bros rip shit for ya
And watch you stumble as I kicks it
I blow ya, away
Like a sailboat, you fail quote some of my shit
to try and get props
But no, they got butt flow
What bro
Can handle the pressure from my gut blow
I appear as a foundation, laced in your face
That there will be no replacin
So trace your tracks or face the mack
Cuz I got your girlfriend and ain't no takin her back
Word
I got it like that, so if you strike back
Steal, or don't say shit
I play with brains
Your thought train is often hijacked and rearranged
We became the fly macks

It's like that, cuz we got it like that (8X)

What a little way to express the anger
Ya done pressed the stranger, danger
Might change a wrong to right
Yet a song I write will shed new light as you fight
And fuss with us so we must discuss
Busting your brain right open
And you strain I'm hoping
Enquiring minds turn out dope men, but the potion
Was not potent enough to fade the master yet
Since you have no kryptonite, I get to rip the mic
I flip like side B, hit a comp wield and tear apart
we'll be-havin babboon
They'll be cravin the tunes
Sooner than the Sun Times on a new day
But who they, I got a bobby pin, so I can rob you men
And be driver, of how I come, with my gum
slander, and demand a man to think

Cuz I can stop and wait, while others contemplate
the theories and when they hear these the fear beez
tremendous, but I won't amend this, endless
time is spent to rhyme, when I'm lit
Get a creative urge, then I sit
And muster clusters of creation we placed in
your face when I bust you

It's like that, cuz we got it like that (16X)

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