

Cook Barbara

"Watch For The Hook"

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* some words from the intro are left out - this is as it appears on
The cd single

[andre benjamin]

Never has ev-ery member in one crew been so diverse
Tryin to outdo the last verse that I birthed, that is my
curse
Your knight in rhyming armor sentimentally slay all
grand dragons
Grab the sharpest no. 2 then I'm stabbin
Somebody let me a hold a no. 2 pencil cause they testin
Somebody let me a hold a no. 2 pencil cause they testin

[witchdoctor]

I fly through the night, yeah
Mixing 'card with some sprite, lyrics we put inside ya
Listen to these a-t-I riders (hooo hooooo!)
Keep your head straight, the street's full of snakes
Slithering, making.. deals, delivering
Uhh uh uh, that weed got you shivering
Paranoia, fifteen hundred go to the lawyer
After paying his rent, dollars and cents
They're stealing pit-bulls, put up a fence
We movin on, tell the crew it's on

[cee-lo]

'kay, here it go
They call me sugar baby shi-da-loh
I'm one fourth of the migh-ty
G-double-o, d-and-the-i-and-the-e, the m-and-the-o

[khujo]

Yo, this ain't no chain to your brain
Pistol and they gon' bang, plus drain ya
Like some folgers ? ya now
Get in touch with your clothes

[cee-lo]

Tellin ya home
Anybody disrespect my zone

We gon' get it on til we get it gone
And y'all might get it right
But you gettin in wrong
Or you gonna get shot and blown

[khujo]

Out here the volume workin ?
Stankin cops get your skull split
And gettin with it figuratively
It's just that I showed them
Now they tried roll out
Hopin we'd be on, back in the weight room son
Think of a spot, we'd keep all day
Choppin for the live spots
The thug, take your hairy soul
Like ? I withdraw!

[big gipp]

Yeah, look here, been here
Dis here's, diss year's
Get one of the five
To lay it down round here
Gold and the platinum all over the walls
If you ever shake the hook, go and have big balls
Laid it down hard more than one {fuckin} time
Go ahead and get it gone, now I'm out my mind
Went from hubcaps and 30's to the hundred spoke
People still talkin bout the last rhyme I wrote
Eighty-seven was the year that I first stepped in
I'm hollerin at big d, doin time in the pen, I say

[big boi]

Whenever the dope boys, done crept in
Steppin all over your best friends
No wea-pons, the lyrical lessons
And smoked out sessions
The young and the restless
Some of the best in the dirty south
And midwestern, hemisphere
They wanna be this here, the fate of b-o-i
Gonna run these verses and make you see this here
{niggaz} tried to jock it
I put my plug off in they girl's socket
Know, the d to the f is gon' forever rock it
Lock it, down (yeah, yeah)

[t-mo]

The t stands for t-mo, who's known as a teacher
Southwest young brother, bringin the pain through your
speaker!
It's like a disease to fiend for the cheese you need

Come up and ease the feelin, exhibit and chillin
While dealin with the devil himself, increase my wealth
be
More than tanktops the average minimum weight
College brethern, these days done changed the recipe
Steady taxin, creatively maximize, with proper
investments
Can't be hesitant, with them dead president
Or you lose, or you could lose your ? but no tools

[cee-lo]

For whateva time I got left, i'ma holla and scream d-f
For whateva time I got left, i'ma holla and scream d-f

[cool breeze]

I know a whole lot of brothers in the rap game
But most of them are in it for the shiny thangs
They wanna snatch all ten, maybe stack about fo'
They wanna live in the house but don't want no grass to
grow
See what you need to do is learn the tricks of the trade
Go to work, put it down, and den get paid
It's only two of us gon' get caught for makin the sale
I'm one, and if you the other bro, I can't tell
Cain't nobody think they come in, and get in the zone
Tryin to kill fo' birds, with about fifteen stones

The c stands for cool breeze who's known as the
champ
Freddy calhoun, the coolest cutta at camp
Ay, my one's and my two's got your whole town shook
You betta listen to your corner, and watch for the hook

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