

## Nicci Gilbert

### "How To Flow"

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I'm Greg Nice  
And I am MC Smooth B  
Together we are Nice & Smooth with Pure Blend  
harmony  
And just in case you've wondered where we roamed  
We'll say that we're sorry for keeping you waiting so  
long

[ VERSE 1: Greg Nice ]  
Now countries at war, little kids cry rape  
Some are lyin, dyin, cryin, pullin on my cape  
Massive meltdown, bring the red tape  
Back up victims who caught the vapes  
New lp, time to make papes  
Get the album, the single, cd and tapes  
Stylin, profilin, smilin, buck wildin  
As the dough keeps on pilin  
Somebody's knockin at my do'  
(Who is it?) Somebody's ringin my bell  
(Should I let em in?) Oh, what the hell  
Flippin my wig like I never did before  
Got my rhymes than the mighty Thor  
Peace, arrivederci, I'm out the door

Yeah, yeah  
Make it rain, mutha

[ VERSE 2: Smooth B ]  
I'm Smooth B, I'm at the top of the pile  
Rap and sing, cause I'm versatile  
Give me an inch, damn right, I'll take a mile  
Cause I keep funky fresh routines on file  
There's a lot of MC's out there that show and don't  
prove  
Runnin round town, talkin bout they're smooth  
They're smooth operators, Smooth imitators  
But only one Smooth B, the smooth originator  
Smooth connaisseur, there's no one truer  
Select a rhyme, and you'll find that few are  
Able to match my professional blend  
With Greg Nice by my side I continue to ascend

Movin on up through the lyrical light  
I'm like the Alpha Omega, my rhymes will excite  
Bust what I'm sayin, cause I'll always exist  
And the girl that I select will be an emperess

[ VERSE 3: Greg Nice ]

Now I scooped this high heel, sweet as a shroodle  
Found out she liked to eat noodles  
For her birthday I bought her a french poodle  
Now - get down, get down  
It's a Friday night, let's paint the town  
Tim Snake on the funky drum sound  
Can I tic-toc, ah-ha, toc-tic?  
No other than my man Slick Nick is on the mix  
25 lashes, 35 licks  
As I pose in a mackadocious stand  
Maybe one day I might have a band  
It ain't gonna rain no more no more  
It ain't gonna rain no more  
Comin this summer, catch us out on tour  
I wanna see you (girl next door)  
I got more rhymes in store  
Watch my hand as I slam the door

[ VERSE 4: Smooth B ]

Smooth B, I'm like a lotus flower, with great power  
And all invadin perpetrators I must devour  
Excelling to a level in time, not like a vagabond  
Not like a rattling snake, I'm not from Babylon  
Much like a prince on a throne, within a state of my own  
I'm not a kid, I'm grown  
Righteously leading a path, my wisdom's shown  
Phone calls I'll accept, Smooth, I keep a positive rep  
Call me the Tap Dance Man, I never stutter or step  
And wrong doing's my mission, it's just influencing you  
To benefit, cause I'm legit - and I can't quit  
Conversed with prophets on how we must receive our  
blessings  
Studying hard every night, I have reviewed my lessons  
And now I'm ready and strong, I'm movin right, not  
wrong  
I'm battling back and forth, like a game of ping-pong  
Prevailing victoriously, I must continue to strive  
Focussing on destinies to keep my spirit alive

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