

Peter Andre

"As I Flow On"

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(It's time for the U to flow again)
(On and on and on and on) --> Grand Puba

As I flow on, I get a mellow mood set
And you ain't heard a MC this smooth yet
So act like you know
Lay back, pump the track and watch the mack flow
And yo, I always give you something dope to swing to
Lyrics I bring you, sing to and cling to
So pass the mic, let the U flow steadily
That means a (?) combined with a melody
My vocal tone is smooth, just like Barry White
I don't bite, but Tom, Dick or Harry might
They always usin wack tracks and strange lines
Fiendin to find a smooth way I arrange mines
But it's all in your brain
So I maintain while I left the remains unexplained
You thought the U fell off, hey yo, brother, you're
wrong
Sit back and take notes as I flow on

Let the U flow on
(Flow on, flow on)

Yo, check the flow, you gots to know there's none
smoother
The real mack is back with a dope stack manoeuvre
What I provide's bonafide, sheer artistry
Now who can take r&b and make it as hard as me?
No sap who rap achieved such a slick task
Crabs try to last, get that [edited] blast quick fast
Cause this ain't soft, watered down or diluted
U's undisputed, gift swift when I shoot it
So erase your thoughts, I ain't about sellin out
To me pop is chop, and I don't give a hell about
The media, press, whoever don't like it
Rhymes hype, just give me a mic and I strike it
Eff crossin over, I stay on the real side
Some guys in the field tried, but then the appeal died
So I sticks to this and stays in my own yard
Track is r&b, vocals are bonehard

Search the words, nothin soft in the contents
And none of that 'Baby, I love you' nonsense
Straight up hard rhymes, down to the last verse
Chumps pop junk, but my pump always blasts first
I bust caps while saps take naps
There's no haps, I write raps that burn like claps
Thought the U fell off, hey yo, brother, you're wrong
Sit back and take notes as I flow on

Let the U flow on
(Flow on, flow on)

(It's time for the U to flow again)
(On and on and on and on) --> Grand Puba

I make suckers look soft as whipped cream
And play low pro' while the hoes on my tip scream
So brothers ask how it's done, but actually
Bein swift is a gift that come naturally
So you can break your neck tryin to imitate
But weak rap acts on a track don't stimulate
There's only one Daddy U (Daddy U) (Daddy U)
They don't believe me, I ain't the brother to step to
Come with your all and the U's still standin tall
In a brawl I'm hittin harder than a canonball
With Kay Cee on the mix
Stickin the chicks, vics, and droppin like tons of bricks
So bring on the army and send for the coast guard
And still get scarred cause the U's hittin most hard
You suckers ain't sayin nothin
So I'ma wet up your whole set and let the Kay keep
cuttin
And stack packs on tracks on wax, here's the facts
I chop new jacks and so-called macks like a axe
You thought the U fell off, well yo, brother, you're
wrong
Sit back and take notes as I flow on

Let the U flow on
(Flow on, flow on)

(On and on and on and on) --> Grand Puba

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