

# Prime Minister Pete Nice & Daddy Rich "Outta My Way Baby"

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[Pete Nice]

Pete Nice is in the house, ah Beatnuts in the house  
Woop woop, Daddy Rich is in the house and we're  
about to swing it

"Outta my way baby! Man gotta keep on moving"  
(Repeat 2x)

Never got caught in the booty booty trends  
As a youth peeped Red Alert on the weekends  
Daddy Rich skills on the cuts like the butter  
Head for the hills, jet go and tell your mother  
Minister, sinister, a fist full of dollars see  
Get with the vibes of my slick verbal tapestry  
Never second guess cause your rep will start to  
crumble  
Play the role of humble, if you follow, never stumble  
Don't fret y'all if you think you're born the suspect  
One day your record might boom in the projects  
Say where you been, hey been swimming in the sewers  
Cruising 24th street, picking up some brewers  
Ya from, stung you with the lyrical artillery  
Big rap money-making, please this place is for me  
Like the E-Double said, "So Whatcha Saying?"  
So get your fat ass out my way and

"Outta my way baby!" "Big rap money-making nigga"  
"Outta my way baby!" "Man gotta keep on moving"

Here I come on the one with the burger on the bun  
Packing a ton, my water pistol weighs a ton, son  
Some call me Jake, used to roll with the Fatman  
Listen to my man, say Shawn's I'm a black man  
Gave away the booty if the booty ever smelled up  
Not the ??? with the frisk and got you felt up  
Think I fall off, but let me tell you something  
That's the day I see the white man jumping  
Got the flavor of a Beemer 850  
When it comes to tracks me and Rich is kinda pickey  
Pete Nice and Daddy Rich swing and kick a verse  
Step the way out my way out my way

"Outta my way baby!" "Man gotta keep on moving"  
"Outta my way baby!" "Big rap money-making nigga"

Up in the Bronx where the people's kinda fresh and  
Bought the Nike Air low cuts off the Jew man  
Polish up a track like you polish up your five-stars  
When I finish ripping, better check the stars  
Bringing out the worst like a hearst in the casket  
A question I ask it, a tisket, I tasket  
Not the butter head cold chewing on the Grape Nuts  
Beat style poetic with the butter of the Beatnuts  
Took it overseas like the Lovetron Darryl Dawkins  
Schoolyard ball, Roger Brown or Connie Hawkins  
Walking like a duck, milk's the one but it's wispering  
Sucking on pipes, but look at what it did to you  
Pimping, scoring, the tour bus touring  
Going to the Garden, see the Knickerbockers balling  
Best believe we got the beat swinging  
Peace to Mike Brady and I leave my man singing

"Outta my way baby!" "Man gotta keep on moving"  
"Outta my way baby!" "Big rap money-making nigga"  
(Repeat 2x)

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