

Mcgruff "Exquisite"

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Rock mics, hold my diz-ick, flow exquisite
Pop niggas then I throw the biscuit
Get some dro and twist it, when from Mo' to Cryst shit
Still gettin' that dough, on the striz-ip, on the coke tiz-
up

They call me Gruffie, Crime Hound, used to be a Pound
Puppy
You should see the way I down bubbly
Every dame in the town love me, stay dip
Cardiere flame shit, Polo brown rugby

Moves too swift to let ya clowns touch me
Smokin' like a doo-doo Dutchie and you get found
musty
Bust his here, man, yo' cats just infer
It's been a while now, I must appear, yo' ass out

You fuckin' with the 'cause of this, who liver than this
Dive on yo' wrist, take yo' rollie, try to resist
Now I'm in the club shakin' with some pie and some
Cryst
And that shit you be makin', ain't hotter than this

You know how them thug cats do
McGruff style hard wit that Harlem crew
Gettin' bent everyday, all day
The club see sick, it's that Harlem way, exquisite

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Yo, yo, my name rings, champagne king, chain
danglin'
Harlem World to England, make world tour moves
Up in hotels, girls all nude, who want get screwed
Big boobs, wantin' to get with the dudes, sippin' Cryst
with the cube

Lookin' slick on the tube, yo, these bitches got my dick

in the mood
Flushed out, my mind, room service picked us some
food
We in the rich cart and got baby girl clit fartin'
Newly ro', day your dick cartin', six squadron

Forty D, front row seats, Knicks at the Garden
We players, six hundred Benzes, navigators
Snatchin' papers, overseas, under grass and acres
When it catch in Vegas, bastards hate us

Fly first class wit gators, flash the latest
My ass stay switch ya ass to neighbors
Diamond rings from stings
Still spendin' cash on more capers

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I drop hot rhymes, take yo' Hot 97 slot time
I shine like an archive, her thirty night dime
V-12, six hundred gas, put my Nike on
Put a mic on, put it piked on

Strong arm like Nam, Desert Storm never fight calm
Roll fifth, shook my right arm, pearl white palm
Murder your life form, make more noise than a night
storm
Heavy artillery, hand grenades and pipe bomb

Light Tron, then there's no tellin' who I might harm
Top wall, street businessman, in they white bond
It's like on, bullet holes, buck 50 life long
Fight strong, Don Juan, ill trife con

Write hype shit, my gang can make a dike like dick
And my crew bigger than yo' crew twice as thick
Niggas be lookin' for some mic's to stick, nights to slick
And pikin' dick and all the bad righteous chicks

My niggas light toke, you like them flicks
Tenure conversely, all types of kicks
My man L got 25 to life, told me life's a bitch
Said, "Hold yo' head, Gruff, son and write them hits"

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