

## Alfredo Casero

### "Makin' it Blend"

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[Q-Tip]

Uh...

Abstract, queens cat, what we lookin at?

Sixth sense, too immense, smellin is the fact

Out here, you got your shiesty cats yappin back bosom  
track

Until we take it back, you pro'ly won't be feelin rap

[Wordsworth]

WORDSWORTH, brooklyn night, what it lookin like?

5 senses, 9 inches, 5 foot in height

Out here, you got you're ?crooks and hikes,  
shook and sheist?, look alike

Payed off the books from dice, good lookin and hookin  
tight

HOOK 1 [both]:

\*"the beat" scratching in\*

Us, you, they and them

YO.. her and him

We make it blend I say we makin it blend

YO... \*Q-Tip\* uh uh uh uh uh uh

Us, you, they and them

YO.. her and him

We make it blend I say we makin it blend

YO... \*Q-Tip\* uh uh uh uh uh uh

[Q-Tip]

Back when I came out, first joint I hit it out

New styles to talk 'bout, new ground to walk about

Still breakin shit wit the hammer of thought god

Bigger than ass god, hittin your ass hard

Act it out cause there no time to word shit

You never win wit wordsworth the word smith

[Wordsworth]

The verse gets tighter every second the earth twists

Heard its Q-tip and Words you had to purchase

Refer this, now wait a minute, what's that I heard skip?

Nerves twich, play this so much it's prob'ly your third

disc

On purpose, at your service, basement to service  
Learn this, how can you rehearse something that's  
perfect?

[Q-Tip]

Isn't it funny when you use your favorite pen  
And get your rhyme pad write shit that's truly bad?  
Embarrass yourself, make a buck and mockery  
In the hipocracy, you never toppin me  
I'm the monopoly and jail is your ?catoponese? of  
unfair policies  
Invade your rotten "B", you hit the lottery  
Women, you spottin me, I'm extortin you upon your ?  
matrobotomy?

[Wordsworth]

Aiyyo it gotta be the way I respond that makes you on  
to me  
Song hittin award winnin, y'all just the nominees  
Play it safe, I'll arrange your wake  
My papermate will have my lable-maced album  
released a later date  
Police patrol the city 'til I'm as old as 50  
Hat back, clothes won't fit me, causin fire, old won't  
frisk me  
My hands are ammunition bailin cons or banned in  
prison  
I'm who you wanna be blowin out your candles wishin

HOOK 2 [both]:

\*"the beat\* scratched in"  
Makin it, makin it blend  
YO... makin it blend  
3x  
Makin it, makin it blend  
Make, makin it blend

[Wordsworth]

Yo, I like a woman wit a bangin body, the face and  
frame of Halle  
Attitude - angry, snotty, speaks slang and cocky  
Time to hangin gotta bring a posse  
Through rainy days she got me, like Whitney stay wit  
Bobby

[Q-Tip]

Yo, your cake is in the kitchen, you wish for preminision  
It's turned around by my firm thoughts of demolition  
It's time to numb your run and dim your vision  
It's time to give up the hopes and dreams that made  
your aquesition

[Wordsworth]

Ain't gotta drop top dag clothes and roll the 60s  
But after shows, ladies drop tops and show their titties  
Of course the globe can't oppose, it's risky  
Or even go against me, I'm WORDS,  
so everytime that you flow you spit me

[Q-Tip]

We in the asphalt, you cause your last fall  
Insult to injury is where we curse the salt  
Douse the open wound to the tomb  
Its time to sit back and watch professionals in full  
bloom

HOOK 1

more scratchin til fade out...

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