

Pete Rock

"Krossroads"

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[Rob-O]

Paint a perfect picture, try to imagine sold a rock on
fashion

It's love affair that you and I share, yeah, see I know
that I'm

in there

Whether with my crew or if I'm all alone

Be there home just lugin' on the telephone

Calls us if you like of what I feel is deep inside (say
what) check it you see I'm from the Northside

(*echoing*)

Now don't misunderstand get please to meet elaborate
On this situation from the very first day I could'nt wait
to

introduce into my set, but better yet do you remember
how we met? Looking at Rob when you was walking up
the av

You seen sad that the God could you laugh

A chuck chuck chuckle I read your name buckle

It said "Shh". So I said "What!"

Excuse me miss, see your very inviting

so let me show you this and I.N.I. and lighting

See love is so revealing, find you quite appealing

Lost because yo I can't define feelings that I'm feeling

(Yo cousin trap up in the ravender)

But see honey dip I flip the flavor that you capture

Has me fallen in deeper but I can't control the tide

(why?)

You see your from the Southside

[Pete Rock] (Chorus [over *echoing* KrossRoads])

From the South, to the West, to the East, to North

This is for the ladies that admire to break you off

We on the KrossRoads non-stop for the wisdom

This is for the line I'm a give em' yeah

[Rob-O]

Push the enstance where my perdictament, so amince

I got tried of droppin hints

The jets the intense with all the bullshit and nonsense
But fuck it bust the main event (tell them)
Just because your from the Southside I'm from the
North
The kids around your way act soft
And I bet, to set up for wreck, any time that they
surpect, I'm comin' around the Propect Projects
Now I'm cool with some others but basically the
brothers in your building
They all seem to have the same feeling and the celler
I come around your way and I feel liked I'm welcome
and sometimes I just won't come
You get fuss at me, I get fuss at you we start wildin'
To the point wanna throw my towel in
Based on the fact that you still don't understand...that
I'm from the Northside

KrossRoads (*echoing*)

Paint a perfect picture, try to imagine soild a rock on
fashion
was a love affair that you and I share, yeah, see I
thought I was in there
But I took the time to alanyze the skit
Finally have the dip on this thing called "Our
Relationship" it was'nt happining word to the mother
I found love lost love, I guess I'll find another
So being that your ex-boyfriend was a drug dealer,
shouldn't felt the way that I feel
But it does gives me a cule to where your head was (I
was hurt)
But better days are ahead cause I tried and I tried and
work and work
But P.R. on the beat you know we can't get jerked
Fallen in deeper but I can't control the tide (can't do it)
You see your from the Southside

Chorus

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