

Pete Rock

"Square one"

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[Verse 1 - Grap Luva]

Huh.

I got some time to explain the true grading of a
rhymewriter

So take the stance of a gunfighter

Others inject intellect for selfrespect

Or simply kickin' verses for a tight paycheck

But they neglect is creative aspects in control

The sounds and words originate up in the soul

My thoughts cross wack emcees and wickedness

They seem to go hand in hand in the mess

That's formed the dawn of the fake emcee

It's really funny to me how brothers front like they
deadly, see

Jah be's with me so Ras G is no fool

Respectin' the original school that wrote the rules

I'm layin' all these real ass facts upon the wax

Mass communication minus fakin' the jax

So relax all the gods will make you crumble and fall

Keepin' you on the run as we start from Square One

[Hook - I.N.I.][4X]

"The I.N.I.'s in the house" "you don't stop"

"Pete Rock, Grap Luva, Mark, and Polo rising" "you
don't stop"

Square One

[Verse 2 - Ras Luv]

I have to get what I want, cause now it's no time to front

It's I.N.I. on the hunt just to smoke up the funk

With no fear in this industry we in here

So surprised I appear I play the back or the rear

I pushed and shoved to get in, and I've seen every sin

And it's been a long time considerin'

But no bitter man, african, rastafarian, non-american

Checkin' every man (yeah)

In my zone because the eye is all alone in this universe

I see the worst now I'm comin' in first

A brother's thirst got him eager to merc

In full effect cause I'm stayin' alert

Bless the hurt at each and every concert
Taught well to be the very next expert
Never the spare one, I'm steppin' up to shoot a fair one
Settin' it off from Square One

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Rob-O]

In '95 nuff kids can catch the vapors
Rob-O spends his time puttin' words to paper
Still so I maintains a fly flow
But everytime I plant a seed they won't let it grow
Guess it's the fact that I seen through ya team of major
fake outs
Your feeble attempts of gettin' caked out
But in the face of temptation, sex, guns and
paperchasin'
Playin' yaself and say ya neithans
Is it the recognition, quick cash or chart positions
Or big figures that have you shittin' on niggaz
It must be, thinkin' like the whole rap industry son
Yeah no doubt you bugged out
It's not as stable or firm as you thought
In the scrimmage and the tables is turned, this shit is
finished
Yo Grap Luva (no question) cause this is how it should
be done
We takin' it back to Square One

[Hook]

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