

Pete Rock

"To each his own"

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Yeah, uhh uhh I.N.I. is in the place
Yeah yeah uuh
Along with my man Extra P and my man Q-T
Here in the place to be
With the capital P, Rock on

[Verse 1: Grap Luva]

I'm braced just from my voice bring life to microphones
And my weight phone moves I'm headed for the dead
zone
You heads flown and it's a crazy rest
You should've vest when the Kane come to test the best
So next up is the one the non-half stepper
Keeper of the thought, healer of the lepras
Controller of the treezy with no ego to feed
Cause I stays level headed, vocabulary
I'm better up in the dome, I'm bound to crush
Rollin' up I spill the bone free
See it's the G bring it to you in the physical
Comin' through with the crucial ball material
I entertain each time I'm in the session
Leavin brothers guessin', yo what's that sound
Got 'em wishin' they was on this bitches mouth goin'
down
Inl vibrations over plumb tracks
Most of y'all found cats couldn't match that
Touch this, I don't think you should attempt to
Cause if you do, plus I got two examples
From gettin any clout
No doubt to each his own

[Chorus]

To each his own (repeat 8 times)

[Verse 2: Q-Tip]

Check it out to each his own, watch out cat
Niggas think daz can get a dollar bill
Choices made, they choose the ill
Inside a nigga wanna survivalism of all the scrams
It's crazy let's make you move, tryin to be topscore
And he really don't give a rats ass who he go to

He's a big boy, he bites all he can chew
But yo I eat all plates with hip hop written on it
Pete Rock the group I.N.I. shittin on it
Lyrically impressive ain't no second guesses
The most poppin shit talker is the one who stresses
And you see the Abstract with a tight lipped caddy
Speakin on my peace and my soul is ever vary
Til my microphone I dialogue
Sit back with a whole lot a love, complement it with
claps
I'm on some grown men shit, my peak is not yet
reached
So I remind my one and take 'em each
To each his own

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Rob-O]

Excuse me, I'm here to earn a man a buck or two
Now take a chance with life or lose the fuckin you
All your friends, your flower lack potent
You used to be shy but now you wanna be my stands
On the E-L this is gonna swell for a second
While I'm catchin wreck, how many others should she
step in
The sack with, guess I better get a Profalectic
Back to the crib in case I smack it
Bad tactic cause a gym hat caught it flat
Plus the ball stick wasn't even all of that
Now it's hectic I'm headin to the joint gettin injected
Plus the fact that I'm infected
So check it out, yo when you with these chicks
And they spread out, with skins enough to take ya head
out
Use precaution cause some is packin' death behind the
set
Peace to the Gods, so watch your dick
To each his own

[Verse 4: Large Professor]

To each his own, niggas is sown, bout to full blown
Brother who could never be a clone
Large Pro so fuck your bullshit harsh, yo
I'm rappin with the weapon my whole squad glow
Like a diamond, so don't sham fan, I have to climb in
That ass like a truck, leavin niggas as struck
Like lightening bold that cats flow goes right in the volt
In the end peace to land times ten
Cee-Lo the whole I.N.I. is my people
So sit back relax and just listen while we pull
The moneys and honeys fake fours did clone

To each his own, to each his own

[Chorus](repeated til fade)

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