

## **Pete Rock And Cl Smooth "Can't Front on Me"**

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Ah, yeah, yes  
Psychedelic  
Uh, come on  
This is what I like  
It's that Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth stuff  
Uh huh, yeah  
Brothers can't understand  
You know I'm about to drop a funky beat on you  
Like this...

Hit the war drums that vibrate the earth underneath  
Here my people and I come, gotta wake up the chief  
Not a pale frail ghost, C.L.'ll wreck the most  
'cause the Mecca land never had a Leo Africanos  
The Sudanian, master of the Mediterranean  
And if it's lovely I'm the one you're Skypagin'  
Lower than the Mole Man, R&B, you're silly  
The only male hardcore crusin' through my city  
Rise to the supernova, swami like Bola  
Heavy hitter I consider Ueuker leanin' on my shoulder  
Measure like a yardstick, thick at arithmetic  
You add it up and I roast a high pick flick  
Hit the pitch and then I'm gone as the funk lingers on  
I don't publicize here to keep the black race torn  
But steady at an altitude where you get the mental  
food  
Not to be rude, here's a fresh pot brewed  
Oh, what a web we weave when we practice to deceive  
Sparkin' off a trick up the sleeve  
Pete stocked the bedrock, listen and you'll see  
And I'm sure you will agree you can't front on me

Yo, you can't front  
It's like that, c'mon, yeah  
Yes, you know I got to talk  
You can't front  
I'm tellin' you now  
C.L. Smooth and the Rock, c'mon

Many consumed what was locked in a tomb  
That I gradually groomed, coming out now smelling  
like perfume

So take a whiff when I wrap a gift, play ya like a gospel  
A logical apostle, colossal (whooweee!)  
Afro, a cut me like a fade with a Braun  
Sport a bald head, but never needed Hair Club for Men  
Drop a SCUD, fully-capable, a form in a eclipse  
Skips to backflips soon as it leaves my lips  
Suave know, I can make the funk turn the habit  
Kick the old 45 and I can boogie on static  
Welcome to the Brahma Don, pilgrimage to Mecca Don  
A prayer for the parish, Soucron Affwaun  
'cause ain't no misbehavin' when they manage what  
you're cravin'  
Put the "Anger in the Nation" on your station  
Anvils that fills the whole circumference  
And black people crowd in a mass abundance  
To hear Gabriel's horn, blow it like a Naiji  
What's the flavor unit with the top priority?  
C.L., untouchable with the clip full  
Impossibly, the posse can't front on me

Don't you dare front  
Don't you dare front  
Not on me  
'cause I'm the man  
C.L.'s the rhymer  
Right on time  
Right on, my brother  
Come on, kick another verse for me

You desire the messiah for the entire empire  
Total organizer of the earth, wind, and fire  
C.L. and Pete Rock unlock the hard rock  
Many want to mock and the honey-dips clock  
Intercontinental for the residential  
Never coincidental, rough on a rental  
Count all the bars numeric  
Pro-prosthetic if ya let it resurrect the nongeneric  
The brother on the cover, yes, a rapper not a singer  
If you recognize him, point with your index finger  
Shock another flock when I hit the block  
God or Devil on the set that's level, labeled as a rebel  
In retrospect I detect those incorrect  
And reflect the black power project  
Supreme 'cause I chose to never blaspheme  
Going to the extreme, place it on a very high beam  
And drop jewels for five thousand fools who stampede  
'cause the proper show stopper's what ya need  
So come and get a taste of the dynamic duo  
And I'm sure you will agree you can't front on me  
(Yoooo!)

You can't front, boy  
'cause we're the skilled fools (skibooze?)  
We'z are the funk  
The hardcore funk  
We ain't no joke  
Comin' out to note  
Ah, yeah  
With the funk track  
Sing it, P.

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