

Pete Rock And Cl Smooth "It's On You"

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On you
(Smile in my face, behind my back they talk trash)
On you
(Mad and stuff because they don't have cash)
On you
(When I roll and stroll [unverified] always pack a tool)
On you
(Just in case, a brother acts a fool)

It's death before dishonor, strap the vest down tight
When you bring the drama
Now raise up off mine, and taste it in the raw
Before snipers on the floor galore, in my hardware
store

Nightmares of thirsty crooks
Niggas all acting fishy working off the books
Painting pictures of poverty, causing armed robbery
And provoke every last one gets smoked

No doubt for real it's like wildlife
Where thugs forever pull caps and always keep a knife
'Cause on the strip ware fare's inevitable hot steel's
incredible
And it's a pride the revolution won't be televised

As I supply and demand
As I build my currency to expand
Call it progress, when I bless my territory all respect
due
But can niggas keep it real? It's on you

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Step into the dragon's lair,

Where CL's the don and Pete's the creator
Now praise the most high and represent the best
'Cause the number one killer of black men is stress

The armed and dangerous, the bulletproof
Couldn't stop the homicide of another youth
Penetrating your body parts with hollow point shells
You fraud 'cause vengeance is mine said the lord

Indeed my own click now turns greedy
Out of twelve of my soldiers, one will deceive me
With salt in the game, shame the family and push
My black ass straight into a terrifying ambush

The whole empire's at stake mastering the streets
Devil the mental won't break and turn snake
For Pete's sake you gotta be true to the crew
So if niggas want to set it, it's on you

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Capture the beast within me
Beware when it's moving deep in New York city
The diabolical gangster chronicle mob scenes in all
directions
The type of connections to get your wig split

Submit the wanted signs posted
Chickens spots for major knots you get toasted
To the head piece, I release firepower, only I'm
controlling
We put in work and got the right brothers rolling

When hell kicks off we lick off keeping mine hard
Like stone from the red zone, to each his own
Smile in my face behind my back you talk trash
But my pockets hit empty and my Lexus crashed

But not in your wildest dreams hear my name in all the
scandals
And all the schemes, I rest in queens
The veronville's my capital, so memorize the cuts
Then give you two more seconds to get off these nuts,
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Check it, Grap Luva, if you're in the house
Just get on the mic and show 'em what it's all about

It's all about the wicked check one two
'Cause I rips a microphone and pass it to my crew
I don't drink no brew, I smoke nuff spliffs
I don't have no riffs so check me as I shoot the gift
Rip rhymes, freestyle rhymes
Off top of the dome every time

I'm glad this shit is going on tape
So I can escape into the beat and make nuff papas
Word to God
Kicking nuff freestyle rhymes

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