

Pete Rock And Cl Smooth "On and On"

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[CL Smooth]

The nightcap was exiled, steadily profiled
as the underachievin non-believin can't stand to reason
Where's your daddy boy - to categorize the drinker
Misunderstood to make the ordeal linger
They label me a problem child who can't cope
Hangin by a thread, yes a very thin rope
Inevitably, can never be the man can I tell ya
Visualize and memorize him in a cellar
Well tally-ho, pip-pip, my fam's gonna catch a fit
My father lookin like he wanna bust my lip
But that was never good for my health
So I take the shovel out my pocket and dig myself
Now when I look at the man in the mirror
I see things much more clearer my Lord
I'm not that popular, less than a dollar
but the ? I pack can make you holla

* Pete Rock scratches various "on and on" samples *

[CL Smooth]

I said, what you don't know could make a whole new
world
Man.. listen! I'm set to sabotage premonition
Your propaganda, crooked type of version
Some of the things I bring, you're babblin non-person
Imbedded in my character, rebel nostalgia
Uncommon valor who'd rather
have no man-made religion or sect
But try to believe what you conceive may be half
correct
I shed light, to show the path in sight
Cause a man who can't treat you right can't teach you
right
In front of your eyes, what a surprise, and let the
nature
rise, just for the girls and the guys
A Phi-Slamma-Jamma when you wear a bandanna
Peace to Pop Dukes, and long live Nana
The formula's reality, Pete Rock's the storm
Together, forever, yes G we got it goin on

* Pete Rock scratches various "on and on" samples *

[CL Smooth]

Internal affairs, flippin Hollywood Squares
In search of the Mecca many travel in pairs
Walked the slave ship, ??the side of ningamora??
to support a short order when I freak it on a corner
Five-oh cruisin, decide to pull you over
Beefin, "Where's the Coke?" I said, "A six-pack of
soda?"
The rookie's lookin thirsty, but everything's mental
A baseball bat, to smack Shirley in the Temple
Agreed to meet the maker so I yelled Hail Mary's
And flew that head, to hit The House on the Prairie
But the past can never choose my future correctly
I found a greater source directly
On and on, keep it on, you chant the
boppin simonized, pullin you clockwise jammie
To quickly skip the minimal tip, I dap for the wise I dip
Can anyone see, phenomenally, to the last degree?
I capitalize subliminally, wreck for positivity
Yes my little chickadee, ready to flow with me
Nevertheless I bless, follow me and see
Predominantly, CL'll be, All in the Family
God bless Marky Black, know we go way back
The lyrics I pack is like a needle in the haystack
CL and Pete Rock, Smooth like Dom Perignon
Never torn, word is bond, we got it goin on

* Pete Rock scratches various "on and on" samples to
fade *

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