

Pete Rock And Cl Smooth "Soul Brother #1"

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He's a sweet Soul Brother
Soul, soul, soul, soul, soul, soul
Here comes the soul, soul, soul
Here comes the soul

Soul Brother # 1, here I come on the new tip
Nestle coated right, 'cause I'm rich thick and chocolate
Plug up any mic I'll bet you Pete Rock'll spark it
Hons always ask what's the bulge in my pocket?

I tell 'em, papes, I rock them top to bottom
Never hesitate to say, "Mmm, I got them"
Oppressed on the hillside, over on the chill-side
Of town, so let's get down

Funky is the word describe this brother on a soul
mission
Hookin' rugged joints, more soul than the soul kitchen
CL doesn't scratch, so I won't leave you itchin'
White people even say, Pete Rock is bitchin'

Harder than the hardest, odder than the oddest
I guess that's just because I'm smarter than the
smartest
So back up, clear the path hon, 'cause here I come
Soul Brother # 1

1 Soul Brother, # 1 Soul Brother
1 Soul Brother, # 1 Soul Brother
1 Soul Brother

I hit harder than a kick, quick to scoop a chick
When it comes to skinz, Pete Rock got it thick
I'm not your average, everyday, one-two to the beat
And don't stop, bust the shit I drop

New style for the 90's Pete Rock's a trend setter
I'd just be lyin' if I said there's someone better
You can ask Greta, Greta with the red Jetta
Honey, did me lovely and I'm glad that I met her

I come style after style, sucker M.C.'s try to swallow

But them seem to say my style's too hard to follow
So just raise your hand and give praise to the # 1 Soul
Brother
Who keeps the crowd in a daze

Pete rock and CL Smooth and if it ain't our groove
Then you might not move
Remember, 'cause there's no need to worry none
Yo, Soul Brother # 1

1 Soul Brother, # 1 Soul Brother
1 Soul Brother, # 1 Soul Brother
1 Soul Brother, # 1 Soul Brother
1 Soul Brother, # 1 Soul Brother

Nuff respect to my man Grand Puba
Nuff respect to my man Bizmarkie
Nuff respect to my man CL Smooth
Nuff respect to EPMD

I'm like high octane with everything to gain
Those who try to step to this can catch pain
I keep a mag in the trunk of my jag, in case some punk
fag
Wants to catch one bad

Soul Brother # 1 and I didn't come to riff
The finesse I possess will make the hardest unstiff
I'm full of motivation handle any situation
Hon said, I'm so smooth they should call me lubrication

Mr. Splendor, a good back bender
Honies always say, Pete love me tender
Call on Pete Rock, CL Smooth if you want the job done
Soul Brother # 1

1 Soul Brother, # 1 Soul Brother
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He's a sweet Soul Brother

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