

Pete Rock And Cl Smooth "Tell Me"

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Tell me, how you feel?
It's time to get down and do this for real
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There she lays, never the nonsense the mood to watch
her focus on a
Slide so she can ride the man who's born to be
sextified
Study my flicks if only chicks knew the mix for better
brands
When power lands the sister had other plans

The plot is set for her to wed giver her dad's
permission
To marry the next boss in line in his position
Overprotective, the objective is never to leave her
Taking the street, who pack the heat, now meet the
black Caesar

Bought her diamonds and furs, silky jammies isn't hers
But deep down I think a simple man she prefers
Every kiss was a death wish, every plan was a let down
Stopping the tears she pulls over by the playground

Clearing her vision, spots a game through the
schoolyard fence
Sneakers squeaking, ball bouncing, looking so intense
And since her hobby was photography with nothing to
do
Cool, she takes a flick or two

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A couple of weeks go by, clocking the boys around the town
Her mommy shopping, daddy dealing, leaving night all time around
For her to execute her a level to break the family ties
To gamble her future on the love, murder, money, and lies

Watch out, the woman's about to love and claim her king
So she drove up in the ghetto looking to do her thing
Checking the brothers going crazy when the car skirts by the flow
I keep it real and peep it all from my window

So please, the lady's heading upstairs the first door
The second deliver my clothes, the third, run my tub water
Every way she represented made sense to me
When black is out of state, building spots, making lucci

The wind blows the candles, now the moon shines on my chest
But nevertheless I gently rest my head on her breast
But danger lurks in the wings based on how the cards read 'em
I think she'd better tell 'em

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The blackest of the seeds to dawn stepping with two briefcases
For my son you bless your people when you conquer like Cannibal
When I was about your age, I ran the numbers for money
I'm picturing him and John Gotti hanging in the study

I grew to be large in Crooklyn with your daddy back in
the day
We were ready to take Harlem before he passed away
Women and booze, the weapon I choose then was truly
major
I'm ringside with Don King when Ali fought Frazier

Scars and metals, when the mob settles I was flexing
My daughter was born so I called the X for some
direction
Your father's words are like the bible to black
But beware, he came barging in your room and you
wasn't there

You let your mind wander, a taste and face the search
party
Left the grounds fully loaded with the tre pound
They come in deep on the creep to find you and me
'Cause you can't stop destiny

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And get down and get down

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