

Pete Rock And Cl Smooth "Worldwide"

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Who keeps it methods and orthodox, who caught the
props
Who's styles are shit, who's gonna rock?
On to the break of dawn, you wanna battle, pay the
price
Mathematically precise, smooth and plus nice

With a flow that's like a mailman or letter carrier
Rob-O brings the ghetto area
Funk flavor through your neighborhood, state, town, or
borough
Stay down, I don't think I'm quite thorough

Not your average rapper
'Cause in a sec I write some shit to blast your wack ass
to Mecca
See Rob's the most Mecca to grab the microphone and
yes y'all it
To school these dreads and stress these bald heads

The INI's in the house
Pete Rock, Grap Luva, Mark, and Polo rising and you
don't stop
We let the funk slide and let God be our guide
Flowing from the Vernon worldwide

Worldwide, worldwide
Worldwide, worldwide

It's the funk god, taking you worldwide, so bust it
Flowing over beats 'cause it's a must, kid
That I proceed to fix the hardcore in the mix
Check one two with the flow that fits

I make the hits that soar, I put the wreck in the raw
'94 in your local record store
It's Pete Rock and CL, the main ingredient
Now leave your wack style home, 'cause you won't be
needing it

I grab the mic and get wreck for real
You hear me on the wax, kid, you see me on the steel

Can you feel the funk as I inject?
Then God protect it, hold the mic, see I select it

To keep it crazy versatile
But still underground, packs the four pound 'cause it's
wild
In this place you'll find it hard to hide
Soul Brother and I'm going worldwide

Worldwide, worldwide
Worldwide, worldwide
Worldwide, worldwide
Worldwide, worldwide

Now who's the greatest? Few debate this, you're still
figuring?
Well, perish the thought, there's none bigger in
This act son, Mecca is all I attract
You're wack, son, yeah your talent's a fraction

While I'm nice, as Christ, there's two religions
So envision a messiah on a mission, the competition
I'll stop your wishing point blank 'cause you lost it
Your joint sank, your soft style's exhausted

And now it's mandatory, you stand before me amazed
and awed
Giving praise, you're the God
Rob cipher's born, most Mecca supreme
A fly MC with the self-esteem

You keep it wholesome and still I relax a bit
I play this shit out, now get out 'cause my wig out has to
hit
I'm steadily encouraging head bops while you're
scurrying to get props
I'm worldwide

Yo, check out the rhyme buster, pullin' niggas through
the wringer
I'm not a singer, as I conduct with one finger
It's the orchestrate, the mutilator, master funktator
I've got mad flow from here to Asia

'Cause I'll amaze ya with the skills that I possess
Knock out the rhymes with all the rest
So I suggest if you're in the way step aside
'Cause Pete Rock is coming worldwide

