

Radney Foster

"Can't Front on Me"

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Ah, yeah, yes
Psychedelic
Uh, come on
This is what I like
It's that Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth stuff
Uh huh, yeah
Brothers can't understand
You know I'm about to drop a funky beat on you
Like this...

Hit the war drums that vibrate the earth underneath
Here my people and I come, gotta wake up the chief
Not a pale frail ghost, C.L.'ll wreck the most
Cuz the Mecca land never had a Leo Africanos
The Sudanian, master of the Mediterranean
And if it's lovely I'm the one you're Skypagin'
Lower than the Mole Man, R&B, you're silly
The only male hardcore crusin' through my city
Rise to the supernova, swami like Bola
Heavy hitter I consider Ueuker leanin' on my shoulder
Measure like a yardstick, thick at arithmetic
You add it up and I roast a high pick flick
Hit the pitch and then I'm gone as the funk lingers on
I don't publicize here to keep the black race torn
But steady at an altitude where you get the mental
food
Not to be rude, here's a fresh pot brewed
Oh, what a web we weave when we practice to deceive
Sparkin' off a trick up the sleeve
Pete stocked the bedrock, listen and you'll see
And I'm sure you will agree you can't front on me

Yo, you can't front
It's like that, c'mon, yeah
Yes, you know I got to talk
You can't front
I'm tellin' you now
C.L. Smooth and the Rock, c'mon

Many consumed what was locked in a tomb
That I gradually groomed, coming out now smelling

like perfume
So take a whiff when I wrap a gift, play ya like a gospel
A logical apostle, colossal (whooweee!)
Afro, a cut me like a fade with a Braun
Sport a bald head, but never needed Hair Club for Men
Drop a SCUD, fully-capable, a form in a eclipse
Skips to backflips soon as it leaves my lips
Suave know, I can make the funk turn the habit
Kick the old 45 and I can boogie on static
Welcome to the Brahma Don, pilgrimage to Mecca Don
A prayer for the parish, Soucron Affwaun
Cuz ain't no misbehavin' when they manage what
you're cravin'
Put the "Anger in the Nation" on your station
Anvils that fills the whole circumference
And black people crowd in a mass abundance
To hear Gabriel's horn, blow it like a Naiji
What's the flavor unit with the top priority?
C.L., untouchable with the clip full
Impossibly, the posse can't front on me

Don't you dare front
Don't you dare front
Not on me
Cuz I'm the man
C.L.'s the rhymer
Right on time
Right on, my brother
Come on, kick another verse for me

You desire the messiah for the entire empire
Total organizer of the earth, wind, and fire
C.L. and Pete Rock unlock the hard rock
Many want to mock and the honey-dips clock
Intercontinental for the residential
Never coincidental, rough on a rental
Count all the bars numeric
Pro-prosthetic if ya let it resurrect the nongeneric
The brother on the cover, yes, a rapper not a singer
If you recognize him, point with your index finger
Shock another flock when I hit the block
God or Devil on the set that's level, labeled as a rebel
In retrospect I detect those incorrect
And reflect the black power project
Supreme cuz I chose to never blaspheme
Going to the extreme, place it on a very high beam
And drop jewels for five thousand fools who stamped
Cuz the proper show stopper's what ya need
So come and get a taste of the dynamic duo
And I'm sure you will agree you can't front on me
(Yoooo!)

You can't front, boy
Cuz we're the skilled fools (skibooze?)
We'z are the funk
The hardcore funk
We ain't no joke
Comin' out to note
Ah, yeah
With the funk track
Sing it, P.

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