

InI

"To Each His Own"

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f/ Large Professor, Q-Tip

* send corrections to the typist

Yeah, uhh uhh InI is in the place

Yeahyeah uuh

Along with my man Extra P and my man Q-T

Here in the place to be

With the capital P, Rock on

[Verse 1: Grap Luva]

I'm braced just from my voice bring life to microphones

And my weight phone moves I'm headed for the dead zone

You heads flown and it's a crazy rest

You should've vest when the Kane come to test the best

So next up is the one the non-half stepper

Keeper of the thought, healer of the lepras

Controller of the treezy with no ego to feed

Cause I stays level headed, vocabulary

I'm better up in the dome, I'm bound to crush

Rollin' up I spill the bone free

See it's the G bring it to you in the physical

Comin' through with the crucial ball material

I entertain each time I'm in the session

Leavin brothers guessin', yo what's that sound

Got 'em wishin' they was on this bitches mouth goin'
down

Inl vibrations over plumb tracks

Most of y'all found cats couldn't match that

Touch this, I don't think you should attempt to

Cause if you do, plus I got two examples

From gettin any clout

No doubt to each his own

[Chorus]

To each his own (repeat 8 times)

[Verse 2: Q-Tip]

Check it out to each his own, watch out cat

Niggas think daz can get a dollar bill

Choices made, they choose the ill

Inside a nigga wanna survivalism of all the scrams

It's crazy let's make you move, tryin to be topscore

And he really don't give a rats ass who he go to

He's a big boy, he bites all he can chew

But yo I eat all plates with hip hop written on it

Pete Rock the group Inl shittin on it

Lyricaly impressive ain't no second guesses

The most poppin shit talker is the one who stresses

And you see the Abstract with a tight lipped caddy

Speakin on my peace and my soul is ever vary

Til my microphone I dialogue

Sit back with a whole lot a love, complement it with
claps

I'm on some grown men shit, my peak is not yet
reached

So I remind my one and take 'em each

To each his own

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Rob-O]

Excuse me, I'm here to earn a man a buck or two

Now take a chance with life or lose the fuckin you

All your friends, your flower lack potent

You used to be shy but now you wanna be my stands

On the E-L this is gonna swell for a second

While I'm catchin wreck, how many others should she
step in

The sack with, guess I better get a Profalectic

Back to the crib in case I smack it

Bad tactic cause a gym hat caught it flat

Plus the ball stick wasn't even all of that

Now it's hectic I'm headin to the joint gettin injected

Plus the fact that I'm infected

So check it out, yo when you with these chicks

And they spread out, with skins enough to take ya head
out

Use precaution cause some is packin' death behind the
set

Peace to the Gods, so watch your dick

To each his own

[Verse 4: Large Professor]

To each his own, niggas is sown, bout to full blown

Brother who could never be a clone

Large Pro so fuck your bullshit harsh, yo

I'm rappin with the weapon my whole squad glow

Like a diamond, so don't sham fan, I have to climb in

That ass like a truck, leavin niggas as struck

Like lightening bold that cats flow goes right in the volt

In the end peace to land times ten

Cee-Lo the whole InI is my people

So sit back relax and just listen while we pull

The moneys and honeys fake fours did clone

To each his own, to each his own

[Chorus](repeated til fade)

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