

Pamela Morgan

"Makin' it Blend"

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[Q-Tip]

Uh...

Abstract, queens cat, what we lookin at?

Sixth sense, too immense, smellin is the fact

Out here, you got your shiesty cats yappin back bosom
track

Until we take it back, you pro'ly won't be feelin rap

[Wordsworth]

WORDSWORTH, brooklyn night, what it lookin like?

5 senses, 9 inches, 5 foot in height

Out here, you got you're ?crooks and hikes,
shook and sheist?, look alike

Payed off the books from dice, good lookin and hookin
tight

HOOK 1 [both]:

"the beat" scratching in

Us, you, they and them

YO.. her and him

We make it blend I say we makin it blend

YO... *Q-Tip* uh uh uh uh uh uh

Us, you, they and them

YO.. her and him

We make it blend I say we makin it blend

YO... *Q-Tip* uh uh uh uh uh uh

[Q-Tip]

Back when I came out, first joint I hit it out

New styles to talk 'bout, new ground to walk about

Still breakin shit wit the hammer of thought god

Bigger than ass god, hittin your ass hard

Act it out cause there no time to word shit

You never win wit wordsworth the word smith

[Wordsworth]

The verse gets tighter every second the earth twists

Heard its Q-tip and Words you had to purchase

Refer this, now wait a minute, what's that I heard skip?

Nerves twich, play this so much it's prob'ly your third

disc

On purpose, at your service, basement to service
Learn this, how can you rehearse something that's
perfect?

[Q-Tip]

Isn't it funny when you use your favorite pen
And get your rhyme pad write shit that's truly bad?
Embarrass yourself, make a buck and mockery
In the hipocracy, you never toppin me
I'm the monopoly and jail is your ?catoponese? of
unfair policies
Invade your rotten "B", you hit the lottery
Women, you spottin me, I'm extortin you upon your ?
matrobotomy?

[Wordsworth]

Aiyyo it gotta be the way I respond that makes you on
to me
Song hittin award winnin, y'all just the nominees
Play it safe, I'll arrange your wake
My papermate will have my lable-maced album
released a later date
Police patrol the city 'til I'm as old as 50
Hat back, clothes won't fit me, causin fire, old won't
frisk me
My hands are ammunition bailin cons or banned in
prison
I'm who you wanna be blowin out your candles wishin

HOOK 2 [both]:

"the beat scratched in"

Makin it, makin it blend

YO... makin it blend

3x

Makin it, makin it blend

Make, makin it blend

[Wordsworth]

Yo, I like a woman wit a bangin body, the face and
frame of Halle
Attitude - angry, snotty, speaks slang and cocky
Time to hangin gotta bring a posse
Through rainy days she got me, like Whitney stay wit
Bobby

[Q-Tip]

Yo, your cake is in the kitchen, you wish for preminision
It's turned around by my firm thoughts of demolition
It's time to numb your run and dim your vision
It's time to give up the hopes and dreams that made
your aquesition

[Wordsworth]

Ain't gotta drop top dag clothes and roll the 60s
But after shows, ladies drop tops and show their titties
Of course the globe can't oppose, it's risky
Or even go against me, I'm WORDS,
so everytime that you flow you spit me

[Q-Tip]

We in the asphalt, you cause your last fall
Insult to injury is where we curse the salt
Douse the open wound to the tomb
Its time to sit back and watch professionals in full
bloom

HOOK 1

more scratchin til fade out...

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