

Phife Dawg "Lemme Find Out"

Visit "[Lemme Find Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo Pete, run that

[VERSE 1]

Growin up I used to use the Afro Sheen

Knicks and Lakers was my favorite basketball teams

Underground MC, but I can bring it mainstream

Rap style being seen like muthafuckin Tom Greene

In the immortal words of Rakim, I'm a microphone fiend

Trini say 'yes, Jamaica say 'seen'

(Hold it down) gotta hold it down for Queens

(Recognize) (my name is Phife)

People still takin rappin for a joke

All they know is chips, whips, dank, hoes and smoke

What we need is raw peoples who will practice they craft

Goin hard to the extreme, why would you go half-assed?

Call me the Cal Ripken of the industry (Carl who?)

Seen rappers shine, as well as seen some hang their head in misery

No matter what whoever said, I stuck with it

Stay committted, hence the reason competition stay gettin shitted

On - what - I've held shit in for so long

(Go 'head, Phife, get your man on)

Reminisce 'bout them school lunch tables I used to
bang on

Run-D.M.C. at M.S.G. gettin they shine on

Knowin one day I'd get that chance, yo

And the reward wasn't just dough, it was when people
hit the danceflo'

A way with culture lyrics or shorties singin "Can I kick
it?"

Yeah, that's the ticket, go 'head, show me your Tribe
spirit

Man listen, I'm here to tell it

Success was bound to come, how I know? I can smell it

Phife be sharper than an arrow

Equivalent to Pete Rock or Primo collectin vinyl

Cause it's all about the love, yo

Battle whoever whenever, let's get it on, yo

Bust that ass like no tomorrow

Just to keep the flows up to par

But nowadays none of you maggots would like to spar

But here I are, 10 years in the cut

Five albums, did three of em dope, two of them (
disgusted sound) - and such and such

But like they say, a true champ, he always rises

Phife Dawg, Da LP, full of surprises

(Lemme find out)

Y'all niggas ain't got no clout

(Lemme find out)

Y'all niggas got my name in your mouth

(Lemme find out)

Them labels lately puttin shit out

(Lemme find out)

Ah-ha

(Lemme find out)

Ah-ha

(Lemme find out)

You want me to come blow up the spot

(Lemme find out)

Y'all niggas is all in the cot

(Lemme find out)

You don't know about Pete Rock

(Lemme find out)

Ah-ha

(Lemme find out)

Ah-ha

(Lemme find out)

[VERSE 2]

On my way to the club better known as One-Tweezy

Where you find them fake ballers and some hoes
lookin sleazy

The place where robbin a nigga is so easy

Same club where strippers go, I think I found one to
ease me

1:30 in the morning, taking it easy

This one dude's all in my shit, for a sec I thought I had
tits, gee

I overheard him saying that my rap style was pussy

I'm nothin on my own, the rest were better without me

I couldn't comprehend, he said it under his breath

But when I did, no hesitation, to my business I stepped

What you say? Excuse me? Pardon? Oh, don't be a
bitch, sucker

Now you wanna act shy? You know my name,
muthafucka

Straight pussy nigga, oh now it's what, you don't know?

Believe me man, you can get that ass bust for sho'

Just because a nigga rappin, what you think it can't
happen?

What the deal, you wanna dance? We can get straight
to scrappin

Hm, I'm sayin Pete, you know the drilly, black (No
doubt, son)

New York is to the fullest, we don't know how to act

But on a professional level, should I deal with this?

Like the Goodie Mob say, I'm too real for this

Work too muthafuckin hard for this, used to lie, cheat,
steal for this

An innovator when it comes to this

Feed my fam with this, put clothes on they back with
this

Bust my ass to be a part of this

Livin my life with this

Makin people straight rejoicin this

Aw fuck it, I'm so nice with this

I make your broad drop her drawers for this

Slit her wrist for this, and now what, punk, bitch

But fuck it yo, I ain't trippin

I know a asshole when I see one, just don't get caught
slippin

So what the fuck now, nigga?

Yo, suck on ???? right here, in my pants, behind my
zipper

(Lemme find out)

Y'all niggas ain't got no clout

(Lemme find out)

Y'all niggas got my name in your mouth

(Lemme find out)

Them labels lately puttin shit out

(Lemme find out)

What

(Lemme find out)

What

(Lemme find out)

You want me to come blow up the spot

(Lemme find out)

Y'all niggas is all in the cot

(Lemme find out)

You don't know about Pete Rock

(Lemme find out)

Ah

(Lemme find out)

Ah

(Lemme find out)

Yo

2000

2001, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9

Till 2000-bombaclaat-30

Ya hear me

Live life

Live long

Stay strong

I'm out

(No doubt, son)

Visit [Phife Dawg](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.