

Cale Sampson f/ More or Les

"Best Foot Forward"

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[Intro: {*More or Les scratches*}] "Making Moves" "Up Next we got More or Les" "And special guest Rhythmicru" "Got some* *sick talents" "On the beat, D-Ray the kid" "On the mic, Cale the Lyricist" "On the cuts, on the mic, L.E.S." "Show them brothers you're nice" [Verse 1: More or Les] With the push of a button or the twist of a dial You're getting this MC and plenty of shit* *they call style Is what I bring, vocals that sing My girlfriend says I have perfect pitch And I ain't trying to waist a gift, but I'd rather be rapping You know like lyrics, Emceeing My whole life, so you're like hearing and seeing The words like in bold type, underlined, even Italicized, word perfect Son I get you hooked from Chapter one Like a murder mystery, Play the record theory Hear the first forty seconds and wanna own it when I'm performing It ain't much different, here to flow the distance and rap great out the gate, rehearse that ass I remove any doubt that you had in the sound system, whether I go first or last [Chorus: More or Les & Cale Sampson] (More or Les) Put my Best Foot Forward when rocking shows From the beginning I got skills and want you all to know (Cale Sampson) I put my Best Foot Forward inside the booth When I'm in the studio I always spit the truth (More or Les) I put my Best Foot Forward when writing rhymes So I can give rap it's proper shine I put my Best Foot Forward (Forward) Forward (Forward) Cause it's backwards to not show what you're worth *[Verse 2: Cale Sampson]* Yeah, these two Vans Warped tour vets Perform sets 'till we have no vocals chords left Forget a chord less, even with a sore chest I can still rhyme all night on my porch steps And if your CD stinks like horse breath It'll just be tossed, like how a dwarf gets That's why I always come freakier than porn sex But you'll never hear like a baby that's born deaf Don't you feel like were being ignored (Yes) Hip hop's gotta take a look to the north next Canada hasn't had much support yet But we still aren't bitter like a divorced ex And I don't need anymore stress Find it hard to escape like indoor pets More or Les and Cale with the chorus You can sing it if you know it, or just do your best [Chorus: Cale Sampson & More

or Les] (Cale Sampson) I put my Best Foot Forward
when it comes to friends They know they can count on
me to be there in the end (More or Les) I put my Best
Foot Forward to make some dough So my family and
my business can grow (Cale Sampson) I put my Best
Foot Forward everything that I do Long as I'm trying my
best, there's no way I can lose I put my Best Foot
Forward (Forward) Forward Cause it's backwards to
not show what you're worth [Verse 3: More or Les &
Cale Sampson] (More or Les) Good breakfast, firm
handshake Great blind date is what my rhymes are like
Hype out the starting blocks like ("C'mon feet") rap-a-
lete, handing off the baton to Cale, we don't fail In this
relay, it's D-Ray that runs the track ("Yeah I said it"),
cause people download and they don't read credits So
I put my Best Foot Forward, to make sure that
Everybody gets represented (Cale Sampson) No doubt,
so grab a headband and a pair of sweat pants Our
metaphors move faster than your legs can And give
you head cramps, like doing a keg stand Only way that
we'll stop is for the Red Ants That stand out like breast
implants After this there will be no second chance
Especially if your style blows like dead amps I'm like
Napoleon when he led France I put my Best Foot
Forward [Outro: {*More or Les scratches*}] "Making
movesâ€¦Forward" 8X

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