

Campaign

"Damn Right"

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verbally its dinner time..me and
mine dine exquisite...Ice like a blizzard.. rockin crocks
and
lizards..me and Poof in the Ac..North Kack be where
we're
at..droppin
hits at the Ritz allway down to Sugar Shacks..matter
fact
we got it sewn..lock, stock, and barrel...bout to hit you
soon - keep

your eye on the sparrow...Gotta bounce when you hear
it
..turn it up a notch..cause man Fat Daddy bout to blow
up your
spot..We
keep it hot like July ...you can't deny that we fly...see
we play every day from L.A. to N.Y..and cross seas we
got trees
in the
West Indies...Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord
Mercy...With fourty thieves, I be chillin..keep the
Champagne
spillin..theres no need for illin..representin all my
children...as the
world turns ..gravity pulls..we hold it down..It's
Q..D...T...and
me...The best pound for pound

Vs.2: IQ & T-Strait

It's the incredible sound...that shakes the
ground..city..states and
towns..holding it down..for our crown...headed legacy
bound....so
what's
your name.. T- Straite, who are you...It's I.Q. ...taking
these crews out by twos making moves to
confuse....who could
refuse the
flave the way we shape it like clay....without a loss..we

set it off without F. Gary Gray....For all my peeps in this
piece....From F.J.'s to Black Sheep...School Boy and Big
Lord we
keep
attacking them beats....From the streets of
Q.C....Internationally....collectin cheese...fillin seats to
capacity...you know the
type..we're first in flight ta keep if fly with a mic....F. J.'s
that
hype to keep you tight all night..Damn Right

Vs. 3: DRES

Yo..I be ahead in the polls to rock numerous
souls...got
this style more sweet than Dr. J's fingerrolls..who it
be..me..slammin from the top of the key.. Black Pearl -
I.Q. - T
Straite
- and Fat Daddy..Now watch us achieve and sieze the
moment with the greatest of ease..with expertise on the
air...it be
the
draft of coolbreeze...with cheddar cheesey vo-
cals...gotcha
actin so-cial ..from North Kak to Cali..to New York City
lo-cales....bout ta..cut the gristle...who's sharper than a
whistle...who's
sound get's around like a pawn shop pistol...freely I
flow...see me
and
mine ...G. E....TP....AI....D ..you cant mess with
the...cheeba
choppin money clocker droppin lyrics on the one....with
my pants
kinda
saggin cause my pockets weigh a ton...cheat on my
wife
with a mic...so complex our romance...that I be known to
get a
dance out
of a B-Boy stance

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