Ja Rule F/ Shade Sheist "We Good"

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[Kardinal]

Yeah, I see you P'Rrahh
It's Mr. Kardinal, we good
Worry about us, it's Kardinal Offishall
Knahmean, circle niggaz in dis
Y'knahmean, straight from T Dot
Linked up with the grand master of the beats, P'Rrrah
It's the Pete Rock, y-yeah, NY to T Dot

C'mon - yeah, raisin my fist is like the bat sign, bringin out lyricists I attract heat, I be the under overground Microphone magician, subteranean, unindentified sky-toucher, maneuver the machines And rip apart MC's and hang 'em from the seams (yeah)

Large nigga seem scary, out in the hood Shootin tic-tac-toe in your Burberry For generations, a cold verse killer's been chillin out Waitin in the cut, spillin out Hot shit, yeah they feelin me now, cause I linked with Pete

The best at it since Nas and "Illmatic"
Respect is automatic, got it, well hold it
A lot of MC's will need it to pay they rent, sewed it
And eventually fold it (uh-huh) check my resume
I'm like H&R Block when I rock
Y'all niggaz get the greatest return, plus a 3rd degree
burn
when I earn airtime like H. Stern

Kardinal's like a 20 carat diamond
Up in the rough dust, New York check the shinin
I'm intertwinin, line for line combinin
with Mr. Rock rhymin, flowin on time and
Stop your whinin, y'all couldn't let go
since I flowed over the remix of "Grindin'"

[Chorus: Kardinal]

We good (we good) don't worry 'bout us, nigga we good

Kardinal and Pete Rock crank up in the hood

When I'm in the USA, they say "yes DJ"
When Pete's in the blend they say "my nigga come again"

We good (we good) don't worry 'bout us, nigga we good

Kardinal and Pete Rock crank up in the hood When I'm in J.A. they say "yes DJ" When I'm in the C-A-N they say "my nigga come again"

[Kardinal]

Yeah what makes the best rapper, ice on the wrist? Ice on the chain? Ice in the bucket with the Crist'? Ice grill, iced down, ice inside my frown Ice start sparklin on the spaghetti strap gown (HU!) Kardinal, nickname No Gimmicks Still the nigga to get up in it, rip the place down Rock a wife beater, show off my belly when I'm ready The type to drive around on bootleg Pirellis MC's gettin stuck like clubgoers in Chi-Town Rip any prick from Brixton to my town The T Dot, yeah you know me Bringin back the bad bwoy style, yeah ya owe me Gun finger in da air, shootin blanks Thinkin bout the day I can live next to Phil Banks 'Til then, my circle niggaz straight out the hood Don't worry 'bout us, nigga we good

[Chorus]

We good (we good) don't worry 'bout us, nigga we good Kardinal and Pete Rock crank up in the hood When I'm in J.A. they say "yes DJ" When I'm in Brixton they say "my nigga come again"

[Kardinal]

Yo yo, protect your +Head & Shoulders+ when the Kardinal bust

Boy I take care of two in one shot like +Pert Plus+ Buck buck! Niggaz get dumb live on acetate Massacre masses of MC's on mixtapes (yup) Street cats get taken out with street raps Live from the streets where peeps meet to see a weak nigga see defeat

Y'know, take a week to look back

And reflect on how you can't spit when Kardinal speak Unique like o-ccasional crackheads

Monster talk to settin off a gourmet verse like rice pilaf (Fuck off!) I'm great

Save the petty black trash talkin for Ricky Lake

[Chorus]

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