

Dope On A Rope

Nice & Smooth

Look, stare, you can scope
Because Nice & Smooth is like dope on a rope
Yo, Nice & Smooth is like dope on a rope

A cyclops, has one eyeball
Hello Dolly like how'd you fall
I can riff cause my name's not Biff
I'll drink a Heineken (well I'll smoke a spliff)
Yo I caught a ci-zzab, paid the ti-zzab
Jump, (?) a boot to bi-zzack
Ooh man damn dag forgot my doo rag
Like Popeye need spinach to beat up the sea hag
My name is Greg Nice, I got gusto
I got a little booty and she better no be no ho
On the mic I'll never diss
But if I diss you know what you can kiss
Kiss me, yo, I'm not a star baby
I eat beef baby, not caviar
No chaffeur and no Benz car
Down with Nice & Smooth and I'm gonna go far

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Lookin out beyond a level of sight and sound
To wear a crown might be profound
But pound for pound I must astound you
Or leave a stain inside your membrane
I want to reign, supreme like a Powerlord
And use my brain and a pen, like a shield and a sword
Since my mind conceive this, why not believe it
My hands receive it, and therefore I must achieve it
Then I have no other alternative
Than to show the party people just how I live
See I emerged from a level called brown
And like an atom radiates, I develop from the elements
Then I saw a vision of greatness
So I proceeded to follow a path, where only warriors go
I found the glow, I learned to know to go with the flow
I've grown, but must continue to grow
I'm like the sun, or should I say the North Star
A black pearl, or maybe I'm a quasar
I'm bright as hell, sometimes it even scares me
How in the world could one MC, be so deep?
I don't creep, like a frog I leap
And I, reap what I sew and sew what I reap
My lyrics seep into your soul and gain control
This is a fact not rigamarole
I'm icy cold but warm like a mink stole
See I've been writin' rhymes, since I was pre-natal
I have a lust and hunger for stage, my attraction is fatal
If I was to categorize me
I'd be a bigger surprise than human eyes could see

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Teddy Ted, the late night rocker
Gets a little tipsy when he drinks a little vodka
But his hands stay steady on the wheels of steel
You duck DJ's y'all know the deal