

Back On Da Block

Pete Rock

(Yeah, yeah... yeah... uh huh, uh huh)
You love it when it's like this, we deep over there
The dice games, the car shows, broads everywhere
New paper freakin' me off, my workout's mean
Spending hours in the 'cuzzi, clicking channels on the screen
Miss Chin, full body rub, hosted that snub
Got a mob of thugs, shirts off, dancing through the club
See, the ladies keep touring, the Cris keep pouring
I'm Iverson at the two guard, automatic scoring
Want a woman that's doin' it, got her own stash
Some Halle Berry, Salli Richardson, Stacey Dash
Come to all Venus' tennis matches, full linen suit
Next to Lisa Les, some WNBA loot
Slide a few mommies on a plane, sippin' coladas
Wrote half the album over the sands in the Bahamas
Gotta hurt some things, wanna live like kings
Come sharp for the playoffs, the race for the rings

It was a Friday night, all the ladies rump shakin'
The place start quakin' and everybody makin'
Hot beats for the street, let everybody know
Pete Rock is on the on the beat box
And every jam that we rock, we rock it non-stop
Represent, show love every time we drop
Cash in for the wins, my man, he likes skins
CL, he's back up on the block

We the hottest thing moving right now, screw y'all
Let it get money, and watch what it do to y'all
Play to win it all, sweeping anybody, ya heard?
Spottin' one of my pretty toys, moving up 3rd
Make a right down 7th Ave to 4th Street Park
Feelin' the whole ghetto vibe and set my mark
Like the first time wifey let you taste the snatch
Holding three carats, platinum, with the Rolly to match
I do it to be the best, money's nothing to me
Got it all and want more, how hungry are we?
The streets made us officially, flash or lay low
Meet the undisputed king of the volcano
Picture my team, living this American Dream
All in my theme, lovin' how it picked up steam

Wanna count my cake by a calculator, fool
And add ten to twenty thick ones, loungin' by the pool

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Put it down like I was born to do it, made to live it
Paid to spit it, custom fitted, watchin' me get it
Want the nice legs, 'nuff kitty, stay driving something pretty

Cozy in a duplex, overlooking the city
Slick heels wit' yo' toes showin', sun dress, wind blowing
Catchin' plenty like that, feel the way it's flowing
We can party all night long, baby, they understand
Deep down, you know I'm really just a one-woman man
You ain't bigger than the next steak for eating your Wheaties
I'm into sweet cigars, suntans and wet bikinis
Off to sell-out crowds from the magazine page
Out the tunnel in the studio, to bring it to the stage
All sexual to hit y'all gutter, high velocity
Dames wanna taste it for the sheer curiosity
It's strong and it's real, plus it lives by the code
A multi-million dollar project in ass-shaking mode

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[Rap sample:] Mecca and the Soul Brother

[Rap sample:] In the house

(repeated and scratched)

[Spoken sample:] Pete Rock... CL Smooth... Pete Rock, CL Smooth, 2000...