

# Back On The 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 with '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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Mecca and the Soul Brother  
In the house  
Mecca and the Soul Brother  
In the house...

Pete Rock... CL Smooth... Pete Rock, CL Smooth, 2000...