

Head Rush

Pete Rock

Head Rush

Yo... before the Greeks and the creeks..
It's an old Pete Rock classic, nigga, yo

Before the Greeks and the creeks, before you can stand
Before your hands and your feet, from a band or a beat
We would stand on the street, with our hands on our heat
Twelve grams, twelve feet away, balled up in a sheet
Of Reynold's wrap, one smack, leave's your dentals back
Your voice get quiet like the voice in the instrumental track
Slick from the lip lisp, son, sip the citrus
My voice unfolds, with the soul of The Whispers
On the block, we rock loud like The Pistols
Up in the crib, my wiz drinkin' a Harvey's Bristol
Natural flavor, yours be artificial
I blow holes in skin, like big nose through snotty tissue
They go berserk, when the dollar dollar bill is on
The thrill is gone... upgrade to the silicone
That's birth of four billion, eight hundred milli-on
It's not official until I smack the W, silly on
From the valleys of Ohio, to the sounds of Cairo
Still hit, like the whirlwind kick of Ryu
Zig-Zag-Zig Allah, still puzzled like the jigsaw
You renig', you get jinxed, pa, Pete Rock exclusive..

We boat guard the road, like trucks on the turnpike
Smoke by the load, just to see what it burns like
Architectural design, intellectual rhyme
Official stripe, movin' on a diagonal line
With thugs trapped, scholars they want the books back
The piece, they turn us off, the moment they look back
The castling position, made weak by a wind calm
Knights lose armor from the pressure, we bring on
And fire all these shots in the rhymes with mad flames
Kept the cramp game, and he posted on bad squares
The king's the kick, the queen's the snare
The bass are minor pieces that move in a pair
Quick to break through, an un-parallel opponent
I do it on the regular, at any given moment
Check the venue, those to make the saga continue
Before you check the credits, the swords is all in you
It's real... it's real... it's real... it's real...