

Hold The Drums

Pete Rock

Kush God, Pete Rock, in your earlobes
Had the babyface flow now I let the beard grow
Lil' niggas pointing in the streets like, "There he go"
Mama had me rockin' bucket hats when I was a year old
Yeah though RFC or Dikembe
Me I get the rent paid, el presidente
Chief executive officer, sensei
Fuck the petty shit, fam, got no time to engage
On this shit I'm like MJ nigga
Your mink's rented, mine's got my name engraved in 'em
Come on man, what we talkin' 'bout jeans?
You spend all that bread to break her in
And I come fuck her for free
Fuckin' with me, sucka emcees stay stuck in your seat
My homie, trim trees and keep me on repeat
I told him roll a thumb
Pete this sample so ill that you can hold the drums

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On second thought, give 'em no air keep 'em neckin' off
Flying through the building like a wrecking ball
Whose next, who's not? Who shelf, who drop?
Did a five city tour, came home, new drop
Top of the food chain ox it's therapy
O.G. lit, meet Hennessy
Feed all my niggas some chicks, good energy
They chasing a hit, me I'm chasing the legacy
And I ain't talking about the crown, clown
I'm talking fifty years from now clown, kids' kids crowd out
Inspire the mind of the future, make no mind a maneuver
Stay bossed up and not new to this real
Everyday we throw rocks at the pen tryna make us some ends
But the street game designed for us never to win
So they can hold them crumbs
Pete this sample is so ill that you can hold the drums

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Uh, my dude, this Pete Rock groove
I got TEC-9 Tourette's; call me Mahmoud Abdul-Rauf
I toss death down your steps, my nigga I'll get rid of you pricks
Answer the man, this right here could get biblical quick

By this lyrical originator
My kids is so spoiled from keeping them in the illest flavors
I should keep 'em in the refrigerator
I got bitches'll bust at your wig
I got digits and all my competition's looking up at the jig
My attitude is cash rules and to each his own
Mac shooters dispatched to ya through speaker phones
Act foolish then bad news is gon' beat you home
We was at risk as teens, too stressed to have a full hairline
So I might a Memphis Bleek or LL Cool J hat fished your queen
Every breath I breathe is fresh that's Listerine
The more that I get over the more of something to over come
So I'm gun-totin', I'll hold the pump and I hold the drums

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PR please hold the drums
My nigga hold the drums
This right here is so ill you should hold the drums
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