

I Get Physical

Pete Rock

It's going down from out of town
Off the wicked streets of New York trouble
Me and my man map the plan and make a hefty bundle
Blessing weight to listen to greats from the bassment gates
Making the dubplates that cause quakes in other states
My soldiers guzzle 40's with the shorties working the scenes
In tight jeans that blows all your boyfriends to smithereens
On a scout to get humped out from the zone, bumping Babyface
When everything's live, I let my Boo drive
Now do my hot shells ring bells and my knockouts settle beef
Any last requests? You better make it brief
Kid from 'Life Sucks' to 'Major Bucks' while Pete rocks
Control blocks from ballplayers to corner hustlers
Here come the Spark Brothers, many retire when I open fire
Dropping smooth synthetic, the physical's mental
But the outcome is energetic
Larger clientele, drops by the CL, the spiritual
To set it one time on the physical

I get physical, mystical, very artistical

You must be silly my soul is Bigger than Willie to shock a city
With some of the Mecca-fied joint at the boiling point
Making stable moves, wrestling grooves, here comes the pain
My style's invisible knives, slicing to the root of your brain
Funk locks when the terror come to box from the Pete Rizzocks
Knocks the ghetto blaster funking full fashion
Now dames kick the sham real slow, talking the shopping's urgent
There hasn't been that much scheming since Eve met the serpent
My love rules Daisy Duke's amused
Check the view of the issue my flexing bounce to your body tissue
You know the Iceberg Slim, dig it Daddy, let the click grows
Exotic to my foes, how I pimp these hoes
Don't be surprised, you get Tysonized, the ultimate test
Is like Sweet Pea spankin all of Chavez best
Blessed on a lyrical slugfest, cause every round's critical
One blow that kept the dough physical

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You better brace yourself, in other words, fasten seatbelts
When the Carmel melts, you love spots in your poom poom shorts
No one can rock me and my latest aristocracy of Funktasia
I represent the full intent to bring the flavor
Head or gut, steady laying in the cut, fool it's mine kid
For niggas doin a master race Scarface bid
Maintain God, and keep it all solid
From the Overlord Adolpho Muhammad
To game written twenty years down the line still hitting
Making arena sites rougher than the hockey fights
It's just one of those nights, topsy turvy like a roller derby
Style is coming sturdy any way you wanna work me
Check the bizarre and hear a star, with so much
Chocolate over the Carmel, we need to own a candy bar
But before we merc, run the drill I get physical
Mystical, very artistical

I get physical, mystical, very artistic