

In the House

Pete Rock

I'd like to... introduce myself

Check it out and give me my 'spect
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Hit the lights and I appear beyond the stratosphere of Meccable function
And if you're pretty let your lady sleep in Carmel City
Begin and end the day on Lennon hunts for beachfronts
To lit blunts, now all agreed we're sippin OJ with the Dom P
Bounce and bring it like it counts to be Luccified
CL is sextified and women spell me nationwide
You say you want my lips where and I can grab your what?
I love your hips legs breasts faces with the firm butt
Now feel the muscle when I hustle in the bedsheets
Cause my manly treats can hit the fridge for more sweets
SPLASH, and let me do my thing til it's hot and sweaty
Reload the CamCorder, I guess by then you'll be ready
Cause All My Children got One Life to Live
But knockin wifey out the box is clearly a negative
I'm in rugged wears with fancy facial wears
And all the real shit come in pairs, and bounce em in the house y'all

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Back again, I'm here to win, to bust rhymes on beats again
Copycats and rugrats, sit back and watch a champion
It's time to wreck shop and show the world I'm true to hip-hop
So check the style and peace to niggas in the penile
Now umm, it's the original Funky Chicken tactic
I run game on your brain for the fame cause I'm active
You try to follow in my footsteps, you can't do it
I'm pullin your card it ain't hard, I don't have to prove it
It's Pete Rock and CL Smooth to the utmost
From coast to coast, the music makes you overdose
You fiend, for the gangsta lean, I makes you scream
Rugged Bro Soul on the scene
A.k.a. the funk doer, numero uno, that means
Number one I get the job done plus I pack a gun
So run, and tell your peoples you'll be on the lookout
It's all about "Who's in the House?" with the funk

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Money up steps the new era of my lyrical terror
Funkadelic for lightin up spots ever since little tots
When the dust settle I'm packin heavy metal plenty
The drop'll slaughter many, strictly off illegal entry
It's elementary Watson, I drive a Benz not a Datsun
Before my kicks hit the stage, we've been Foot Locking

Body rockin to keep the ladies flockin with a concoction
Rippin your blouse for no less than arrest in Morehouse
My teeth grits where my knife slits, we train em
And scar em like pits, off vibes of the Mecca joint
Vibe to position, never runnin out of ammunition
Now to the heart, I'm steppin with a concealed weapon
Nothing's calm when the bomb blaze you know the phrase
It's Pete Rock and CL Smooth knockin nowadays
Eastside kid, you don't want none, so catch a relay
I'm lettin off on anybody tryin to steal my DJ

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