

On And On

Pete Rock

I am the one they call the G the R the A the P and
I didn't write this it's come off the top of the dome
So what'cha wanna do, and what'cha wanna go home
And tell, ya mama
That I'm one with all the mad drama
Yes I was causing, the movies on 125th St
I crossed over honey dip knew it was Harlem Week
I was going on the place to be
It's me, the capital rapital G-R-A-P
In the place to be with my man Pete Rock & CL Smooth
Gots to bust the groove as the people begin to move
And get on the dance floor
Got to move the funky stinkin' little whores
And all the hoods, and all the punks, and all the suckers
What the fuck I got stupid motherfuckers
On my dick
What the fuck I rock the mic so quick
With Adolfo, in the place to be
And my man Ras is right in back of me
Rob-O good to go, I got to f-l-o-w and that spells flow
With Chris Champ, and what's up I'm bout to get amped
On top of the mic, and I'mma set an exam-ple
Girls I pull, I got the honey dips so what's up my tank is full
Of sperm, I'm ready to bust a nut
What's up Pete Rock come get on the cut
Rock to beat, get wreck on the regular
Listen to me because I cause mass hysteria
Peace!

The nightcap was exiled, steadily profiled
As the underachievin non-believin can't stand to reason
Where's your daddy boy - to categorize the drinker
Misunderstood to make the ordeal linger
They label me a problem child who can't cope
Hangin by a thread, yes a very thin rope
Inevitably, can never be the man can I tell ya
Visualize and memorize him in a cellar
Well tally-ho, pip-pip, my fam's gonna catch a fit
My father lookin like he wanna bust my lip
But that was never good for my health
So I take the shovel out my pocket and dig myself
Now when I look at the man in the mirror
I see things much more clearer my Lord
I'm not that popular, less than a dollar
But the pengo I pack can make you holla

I said, what you don't know could make a whole new world
Man... listen! I'm set to sabotage premonition
Your propaganda, crooked type of version
Some of the things I bring, you're babblin non-person
Imbedded in my character, rebel nostalgia
Uncommon valor who'd rather
Have no man-made religion or sect
But try to believe what you conceive may be half correct
I shed light, to show the path in sight
Cause a man who can't treat you right can't teach you right
In front of your eyes, what a surprise, and let the nature rise

Just for the girls and the guys
A Phi-Slamma-Jamma when you wear a bandanna
Peace to Pop Dukes, and long live Nana
The formula's reality, Pete Rock's the storm
Together, forever, yes G we got it goin on

Internal affairs, flippin Hollywood Squares
In search of the Mecca many travel in pairs
Off the slave ship to Sodom and Gomorrah
To support a short order when I freak it on a corner
Five-oh cruisin, decide to pull you over
Beefin, "Where's the Coke?" I said, "A six-pack of soda?"
The rookie's lookin thirsty, but everything's mental
A baseball bat, to smack Shirley in the Temple
Agreed to meet the maker so I yelled Hail Mary's
And flew that head, to hit The House on the Prairie
But the past can never choose my future correctly
I found a greater source directly
On and on, keep it on, you chant the
Boppin simonized, pullin you clockwise jammie
To quickly skip the minimal tip, I dap for the wise I dip
Can anyone see, phenomenally, to the last degree?
I capitalize subliminally, wreck for positivity
Yes my little chickadee, ready to flow with me
Nevertheless I bless, follow me and see
Predominantly, CL'll be, All in the Family
God bless Marky Black, know we go way back
The lyrics I pack is like a needle in the haystack
CL and Pete Rock, smooth like Dom Perignon
Never torn, word is bond, we got it goin on