

Questions

Pete Rock

Ay yo Flush you been around for a real long time
Lemme ask you a question, do you still write rhymes?
Nigga I write commandments, pen hit the paper the fans flip
I talk shit reason why New York won't quit
Everytime that I spit you know I'm throwin' some hot shit
The West Coast had it locked so you called on a locksmith
Then Worldwide came out so Queens could pop shit
And I really did sell coke so I talk about mad bricks
I got a lil' paper so you know I push mad whips
When Iced Out came out taught y'all how to ice shit
Now the world runnin' around talkin' about Flush is the nicest
Ook some time off had a lot of work I had to get it off
Label me the street boss a lotta rappers fell off
I watched laugh & listen, waitin' for my time to get it
My lifestyle was bitten take it write a move with it
Until y'all haters & y'all corny critics
Cause what I put in this rap game a lotta rappers wouldn't of lived i
t
... Dig it? Alright back up back up

Ahh yes, ahh Flush

What?

Is it true you had a divorce with your wife?

Heh you fuck right I got rid of that bitch, anything else?

Yes yes, uh what do you feel about the rap game?

Huh!?... alright anybody wanna ask me anymore questions? How about yo
u?

Yeah I felt that Flush, Worldwide, Iced Down was hot
But lemme ask you a question do you hustle on the block?
Say what motherfucker?
I'm the reason why the cops don't talk & wanna bust motherfucker
The only nigga in Queens with dust motherfucker
And I really live this shit do I don't trust motherfuckers
Let me talk to you suckers, you fake ass hustlers
Your bricks are 17 so your boss's my customer
You little ass nigga with the Mighty Midget figures
While y'all was playin' Nintendo I was fuckin' up the dishes
Had a bad bitch butt ass baggin' work in the kitchen
The dope called it Candy Girl cause it felt like New Edition
And I still feel like Bate when the feds is out fishin
And without this rap shit my kids got towards intuition
And I'm never gonna snitch, I'd rather escape from prison
You talk shit we hit 'em, you got shines we stick 'em
You got dough we get 'em, you fuck hoes we sit 'em
You still be outta town with them bricks & the rental