

Situations

Pete Rock

This is a word to the wise, never sleep where you shit at
The ghetto keep a riddat, watch who you spit at
The enemy who said "Fuck Peace and Serenity"
I keep a tight family like the Kennedy's
Streets take virginity
With long nights of Hennessy, and obscenities
The coco, kept a lot loco, but never made me loco
Everything's legit, but my eyes on the po-po
A vet in this game, you young niggas tryna go pro
Rep it like a lawyer, this was pro bono
To most that's a no-no
No gimmicks, classy hoes, flashy clothes
Cursive logos, strictly solos
Timb boots and Polos, play the low low
And take you crap niggas out like a promo

[*scratches*] Situations
To my man Edo G, hip hop devotion
Peace to my dunns to those who stack ones
Underground new shit, you don't spit son
[*scratch*] It's funny how money changes situations
[*scratches*] Situations

Yo...

Other bein' around when there ain't no snipes or stickers left
You could meet a quicker death, talkin' shit with yo liquor breath
False courage, I don't encourage
We can go head up on Pay-Per-View with live coverage
You rap cats is programmed like a outreach
Club thugs wanna bone I got ya mouthpeice
Ridin' scooters down in South Beach
Keep it jinglin', while haters freezin' in the winglin'
I'd rather know a thousand millionaires
Than a million hundred-aires
I'd of dogged two in a hundred years
I'm a Savage like Fred without The Wonder Years
And it's my last resort, when the gun appears
It's a blessin' bein' 'boveground
Knowin', bombs would touch down. soon as I touchdown
A lot of dogs is bloodhounds
But Edo G gon' hit you when I bust down

To my man Edo G, hip hop devotion
Peace to my dunns to those who stack ones
Underground new shit, you don't spit son
[*scratch*] It's funny how money changes situations
Yo
To my man Edo G, hip hop devotion
Peace to my guns to those who stack ones
Underground new shit, you don't spit once
[*scratch*] It's funny how money changes situations

It ain't about how you flow, it's about who you know
And who gon' get behind you with dough to make you blow
I'mma show you, pay you niggas back like I owe you
I don't trust none of y'all, as far as I can throw you
What I go through, everyday life that gets harder

Niggas get on, and get tried in Nevada
We could talk about chips like, Erik Estrada
When I put it in Ducatta, you rhymin' 'bout nada
But Edo G, get that lee-way
Hear my name on the streets with that "he-say-she-say"
I'm ahead of my time, runnin' back like a replay
You like a Tuesday, a "weak-day"
Hungry MCs is tastin' nothin' but defeat today
I'mma eat today, that completes today
Get y'all folks behind me and lead the way
What more I need to say?
I'm standin' on my own two feet today
I'm standin' on my own two feet today
And it won't stop

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To my man Edo G, hip hop devotion
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Ayo
To my man Edo G, hip hop devotion
Peace to my guns to those who stack ones
Underground new shit, you don't spit once
[*scratch*] It's funny how money changes situations