

Square One

Pete Rock

Huh

I got some time to explain the true grading of a rhymewriter
So take the stance of a gunfighter
Others inject intellect for selfrespect
Or simply kickin' verses for a tight paycheck
But they neglect is creative aspects in control
The sounds and words originate up in the soul
My thoughts cross wack emcees and wickedness
They seem to go hand in hand in the mess
That's formed the dawn of the fake emcee
It's really funny to me how brothers front like they deadly, see
Jah be's with me so Ras G is no fool
Respectin' the original school that wrote the rules
I'm layin' all these real ass facts upon the wax
Mass communication minus fakin' the jax
So relax all the gods will make you crumble and fall
Keepin' you on the run as we start from Square One

"The I.N.I.'s in the house" "you don't stop"
"Pete Rock, Grap Luva, Mark, and Polo rising" "you don't stop"
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I have to get what I want, cause now it's no time to front
It's I.N.I. on the hunt just to smoke up the funk
With no fear in this industry we in here
So surprised I appear I play the back or the rear
I pushed and shoved to get in, and I've seen every sin
And it's been a long time considerin'
But no bitter man, african, rastafarian, non-american

Checkin' every man (yeah)
In my zone because the eye is all alone in this universe
I see the worst now I'm comin' in first
A brother's thirst got him eager to merc
In full effect cause I'm stayin' alert
Bless the hurt at each and every concert
Taught well to be the very next expert
Never the spare one, I'm steppin' up to shoot a fair one
Settin' it off from Square One

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In '95 nuff kids can catch the vapors

Rob-O spends his time puttin' words to paper

Still so I maintains a fly flow

But everytime I plant a seed they won't let it grow

Guess it's the fact that I seen through ya team of major fake outs

Your feeble attempts of gettin' caked out

But in the face of temptation, sex, guns and paperchasin'

Playin' yaself and say ya neithans

Is it the recognition, quick cash or chart positions

Or big figures that have you shittin' on niggas

It must be, thinkin' like the whole rap industry son

Yeah no doubt you bugged out

It's not as stable or firm as you thought

In the scrimmage and the tables is turned, this shit is finished

Yo Grap Luva (no question) cause this is how it should be done

We takin' it back to Square One

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