

# The Basement

Pete Rock

Ahh yeahh! Feel the funk bay-beeee!  
That's right, this is called The Basement!  
And my man CL Smooth kick it for you like this...

From the Heights, not what, am I right? Simple I can do this  
Like Popeye to Brutus, I'm your host like a stewardess  
Fly with the neighborhood hijackin' fella  
So prepare for landin', and crash into a cellar  
Bodies in the buddha cloud, misty in the tune  
Like a show all nights, a figure eight in a lagoon  
With Pete Rock, the complete lock and beat stock  
Now, all the horny heffers wanna dangle on my (errr!)  
Down by the dungeon with the cracks on the wall  
Buffoon, I'm like a mink while you're soon to pimp a raccoon stall  
Vocal arrangement, ready, set to hit the pavement  
But not before the kid leave The Basement

The Basement, put the Funk in Grand  
Here comes my man, my brother...  
Grap Lover, get wreck cousin, c'mon

Call me the Grap Luva, yes, the younger Soul Brother  
Keep your eyes on the prize 'cause you won't find another  
When the funk is played, the rhyme I display  
Quick to bust a ditz so don't slip in the way  
Of the kid, with the flavor, the party people savior  
Clockin' all the honies, eyes sharp like a razor  
I kick a dance step, you're soon to discover  
Yo, that's the kid from "Mecca and the Soul Brother"  
Yeah, once in a while I be with C.L. on the DL  
Or I flow with Pete and find my placement in The Basement  
The Basement, yes, where the beats and the rhymes flow  
Peace, I gotta go, Grapster's out the door of The Basement

Of the Basement!  
Next we got... a special guest  
I ain't gonna tell you who it is...  
C'mon, rap along

Tick, tock, tick, things are gettin' thick  
Here comes the Heavster and I know it makes ya sick!  
To see a black man gettin' paid on the regular  
Car with the cellular, fellas, I'm tellin' ya  
I got plots and plans, pots and pans  
Stocks and grands, so make room for the big man  
I walk the streets in peace and I'm never strapped  
But I know a crew of Young Gunz that'll send you back  
So easy does it on the DL  
Peace to Pete Rock and the Mecca Don C.L  
Heavy D's on this track, lettin' you know there's no replacement  
Peace, signin' off, check one, two straight from The Basement

Straight from The Basement  
I'm tellin' you now, kid, it's crazy fat  
I wonder who this is comin' up?

Fourth but not least, the backbone of the Wig Out

Freestyle, crazy hardcore, no sellout  
Speakin' upon where I dwell from the dungeon  
All over the U.S. states, even London  
Pastime present, black to the future  
Swimmin' in beats like a Dolphin, so call me Don Shula  
A Raider well like Art Shell, crazy defense  
A Pro Bowl with soul for local events  
The crew name is CL Smooth and Pete Rock  
Here to sail when I prevail and stare into the dock  
The Pimp Daddy of the funk flavor, catch you later  
Clever like a secret agent comin' from The Basement

Uhhhhh, that's right, it's crazy funky  
Aww my man  
He's crazy funky, his name is Rob-O, c'mon baby

Alakazam, you'll never guess what I am  
Motto is that nothin' ever changes but haircuts and kicks  
To stacks of vocal breaks like days  
What kid said, "Pete makes beats in The Basement"  
Cool, hit the pavement, over to the chill side  
The real side, the 7-7 hillside  
I thought I'd just chill, take a breath  
Straight up Columbus Hill, make a left  
And get fixed, plus the ghetto chicks got flicks  
Of me stacks of kicks, my joint's bumpin' lovely  
Walkin' down the street, much props, on the sin  
I hear voices sayin', "That's Rob Odindo in The Basement"

Ahh ha ha ha! Hah yeah! This is funky! I can feel it  
My man from the Vernon, his name is Deda, Baby Pa

Fly like an eagle, a seagull  
Always into somethin', like Snoopy, the Beagle  
People, grab a tight hold of yourselves  
Pa snatchin' raw tapes off the shelves  
Blowin' up spots from state to state  
I'm comin' to town but you just can't wait  
Check the station for conversation at six  
Blah Uno here to put suckers in the mix  
I get deeper than oceanography  
Diggin' up crazy shit like psychology  
So, speak the peace, then slide like grease  
The beat is fat, but the rhyme is obese in The Basement

In The Basement is where I dwell, sucka MC's fell  
'Cause I am crazy funky  
C.L. Smooth, my man Rahsaan, Rob-O, Deda Baby Pa  
The Heavster, my brother Grap Luva  
Everybody...