

The Creator

Pete Rock

It's fresh, it's fresh
It's dope, it's dope

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Yes, party people, I'm back once again and
Pass me the microphone so I can make a killin'
Step off and jet 'cause I'm a smooth black brother
Pete Rock and C.L. together, run for cover
I didn't know how fun it was to be a def rapper
Check it, I'm on the mic so ya got to
Sway with the rhythm and listen to the way I kick it
You comin' to the show? Get ya ticket
People listenin' 'cause the beat will make ya flop
Snare kickin' lovely, hard to make it stop
Dancin' and prancin', the mic I'm enhancin'
Funk is the way I express all my music
Taken out? Never, it's time to pull a lever
On sucka MC's who try to get clever
Like I said before, I'm a crowd motivator
But it's time to get wreck with The Creator

Wreck with The Creator
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C.L. Smooth, all the honey-dips admire
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The man of your desire
Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth, all the honey-dips admire

C.L., we sell, hi, how ya doin'?
With The Creator, let ya body unloosen
Step up or shut up to the hype remix
This one's dope, so you all need a fix
C-to-the-L-and, cousin, I'm spellin'
Smooth on the move with the groove, keep tellin'
Should I drop a bombshell? Wait, no? Oh, well
I like Cherrelle so pass the La Pelle
Here, take a memo when I do demo
Here steps the hoe with the curly Afro
Skins always beggin' me, "Can I hit ya, Corey?"
New tips for new hips, so tap the forty
Cheers for The Mecca, a toast for the host
A double dose East/West Coast for the most
So pop the bubbly and I'll see ya later
With my brother Pete Rock, The Creator

That's right
Rock on
Yes, yes, y'all
I'm doin' it again
One time for ya mind
Throw these rhymes
Check it

As I rock on to the break of dawn
Just step to the rear 'cause I heat up like a sauna
All you crack dealers, Five-O's on the corner
Boy, you better run for cover, quick, you're a goner
Swingin' with the beat I made just for the crew and
Not Jack the Rapper, but the mic I'm pursuin'
Yes, on the party tip, grab a brew, take a sip
Wig out? Yes, y'all, time for C.L. to rip

Cozy like a sofa, so hun, slide over
I play strip poker, so do the belly-roller
A tisket, a tasket, try another racket
Bring on the song, you know cousin won't slack it
Voodoo-ooh Child, a remix file
One more style to make another reptile
Break to the maker, your Creator
Serve like a waiter, one hot pota-tah
A see-through, peek-a-boo, honey-dip lover
Lay undercover, Smooth, you won't stutter
(Yo, C.L., phone call's for you) I'll take it
Got this girl, she only call me butt-naked
A glove for the ghetto, servin' in a rainbow
Jealous 'cause I flow like Wynton Marsalis
One unpredictable, non-tender vittle
Pleasure principle to the Rich Little
C.L. Smooth, yes, the live motivator
When it's time to get wreck with The Creator

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