

The Main Ingredient

Pete Rock

One two, one two y'all
One two, check it out
Got my man CL
Can't forget my man, Cee-Lo
Can't forget money earnin', Mount Vernon
Can't forget New Roch'
Can't forget Westchester
Can't forget umm... CL, hit me off

Feel the funk by the rap czars in sports cars
Comin atcha now you listen at the feet of a master
Caution, not Wheel of Fortune, here's a portion
Of untamedness, approachin famous, for miscellaneous
The track get crackin though, unexplainable
When I ground a jewel, sound is simply uncontainable
Release my soul, but never make the mistake
And play me like a stone cold fruitcake man
Cause you can never fathom G the dough we want so
My flow's the steadiest, to never leave us penniless
Come on down to the very necessary legendary
Well the more the merry stickin women type of villian
The evidence relentless, I ride to see you magnetized
Mecca to begin you're locked in no doubt
The label better push this, so we can pay the rent
You can season the pot well, but here's The Main Ingredient

The Main Ingredient y'all
The Main Ingredient
Yo, The Main Ingredient y'all
The Main Ingredient
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The Main Ingredient
The Main Ingredient y'all
Yo, The Main Ingredient, kick it CL

I know you wonder what kind of way is that to think:
Put all the wackest rappers on a boat and let it sink
Don't blink; next thing you see you spot is taken
No Jax I'm Fakin' soldiers took the whole reservation
On a scale of one to ten, we move rather swiftly
Want a dimepiece but we'll settle for an eight-fifty
Don't blow mine, your trump card is exposed to pages
Now your beginning's already at the final stages
Pumpin like 12 gauges from a shotgun blast
I never saw people run so fast, aight?
Stay up all night, then sleep all day
Makin big Lucci and would have it no other way
In conjunction, with the function, as stated
Orchestrated by the Soul Brother nickel plated
Tell the judge you were foolish, and try to be lenient
Cause you never had the The Main Ingredient

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Hit the third verse off kid

This cap is peeled layin joints like a minefield
When dynamite's my rhythm this is East coast terrorism
The Vernon-ville's Mecca Don, formin Voltron tactics
Let off three verses and the crowd panics
Get em all, the kingpin of the Player's Ball
Now every tramp in your camp's going AWOL
My Lucci situation is A Daily Operation
On the strip, I refine you like Tales From the Crypt
Right here's the real shit, and all that other's counterfeit
Funk to let you know exactly what you're dealin with
P-R slash, C-L smash, love to spend cash
For proper livin, slidin up in wealthy women
Stick your hand in my pants, and grab the mic's no crime
Cause like Sisters With Voices, it's about time
For you to respect my whole foundation precisely
Be obedient, to The Main Ingredient

Yo, The Main Ingredient
The Main Ingredient
Yo, The Main Ingredient
The Main Ingredient
The Main Ingredient
The Main Ingredient
The Main Ingredient
Check out the funk y'all
Mic Check, one two
CL Smooth, and Pete Rock
Comin back, for ninety-four
Can't forget
Get on, to get on
It's time to get on, peace to I-n-I
Yeah, can't forget Baby Pah
Can't forget the whole roster
One two
Check it
It's The Main Ingredient y'all
The Main Ingredient y'all
The Main Ingredient y'all
The Main Ingredient y'all
The Main Ingredient y'all
The Main Ingredient, y'all
The Main Ingredient, y'all
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The Main Ingredient, y'all
The Main Ingredient, y'all
The Main Ingredient, y'all
The Main Ingredient, bust it