

Makin' It Blend

Q-Tip

Play it safe, I'll arrange your wake
My papermate will have my lable-
maced album released a later date
Police patrol the city 'til I'm as old as 50
Hat back, clothes won't fit me, causin fire, old won't frisk me
My hands are ammunition bailin cons or banned in prison
I'm who you wanna be blowin out your candles wishin

[HOOK 2: both]
["the beat scratched in"]
Makin it, makin it blend
YO... makin it blend
(3x)
Makin it, makin it blend
Make, makin it blend

[Wordsworth]
Yo, I like a woman wit a bangin body, the face and frame of Hal
le
Attitude - angry, snotty, speaks slang and cocky
Time to hangin gotta bring a posse
Through rainy days she got me, like Whitney stay wit Bobby

[Q-Tip]
Yo, your cake is in the kitchen, you wish for preminision
It's turned around by my firm thoughts of demolition
It's time to numb your run and dim your vision
It's time to give up the hopes and dreams that made your aquesi
tion

[Wordsworth]
Ain't gotta drop top dag clothes and roll the 60s
But after shows, ladies drop tops and show their titties
Of course the globe can't oppose, it's risky
Or even go against me, I'm WORDS,
so everytime that you flow you spit me

[Q-Tip]
We in the asphalt, you cause your last fall
Insult to injury is where we curse the salt
Douse the open wound to the tomb
Its time to sit back and watch professionals in full bloom

[HOOK 1]
[more scratchin til fade out...]