Yo!

Chubb Rock comin back hard for nineteen nine-TY!
Word up, word up
Kick this out to my man Rob Swinga, Hot Dog Dinky
Manager (?) Ev Lover why'knahmsayin? Dr. No, here we go

It's the Hitman, yes the Hitman, yo ya know it The thirst quencher, the man on the sequencer He was scared to kick a sixteen bar, he's not a rap star Not saying that I am, but I'm the jam I'm going to kick a little not a Dr. Seuss riddle No cats in hats, fox in some socks But to the DJ jocks check your clocks Half past what? Time to bust nut Not a pistachio; he uses a Casio keyboard And a Tascam board To kick in the P-50, get nifty Born with the gift, time to get riffed Not with the manufacturing of a spliff He never rolled one; never sold none The beats give me the high that brought fame to us And, how we gonna kick it, How? (Just the two of us!)

Chubb has been dope since he came out the shaft of his pops' wood Yo he shouted and he plopped into the uterus And they knew this about me; was gonna be a dope MC When I get on the mic my windpipe strikes and ignites A lyric when you hear it you fear it and like Chubb is not a man to get souped like Campbell I'm the man with the plan and my jam sells Like a whore, in the store, hardcore and more On the tour makin money you never saw I don't like dreaming, never ever beam and Never involved with girls like like scheming Or skiing or toboggan sledding, cause I'm shredding Any thoughts of a wedding, so Helen, Keller Listen to the rules and Me and Hitman Howie Tee is all about coolin' She went buckwild, screamed, yelled, hollered I told her I loved her and then she did a solid Did it real good like a nice girl should Back polish waxed up the hood Yo Hitman Howie Tee you should have seen her on me She got all Vanessa Del Rio on me But after she slept cause I had nothin' left On the Martin Butler tip, yes half step But yo cousin Howie Tee and me Our love is all about making a dope LP That will crush and sell and bum rush Don't hush, how we gonna do it How? (Just the two of us!)