Now let's start the show show
Step out of the cold cold
We come from the 'Go, 'Go
To the top of the globe globe
The pimps and the hoes hoes
The Folks and the Stones Stones
Whoever you ride fo', we back for some mo'
Get back to the show show, you know

Uh, uh Ladies and gentlemen the C-O-double-M-O-N Synonym for fresh, truth is the emb-lem Hardcore since I was next door to Clem and them Cold as the winter when fake niggaz was shiverin Shakin in they Timberlands, you was played as Bennigans Hot for a minute, now you just a "remember him" I been a +Master+ since P was No Limit-in Stick a sayin, no gimmick and no mimickin Q infinitin down old blocks are bendin in Yellin (Fuck Tha Police) like Ren and them Pelican brief these niggaz on who I be Before the paper and the fame niggaz knew Rashid Noble like Dru Ali - many have come but few have been chose to be a true MC You sing along wit it, inside you knowin it's wack Young who? I don't need a openin act

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Let, let, le-le-le-le-let's go It's a festival in hip-hop, we do it non-stop Pop your bottles, Chicago niggaz do it in staccato Choppin notes for my homies, fuck a motto And Farragamo shoes givin dudes the model Think fast, drive slow, survival is the throttle Your live show is hollow, should kept it local Rappin over vocals, soundin soft as JoJo With twelve monkeys on stage it's hard to see who's a gorilla You was better as a drug dealer Feel the passion of this B-boy ration-al Half of it is what you say, and half is style Guess it's time for you to stop cashin now It's over folks, tell your guys to put the glasses down Masters now, verses touch the youth like a Catholic priest Performances keep me stackin the sheets

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