

Down The Line

Nice & Smooth

Check it out, check it out
I got my whole crew in the house
and we gon' turn this house into a home
straight up and down
I got my man Melo T in the house
I got my man Preacher Earl in the house
I got my man Asu in the house
I got my man Gang Starr in the house
and to my brother Smooth B is in the house
and I'm Greg N-i-c-e, I'm in the house
So peep it

I got a shitload of story tales in my sack
Please come in, hang your coat on the rag
While you at it, make my coffee black
So I can get the monkey from off my back
15 cents minus 5 is a dime
Sexy young ladies, let's intertwine
Greg N-i-c-e ran it down the line-line

I'm the P-r-e-a-c-h-e-r, uh
Preacher Earl and I'm considered a superstar
Pick up the microphone and I proceed to rock 'n roll
By the time I sweat I'm out of control
I'm like a locomotive goin express
My lyrics written in spraypaint on the wall (ssss...) def
I'm from Uptown, I'm a gangster from the projects
Either or, take it all, get much respect
Destined for fame when I'm goin for mine
This, this is how I run it down the line

Hey yo, beats, styles, mics I be flashin
If you step up step in a orderly fashion
See, I collect the dough for the show and then I'm dashin
House parties I'm crashin, pool parties I'm splashin
Eatin candy yams, drinkin Baby Sham, breakin down (?)
Got the masterplan, glance at the Melo stance
Arms are crisscrossed, posture rasta
When I wanna go to the mall, I need a helicopter
Rrrrring - I think that's my time
Yo, (this is how we run it down the line)

The biggeda-Bass Blaster with a tongue-twistin rhyme
(This is how we run it down the line)
Yo, literally, literary literature
Six slippery Seals slippin silently ashore
Sally sold seashells down by the seashore
Sold two shells but couldn't see to sell no more
Beautiful babblin brooks bubba between blossom and banks
Brothers above the Brooks take a punch off the plank
A big black bug bit a big black bear, bit him on the rear
The bear was big but the bug didn't care, he had no fear
How much would could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?
Yo, I don't know, all I know is I say it good
Asu, you got the funky, funky rhymes
Yo my brother, run it down the line

Yo, rhymes is rippin and the mic is passed to me
It was too young so they got me for statutory
Don't take me for granted, punk, yeah, and think I'm worthless
Fuck movin mountains I move planets and you'll be earthless
You don't wanna battle Asu, all I leave is fossils
Lethal Weapons Die Harder cause the Mission's Impossible
And my rhymes is riper, I'm ready to come crisper
Old jacks know that so they go back and whisper
Takin surveys, gettin nervous, I'm just too worthy
They can't stand me and say, "He can't be from Jersey"

Mad, mad response I'm catchin just as soon as I step into the place
That's why a smile's on my face
I got styles that you trace with haste but I'm too deep
Lots of the ladies I meet, I must be sweet
So I say hold up and wait up and then listen here
My rhymes come crisp and clear, but beware
My format is all that, my concept's refined
The Gang to the S-t-a-double r shines
Chumps be losin it, abusin it, not gainin
So there my gain is they vanish while I'm remainin
And twice as Nice with a Smooth groove I end my rhyme
And yo (this is how we run it down the line)

Yeah, lyrical, financial and spiritual
A dream of touchin my style would take a miracle
You didn't know how deadly was my flow as I grow
And bumrush and crush any foe
But I prefer to have a good time when I rhyme
But lately I have had to refine and be sublime
Cause sometimes some people don't understand
That I'm a man with ambitious plans and I stand to live grand
And they fight with all their money invested to hold me back
But now I'm featuring the mack pack
Smooth B, you know I'm feelin fine
(This is how we run it down the line)

As I go on
the Bass Blaster's in the house
to my man in the house
to my man in the house
to my man Slick Nick
to my man Vance Wright in the house
and Premier, you'se a mutha
Uhm-uhm