

# Don't Be Mad

Pete Rock

You niggas hate me because I live like a champion  
I'm eating scampian shrimp  
And the vehicles I'm lampin' in you can't be in  
I'm the one like Mr. Anderson

Rappers can't handle them  
I hand em' a handkerchief and hang of shit, it's Pete Rock  
The nigga you should be hangin' with, bangin' with  
But you havin' problems trying to tame your chick

And I know it makes you sick, see me in the six  
With your chick bumpin' my shit singing high pitched  
She on her side kick, telling her girls we got that hot shit  
Boppin' like "Who made the beat? " Green Lantern bitch

Yeah, so pay the nigga homage, I'm about them dollars  
I could pay for you to go to college  
Sometimes a little modest but yo I'm no trick, girl  
Collect cash is the motto  
Ya'll quick fast tryna come up in my world  
This is grown man BI and y'all just squirrels

Don't be mad because you can't do what I can  
Like when Jordan went up took that shot and switched hands  
(With his tongue out)  
Don't be mad 'cause you not me  
I'm the f\*\*kin' poster boy for the MPC my nigga

I had to spit this verse for the world and the rest of y'all boys  
Rest in peace to Trouble T Roy  
Usually produce a hit record now I'm making the noise  
Calm and poise, got inflection in my voice

Should be the choice to make the people respect the movement  
I did it dog of course I know what I'm doing  
Pursuing what got tossed in the wind  
There was a point in time me, Puff, Eddie and C.L. was friends

Hef set trends and put the hood on  
But you know the hood is hood and the hood will do wrong  
I ain't Rodney King so I don't care if we don't get along  
The point of the song is to make the wrongs right

You at the top of your career but you not at your hype  
D. Mac on Scotty G keep my hairline tight  
Roll a backwood over a dutch, the shop is exit ten of the hutch  
I spit this verse for unique two, five and dutch

Reminiscing when I got the name Rock  
Round the same time Hef still lived on my block  
The game flipped flopped and shit got controversial  
Everyman for himself, I guess we going to commercial

Get it crunk, do your thing like Camron  
Pete Rock coming with heat and that's word bond  
Beastin' on the track like I lost my Akon  
New York, New York, bring it back to the east dog

I'm tryna make ends meet, stay true to the street  
Kill them with the beats, make stacks and still eat  
This is for my son E and the rest of my family  
Holla at your boy PR be the recipe

My nigga Green Lantern one time for your mind  
Yeah, taking hip hop by storm once again  
Legendary status, y'all niggas, one