

We Good

Pete Rock

Yeah, I see you P'Rrahh
It's Mr. Kardinal, we good
Worry about us, it's Kardinal Offishall
Knahmean, circle niggaz in dis
Y'knahmean, straight from T Dot
Linked up with the grand master of the beats, P'Rrrah
It's the Pete Rock, y-yeah, NY to T Dot

C'mon - yeah, raisin my fist
is like the bat sign, bringin out lyricists
I attract heat, I be the under overground
Microphone magician, subteranean, unindentified
sky-toucher, maneuver the machines
And rip apart MC's and hang 'em from the seams (yeah)
Large nigga seem scary, out in the hood
Shootin tic-tac-toe in your Burberry
For generations, a cold verse killer's been chillin out
Waitin in the cut, spillin out
Hot shit, yeah they feelin me now, cause I linked with Pete
The best at it since Nas and "Illmatic"
Respect is automatic, got it, well hold it
A lot of MC's will need it to pay they rent, sewed it
And eventually fold it (uh-huh) check my resume
I'm like H&R Block when I rock
Y'all niggaz get the greatest return, plus a 3rd degree burn
when I earn airtime like H. Stern
Kardinal's like a 20 carat diamond
Up in the rough dust, New York check the shinin
I'm intertwinin, line for line combinin
with Mr. Rock rhymin, flowin on time and
Stop your whinin, y'all couldn't let go
since I flowed over the remix of "Grindin'"

We good (we good) don't worry 'bout us, nigga we good
Kardinal and Pete Rock crank up in the hood
When I'm in the USA, they say "yes DJ"
When Pete's in the blend they say "my nigga come again"
We good (we good) don't worry 'bout us, nigga we good
Kardinal and Pete Rock crank up in the hood
When I'm in J.A. they say "yes DJ"
When I'm in the C-A-N they say "my nigga come again"

Yeah what makes the best rapper, ice on the wrist?
Ice on the chain? Ice in the bucket with the Crist'?'
Ice grill, iced down, ice inside my frown
Ice start sparklin on the spaghetti strap gown (HU!)
Kardinal, nickname No Gimmicks
Still the nigga to get up in it, rip the place down
Rock a wife beater, show off my belly when I'm ready
The type to drive around on bootleg Pirellis
MC's gettin stuck like clubgoers in Chi-Town
Rip any prick from Brixton to my town
The T Dot, yeah you know me
Bringin back the bad bwoy style, yeah ya owe me
Gun finger in da air, shootin blanks
Thinkin bout the day I can live next to Phil Banks
'Til then, my circle niggaz straight out the hood

Don't worry 'bout us, nigga we good

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When I'm in Brixton they say "my nigga come again"

Yo yo, protect your +Head & Shoulders+ when the Kardinal bust
Boy I take care of two in one shot like +Pert Plus+
Buck buck! Niggaz get dumb live on acetate
Massacre masses of MC's on mixtapes (yup)
Street cats get taken out with street raps
Live from the streets where peeps meet to see a weak nigga see defeat
Y'know, take a week to look back
And reflect on how you can't spit when Kardinal speak
Unique like o-ccasional crackheads
Monster talk to settin off a gourmet verse like rice pilaf
(Fuck off!) I'm great
Save the petty black trash talkin for Ricky Lake

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