

The Pros

Queen Latifah

I stepped into a basement party in Brooklyn
The brothers was looking as soon as I put a foot in
A female walked up to me and said, "Latifah bust a line"
I don't think you're on the strength, show me the time

I said, "If you really want to do this we can do this fine"
Take six paces and begin to rhyme"
As soon as attempted to make a sound
I ate her up with the verb broke her down with the noun

'Cause I hate it when someone challenges with me but cannot balance with me
I get annoyed when they can't go blow for blow
I get pissed when I hear the lyrics a sucker brings

Ha ha, I was thinking the same thing
Well I was approached by a whole damn group of them
Rhyme thieves, biters, and bums
Took me kind of light, said they wanted to fight
I kinda got uptight (You didn't do what I think you did?) Yeah, right!

Bash! went the first, Smash! went the next one (What about the third?)
He started, he started to run
But to his surprise, his feet must have slipped
Cause I snapped that neck before the second step

You see you may speculate, but everybody knows
Not one amateur can deal with the pros

These are the pros, coming now from Queen Latifah and Daddy-O
And if you want to hear more then just follow
If you like the smooth chanted lyrics then just say "Bo bo bo!"

There was a time that a man could go
Anyplace, anywhere without a Rambo
But now me have to keep me pistol loaded with rhyme
Have to deal with bad breath biters that step out of line

So when they make a move them surely get a taste of it
I'm Daddy-O and I don't quit
So feel the flow, y'all because you're under attack
From my rhymes, 'cause I'm writing swift rhymes in stacks

And four words to the wack, just, "Stay the hell back"
Cause it's a fact, if you're wack you ain't saying jack
So we can go rhyme for rhyme if you wish
But eating you suckers is my favorite dish
And I warned you suckers if you messed with me
You'll be the next ingredient in my recipe

Start and don't finish, I'll hunt you down
And you can't run forever, so you'll be found
And with nowhere to run, and nowhere to hide
How you want to be eaten, boy, baked or fried?

It's Latifah the Queen, pioneer of the mainstream
I flow just like a pro cause it's the same thing
Suckers have to realize how foolish they sound

So button your lips and stop trying to be down

I caught you out there (How many times?)

A lot of times

Cause when it comes to mine, you know I gotta rhyme

Stepping to the right, to the left

To the best place, well I have to face

A sucker like a pooh-butt, weak and soft

Riding my bra strap trying to get off

Understand and know, if you want to go

You'd better be ready to flow 'cause I'm a pro

We wax floors with bums, make mocks out of some

Sting 'em hard, and watch them complain how it stung

Kidnap the babysitter, lock 'em inside a box

Daddy-O and the true blue Queen of Rock