

Whoever underestimated, still waited
Pumping the radio, finally they played it
You wondered how come the album was late
I was giving you time to get the last one straight
The show must go on; I got something to dance to
Slow it down and romance to, and give me a chance to
Keep you in tune and up to par
Then you're doing it with the R
Doing it wit' the R

Something new and to keep you doing what ya doing
This is for you, and your crew, and for who in
The vicinity; I don't need no identity
I see hands in the air that means many be
Cooperating; I can't stop relating
Hip-hop is making more sense when I'm stating
Paragraphs of potential to prevent you
From using my instrumental; keep in mind I meant to
Illustrate another illa break immediately
Hurry up and learn the words, and repeat it wit' me
Then soon you're in tune and up to par
And then you're doing it wit' the R
Keep doing it; you keep doing it wit' the R

In the summertime, pockets bulging
Somethings's happening, then I'm indulging
Music is mine, Gucci seats reclined
Gold grill, a paint job will shine
Pull up in the park, and then pop the trunk
Turn up the bass and let the system thump
A block party starts to form, people start to swarm
Loud as a ghetto blaster, word is bond
Records remind you of a madness
The moment it's played, you get gladdest
The return of the brother, keeping you up to par
And you're doing it wit' the R