

To Each His Own (feat. Large Professor & Q-Tip)

Pete Rock & InI

Yeah, uhh uhh I.N.I. is in the place
Yeah yeah uuh
Along with my man Extra P and my man Q-T
Here in the place to be
With the capital P, Rock on I'm braced just from my voice bring life to microphones
And my weight phone moves I'm headed for the dead zone
You heads flown and it's a crazy rest
You should've vest when the Kane come to test the best
So next up is the one the non-half stepper
Keeper of the thought, healer of the lepras
Controller of the treezy with no ego to feed
Cause I stays level headed, vocabulary
I'm better up in the dome, I'm bound to crush
Rollin' up I spill the bone free
See it's the G bring it to you in the physical
Comin' through with the crucial ball material
I entertain each time I'm in the session
Leavin brothers guessin', yo what's that sound
Got 'em wishin' they was on this bitches mouth goin' down
InI vibrations over plumb tracks
Most of y'all found cats couldn't match that
Touch this, I don't think you should attempt to
Cause if you do, plus I got two examples
From gettin any clout
No doubt to each his own
To each his own (repeat 8 times) Check it out to each his own, watch out cat
Niggas think daz can get a dollar bill
Choices made, they choose the ill
Inside a nigga wanna survivalism of all the scrams
It's crazy let's make you move, tryin to be topscore
And he really don't give a rats ass who he go to
He's a big boy, he bites all he can chew
But yo I eat all plates with hip hop written on it
Pete Rock the group I.N.I. shittin on it
Lyrically impressive ain't no second guesses
The most poppin shit talker is the one who stresses
And you see the Abstract with a tight lipped caddy Speakin on my peace and my soul is ever
vary
Til my microphone I dialogue
Sit back with a whole lot a love, complement it with claps

I'm on some grown men shit, my peak is not yet reached
So I remind my one and take 'em each
To each his own
Excuse me, I'm here to earn a man a buck or two
Now take a chance with life or lose the fuckin you
All your friends, your flower lack potent
You used to be shy but now you wanna be my stands
On the E-L this is gonna swell for a second
While I'm catchin wreck, how many others should she step in
The sack with, guess I better get a Profalectic
Back to the crib in case I smack it
Bad tactic cause a gym hat caught it flat
Plus the ball stick wasn't even all of that
Now it's hectic I'm headin to the joint gettin injected
Plus the fact that I'm infected
So check it out, yo when you with these chicks
And they spread out, with skins enough to take ya head out
Use precaution cause some is packin' death behind the set
Peace to the Gods, so watch your dick
To each his own To each his own, niggas is sown, bout to full blown
Brother who could never be a clone
Large Pro so fuck your bullshit harsh, yo
I'm rappin with the weapon my whole squad glow
Like a diamond, so don't sham fan, I have to climb in
That ass like a truck, leavin niggas as struck
Like lightening bold that cats flow goes right in the volt
In the end peace to land times ten
Cee-Lo the whole I.N.I. is my people
So sit back relax and just listen while we pull
The moneys and honeys fake fours did clone
To each his own, to each his own(repeated til fade)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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