

# It's Like That

## Inspectah Deck

[Intro: DJ Kay Slay]

Yeah, this that brand new Rebel I.N.S., back on the set  
This shit is off the dial, Shaolin Style, better hold on to something[Inspectah Deck]

Yo, S.I.N.Y. and what

Hit 'em high, hit 'em low, head or gut

Yes, us, Lexus and next trucks

Flesh plush, land plus, extras

Cess, dust, whatever get you messed up

Test us, get crushed, next up

Better luck, we takin' off with jet thrust

Under pressure, they can't take the head rush

Talk to me, go and take the walk through me

Or yours truly, will screw you like a tour groupie

War duty, after I'mma call Suzy

Tall cutie, she'll do me like a porn movie

I burn thousand degrees, nothin' match me

You think you out of my league, now how can that be?

Son, you follow my lead, playin' the back seat

Ya'll ride dicks like a taxi, it's like that

Here we go.

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

I roll fat, holdin' a stash (it's like that)

Home girl, blowin' my jack (like that)

We boys in the mist of the noise (it's like that)

We big boys whippin' them toys (like that)

We up late, runnin' from jake (like that)

And still got money to make (it's like that)

From now until we finish the game (like that)

The world gonna cherish the name (it's like that)[Inspectah Deck]

Downtown blowin' my sound, blew out your Alpines

Feel me, I did it for dough, this ain't about rhymes

Cash on delivery, not leavin' without mines

Face tried to powder my shine, it's about time

To politic, poppin' the clip, bust off the hot shit

Holler this, monstrous hit, and stop ya gossip

I rep, what you expect, I took a set back

Crept back, nursin' my wounds, lookin' for get back

Forced to bring the pain, make 'em say my name

Rings have changed, shinin' like I'm Ving Rhames

Or King James, hustlin', I sling game

Sting lames, this money makin' things change

I bless heads, push past the full macs

Left for dead, raised by the wolf packs  
Black hoods, leathers with the wool hats  
Draw blood, don't even pull gats, it's like that  
[Interlude: DJ Kay Slay]  
Aiyo, ya'll better kick your shoes off  
And come on in! [Chorus] [Interlude: DJ Kay Slay]  
Aiyo, this is all for my Metro card, one dollar cab niggaz  
Niggaz who walk here, and all the ladies who stood on line in the rain  
With the bouncers who let the thugs slide, come on, come on. [Inspectah Deck]  
The streets watch, ya'll gon get ya teeth knocked  
The heats hot, bustin' til the beef stop  
Preach not, our goal is to reach the top  
Knees drop, I light it up and clean shop  
Built with better design, clever mind  
Verbal tech 9, light years, ahead of my time  
And I, walk with, criminals who talk shit  
We talk business, the blocks is our office  
Many have come, few that could walk this  
Roam too far, catch static like a cordless  
I'm off this, pimpin' a broad, beyond gorgeous  
Gettin' lost, dippin' in twin Porsches, it's like that  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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