

# Tank, Interlude

[Grap:]

I am the one they call the G, the R, the A, the P and  
I didn't write this, it's coming off the top of the dome  
So what you wanna do and whatcha wanna go home  
And tell your mama that I'm one wit all the mad drama  
Yes I was causing the movies on 1 East 25th Street  
I crossover, honey dips knew it was Harlem wheat  
I was flowing on the place to be  
Is being the capital rapper, the G-R-A-P  
In the place to be wit my man Pete Rock and CL Smooth  
Pass the bust a groove and the people begin to move  
And get on the dancefloor  
Got to move the funk you stinking little hores  
And all the hoods and all the punks and all the suckers  
Wit this shit I got stupid muthafukas  
On my dick, what the fuk, I rock the mic so quick  
Wit Adofo in the place to be  
And my man Ross is right in back of me  
Rob O, good to go  
I've gots the F-L-O-W and that spells flow  
Wit Chris Champ, oh what's up I'm bout to get amp  
On top of the mic and I'm a set an exam -ple  
Girls I pull, I got the honey dip, so what's up, my tank is full  
Of sperm, I ready to bust a nut  
What's up Pete Rock, come get on the cut  
Rock to the beat, get wreck on the regular  
Listen to me because I cause mass hysteria  
Peace