Hearin, hearin double

If I put it on you, could you put it on me, 'cause I can do it, I can do any thing If I put it on you, could you put it on me, 'cause I can do it, I can do any Allow me to introduce now, the dopest solo rhyme sayer Make MC's bow, funk that shake the concrete, elite on beat, plus the rhymes that I be blessin' bust you every week Now, my brain is sick we all know it, I'm choppin' MC's like grass when you If you got a fatter rhyme, won't you please show it Got a black belt rap, so hesitate before you throw it Once again, rockin' on the microphone, kick it at a bigger dome, tour is whe re I figure home Rap caviar, I'm like crystal at the bar, so far you ain't up to par A one-two before I shake 'em up, 'bout to break em up Then take em up, those who slept on Craig Mack are wakin' up Devoted to rap, and all the songs I bring Let the alarm ring, here's the funk that you sing... If I put it on you, could you put it on me, 'cause I can do it, I can do any If I put it on you, could you put it on me, 'cause I can do it, I can do any thing Now I'm A dope MC and you ain't, don't faint Just watch me coat the funk like paint Hard to follow, nah smooth as a Eldorado Peep the time like movado, drop the mic and play the Lotto If I'm chillin down at the park Blazing L's watching honeys 'til after dark Cruise around on the ave, if there ain't nothin to do You see Mack That brother's making loot with his crew The original do or die fly rhyme material Fitting inside rap like milk fit in cereal United we stand, divided we fall We tighter than pantyhose two sizes small I.e. in example the word we 'Cause Craig Mack is my name but Street Life is the family tree Devoted to rap and all the songs I bring, let the alarm ring, here's the fun k that you sing... If I put it on you, could you put it on me, 'cause I can do it, I can do any If I put it on you, could you put it on me, 'cause I can do it, I can do any thing Uh oh, I feel a rhyme about to bubble Thick as a brontosaurus burger ate by Barney Rubble That means MC's are in trouble Rhymes rhymes Hit cha, hit cha So ya, so ya

Its amazing, how this man creates the blazin', alkaline rhyme 'cause mine go

for days 'n'

Creatin the stuff that be extra ruff

Boy you wouldn't have a clue if your name was McGruff

Ladies and gentlemen you about to see

A man on the mic turn legacy, achiever, believer MC's be a griever Your friend can't beat me and you can't neither, reciever of this funk I deliver

MC's shiver from all that floatin' in the river, devoted to rap All the songs I bring, let the alarm ring here's the funk that you song...

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