Rap Hangover

Craig Mack

If there's a cure for this
I don't want it, I don't want it
If there's a curse for this
Mack
I don't need it, I don't need it
If there's a cure for this
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Well I been on the microphone for 13 years of my life
Hello world, I finally rock each boy and girl
I'm just here to get on down with the funk
Don't want the whole world, but Lord give me a chunk
It's the King Don, eat ya ass like a bon bon
Or wonton soup, as I lay down the scoop
I was broke in the corner, street life pick me up
Two days away from asking for some change inside a cup
No flava in ya ear was the jam to rock the many
But at the time my rhyme did not make a penny
And I'm out on my own, lookin for a record deal
Just gimme a chance, I know I'll rock the steel
And now I'm here, 1997 is the year
Making MC's disappear
'Cause 1000 degrees is my temperature
If rap makes me sick, I don't want no cure...

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Now many MC's came but none are competitors
With lyrics for your car rides and bass for your dance floors
I think about what it took to get here
Hear phony gangsters rappin, makes me shed a tear
Sit down, It's my turn to reign
As I implant funk along the God beside your brain
I mean the fake MC's no longer seen got ate like sizzlelean
Craig Mack will have you like a crack fiend
Folks, no jokes or hocus pocus
Only thing you notice, my rhymes are shifting like a Lotus
Adjust your focus, and pay attention to the new
Ultimate MC and that's me coming through
I did show after show, that's word is bond
From the project buildings to the white house lawn
I rock til dawn
So take down my signature
The way rap make me feel I don't want no cure, come on

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A yo this is the reason why MC's won't survie
Craig Mack is on the mic and I will always sound live
I shake the earth so bad the richter don't clock it
And uniblab's the robot that was down with spacely sprocket
I'mma rock it
To bring all the funks to plan
Take command and run rhymes that you can't withstand
I stand as the grand multiband man since it began
I got funk vibrating to japan
People of the world thank you
Kick a rhyme til its through
And MC's on the earth, I spank you
Run you, stun you, knock you down
What a gun do?, who you against my sound
There's a lot of money so me and E. is gonna get it
As the beat kick your brain open, I'mma put a rhyme in it
Peace to the people on the planet
Craig Mack will always rock you
And take that for granted, Sooo...

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