

# Style

Craig Mack

Yea  
(NYC)  
1... 2... big ups to NYC  
And the whole country  
BIG MACK  
Uh  
Flava to buss it  
Style like this boy, haaa  
Check it

It go a tisket a tasket, melt you like you plastic  
Non-stop rockin' put MC's in a casket  
Wake up 'cause its a brand new (what)  
World and I will continue (to what)  
To be the best at, hittin' where you rest at  
The mic let me test that, with honey-coated chit chat  
'Cause if that, you think  
(Uhh, one, two)  
I walk around like my style don't stink  
And to all the broads I might take home, there's a limo outside with the driver on the phone  
Stand alone, live from NYC  
Got the lock on rap, and my rhymes are the key  
Next to me, none of y'all come close  
Rock til' broad daylight with the Mack as your host  
It go non-stop rockin' is the fat funk flav  
Boy I'll put you in the grave  
And I'mma do it with style...

I drive Rolls and a Yacht off of flava I got  
Who boiling hot, sure shot, whether you like it or not  
And if you look my brother then you will see  
That Craig Mack's going down in history  
I got style what you want, style, what you need, and I got style  
What ya want and check it, check it, what ya need

Well here comes da man with the mic I command  
Radio's black monster similiar to Rodan  
I groove from east to west, it ain't nuthin'  
Keep the funk locked like police hand cuffin'  
Top notch from here to Okinawa  
My belly all fat from MC's I devour  
Mayday, you better radio the tower  
'Cause the plane you ridin' in just ran out of power  
Style  
My claim to fame, I was born for the mic I even use my real name  
Mack, Haaa, what it be like brother, as you could look around and see there ain't no other  
Sasquatch steppin', deadly weapon, rock da microphone since the age of 11  
Like Andretti and my engine is revvin', brother you's about to die but I hope you go to heaven, rockin' you MC's times up  
My rhymes are water that will fit inside ya favorite cup  
Dante's peak of rap that's about to erupt  
You probably feel it in your gut but  
I'm a do it with style...

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I don't talk to MC's its a waste of my time  
I'd rather see em' on a fat ass rhyme  
It's like a cement truck the way I hit  
MC's on the mic talk that same old shit  
I'm debonair with flare, good friends of the mayor  
Funk coming down like Foxy Brown's hair  
For style like this you can't find everywhere  
I rock a stadium with hands in the air, from sea to shining sea  
I be, the Mackalicious funk flav rock the country  
Got more gators than Crocodile Dundee  
And you can see my name on the grand marquee  
It go funk original Mack the flava man  
And where your style go into the garbage can  
I be the president if I ran, but I choose to use the microphone to take comm  
and  
And I'm smooth as the Nile, with ya name on file  
Fly rhymes sayer ben this way since a child  
I'll be ya man on the FM dial  
The Mack will last a while, (word up)  
And I'mma do it with style...

I drive Rolls and a Yacht off of flava I got  
Who boiling hot, sure shot, whether you like it or not  
And if you look my brother then you will see  
That Craig Mack's going down in history

I got style... (what ya want... and I got style... It's what ya need... and)

From the North  
To the South  
To the East  
To the West  
Guaranteed to rock you cause the Mack is the Best  
I got style  
I drive Rolls and a Yacht off of flava I got  
Who boiling hot, sure shot, whether you like it or not  
And if you look my brother then you will see  
That Craig Mack's going down in history  
I got style  
Its what you want and  
(Style) its what you need and  
(Style) its what you want and  
Cause its the Mackalicious Funk Flav  
It go, Style