

C'mon, clap your hands, wind it up [x6]

Hush, I'm comin thru with the bum rush
Feelins forced style, Adidas, Cold Crush
What? My style's ridiculous
Who's gettin wit that spectacular, miraculous?
Word to Lexus, I'm from New York
I'm flowin like Dom P so unpop the cork
Now feelin me for real do'
I'm the one who came from the back and blew the brains out of Al Pacino
(Word up) Welcome to this rendition
of lyricism, I'm on a Doug E.Fresh mission
Somebody stop me, I'm outta control please
before I do autopsies on these MC's
Open em up, they hollow on the inside
No heart pumpin, their organ missin somethin
Trueness, yeah they get no props
without Das I come with the Real Hip-Hop

I maintain
I hold it down, so gimme that microphone
and lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
when a brother like E is on the microphone, uh
I maintain
I hold it down, so gimme that microphone
and lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
when a brother like E-D is on the microphone

Hold up, how y'all tryin ta play me, uh
when I paved the way for y'all punks to MC
You're not hard, ol school pull your card
wit the quickness, chump and Jehovah Witness
Agony of defeat on the street
In front of your crew diggin, in front of your main chicken
Oooh, it's more than meet the eye, oh my god
Somebody got shook by a hardcore mirage
Speak on it, I get busy every week on it
DIE E-I, I sing and get unique on it
The miracle child, the chosen one
(POOF) Behind the Def Squad come the truth
There chill, I got that microphone
so lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
I can't believe, I come with the mad degrees, boy
Freakin the funk with extra shit up the sleeve, uh

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