

**M.C.**

**J-Live**

Straight from New York where black music was modernized  
J-Live all wise and civilized  
Always energized  
All rights reserved and recognized  
All rhymes supersized and come with fries  
FOR THE FAT SHIT!  
Stacked with fat backed opinions  
Pinpoint accurate reflections  
Timeless selections  
For your listening pleasures  
Where rhymes be the bars minutes or miles can measure  
Can you believe I do this shit for a living?  
Politic and positvin' and get paid for poems given  
On records, tapes, cds, MP3s  
Radios, shows in the states and overseas yo  
It's I'll cuz my role models are my peers now  
And my thoughts'll be in your ears for years now  
I'm trying to play my cards right  
Cuz despite joys and pains I felt  
Several hands were dealt  
Yet I live good, look good, eat good, dress good  
Stroke good, rest good  
Even if I didn't  
I could think good, write good, spit good, rock good  
No need to knock on wood  
Know why? Cuz I'm a

(3x):

"M.....C"

"E-M-C-E-E"

Know why, cuz I'm a  
Master of Ceremony  
Making a Comeback and  
Moving the Crowd with Mad Charisma  
Most of y'all Cornballs  
Mingle at Concerts  
Making a Claim but you know who is the ["MC"]  
More Concentration on My Cadence Might Cloud your mind  
Controlling your Movement Capaciously  
My Capacity to Massacre Crumbs  
And Motive Change Most Certainly Makes you Consider me  
Champion, Microphone is Consistently  
Modelling Candor of Magnificence  
See My Conduct is Mute to Cajolery  
I Maintain with Clamency and Manificence  
Cunning and Marvelous  
Crafty yet Malevolent  
To all Cultivators of Mindless Crap  
I Really Recognize the Rude Ramblings of those Random Riff Raffs  
Cuz they just Rap and I

(4x):

"M.....C"

"E-M-C-E-E"

"The M" \*cut up\*

"The C" \*cut up\*  
"The MC" \*cut up\*

I gonna let you in on how I ["C"]  
On the day to the day doing what I do to these  
["M"]-icroscopic sitopic ass  
Now naysayers think they can stop it I  
["M"]-ake money and made money even when I  
Couldn't make music, I was still makin dollars  
And brace doubt, taking no as a vitamin  
Constantly moving motivating and proving  
Many are called but few get chosen  
Clowns posing in a post and get frozen  
More often than not I get hot like  
["C"]4 on the stage blowing up the spot  
Just for  
Her, you and him, All of the Above  
It's contagious how the crowd show me love  
With a ["M"]-I-C in my hand  
Coming to a venue to you, I better make you say

(3x):

"M.....C"

"E-M-C-E-E"