

# Bad Mutha

Kool Moe Dee

Other MC's, I want you to know  
If you ever want to battle me, don't move slow  
Come and get it cause I'm waitin and I got nowhere to go  
Head to head, toe to toe, rhyme for rhyme, blow for blow  
We can throw  
Badself  
When I get busy, the crowd gets dizzy  
And when I'm on the stage, the party people say, "Is he  
Really human or is he a robot?"  
Because when I'm on the microphone nobod-  
why does the things that I do  
My voice will guide you  
Once you hear it, it stays inside you  
Hypnotizing and mesmerizing  
The cerebral cortex, but without realizing  
You become confused and so enthused  
Cause the rhymes I use can make you lose  
Total control, and if I choose  
To call you the paperboy you'll spread the news  
Like Paul Revere: "A real rapper is here!"  
Yeah, "Moe Dee is coming, Moe Dee is coming"  
And teeth will chatter, plagiarism scatter  
Nothing is the matter, you're just looking at a  
Real rap trooper with a power so super  
After battlin me, I guarantee you won't recouper-  
ate cause I am great, I can make you hate  
To ever look in the mirror and affiliate  
Yourself with anything but an average person  
Lovin my success but envious and cursin  
You want my autograph, don't act like a sucker  
Just gimme a pound cause I'm a bad, bad, bad mutha-  
Mutha-, mutha-, muthaf-  
I put a hurtin on rappers, egos are crushed  
Pride is swallowed, asses are bust  
Hearts are taken, souls cremated  
Lips are sealed and they hate it  
Overrated rappers made it  
On a wing and a prayer with old beats updated  
But I'm not like you bitin barbarics  
Rappers with the fresh beats and weak lyrics  
I'm cyanide, deadly and lethal  
I never run out, I got an automatic refill  
I never get cold, I only get lukewarm  
When I want to get hot, I have a real brainstorm  
Ideas start flowin, my talents start showin  
And if the music stops, Moe Dee keeps goin  
I'm bigger than life and deeper than death  
The world of rap is like a kitchen and I am the chef  
Boy, are these MC's really startin to irk me  
Make it to the top, then try to jerk me  
Ask em who's the best, their shoulders start shruggin  
Like they don't know, they must be buggin  
But I like the controversy, it makes me blood-thirsty  
And one day I'll make them all beg for mercy  
So remember that if you want to act like a sucker  
Don't ever make me mad cause I'm a bad, bad, bad mutha-  
Mutha-, mutha-, muthaf-

I'm the kinda rapper that a dummy won't dig  
My IQ's too high, my words are too big  
My voice too clear and my rhymes are ample  
Some things I won't do, and here's an example  
I won't make a 'La-Di-Da-Di', an 'Oh Veronica'  
A 'Dear Ivette' or a La-'Latoya'  
I'm not tryin to dis the rappers that made these cuts  
As a matter of fact I like them, but  
Records like that are for the average MC  
Not for the highly rated Moe Dee  
I have a formula, I'm like a scientist  
And I must put words together like this  
My voice is a ?????, coming out an orophus  
Expressing ?????, verbally or if it's  
Mental ??asymetrics?? that makes me so electric  
By spontaneous combustion an explosion is expected  
A walking time bomb that can't be disconnected  
I'm a rhymer with a timer, I'm a english dialectic  
My ideas are impeccable, rhymes are paragon  
My soliloquy will affect ya like Farrakhan  
Love me or hate me, agree or debate me  
Watchin suckers gather round, bow down ????? be-  
Cause what I do orally I something so morally  
Stimulating, emmulating heat that's corally  
My mind is both flexible and resillient  
Pugnacious, tenacious ??????, I'm brilliant  
Through rigorous training, it's self-explaining  
Why I'm standing on the top and that's where I'm remaining  
My brain rocks like Mr. Spock's  
And any other MC's are knocked out the box  
So you know where to kiss, so line up and pucker  
Sucker MC's, I'm a bad, bad, bad, bad (mutha-)  
Mutha-, mutha-, muthaf-  
Now I was never solo, I was always in a group  
So now you new jacks are a little too souped  
So if you think you could take mine  
Then come on and make my  
Day, you idiot, you knew from the giddy-up  
You didn't have a chance  
But if you want drop the pants  
I spank that ass so fast that the next time you glance  
Everyone will be laughin and you'll be the stock  
Cause that's what's good about havin you MC's on the jock  
I could go on and on and on and on for days  
But everytime I speak I get unwanted protegees  
If you've been lucky so far, don't press your luck  
Cause you don't really want none cause I'm a bad, bad, bad (mutha-)  
Mutha-, mutha-, muthaf-