

Suckers

Kool Moe Dee

Suckers!

I'm not your average rapper so I can't half step
I gotta come off right, I got a Moe Dee rep
And I'ma live up to it, cause y'all can't do it
Other rappers have tried...but they blew it
There's a heavy demand for me
'Cause I am the man you see
On stage, and front page, newspapers and TV
Radio stations don't play me enough
But it makes no difference 'cause I'm so rough (I'm tough)
Either way you look at it, rappers wish that they had it
As good as Moe Dee that's why they try to be me
And what they've become is a facsimile
Now people wanna see me, rappers wanna beat me
Making new comparisons, so why don't y'all just leave me alone
'Cause I own the microphone
And when it comes to rhymes, I'm bad to the bone
Suckers!

Now I ask you who's the best and everybody replied
But if you guess I'm not the best you're just as wrong as apartheid
Double up thoughts, think twice
But not about me bein' Kool 'cause I'm ice without a doubt
So predictable it's a shame
Although you can't predict the rhyme you can predict the aim
And before the rhyme is anywhere near through
You, just like the whole world, knew
That I'd rock, no shocks
Some rappers will jock, the way I rock
'Cause it's real and nothing phony
I can send the crowd into pandemonium
Lyrically equipped so I can be choosy
[?] and deadly just like an Uzi
I can be strapped just from rapped
Because it's super-high powered, not like you saps
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It's been proven, history is made
The world gathered around to give me a parade
Records were set, dollars were bet
On me to emerge victorious, no sweat
Hustle or crime nor search to find
Ideas and words to put in a rhyme
[?] tell it by me but not for sale
Although there is a black market for biters, but to no avail
Some can't read it, the rest can't say it
You have no choice but to love it and play it
Rewrite it and discreetly bite it

Although you don't want to, you can't fight it
'Cause it's kinda like going to school fool
And since I am the teacher I make the rules
You're under my control and you're starting to bore me
I don't say it the best no more, you say it for me
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You silly boys with your plastic toy
Rhymes sometimes really annoy
A vet like me 'cause y'all are rookie
When I was teaching rap class you played hooky
Now your records are fake from the dollars you make
It's hidden well like icing hides a no good cake
Since you're the cake, once the people get a taste
Of what you're really worth they'll see you were a waste
But the [?], the newspaper types your name in big letters
But I'll still fight [?] any of you rappers, and I mean any
In actuality it ain't but so many
That I could consider, a [?] spot hitter
You rhyme like babies and I am the sitter
Why don't you children play a man's game?
When they talk about the best, believe me your name
Is not ever mentioned, 'cause I get the attention
For being the baddest since the invention
Of rhyming on the microphone, alone
I own the [?] get off my [?] in the danger zone
You speak so weak your rhymes are [?]
You try to freak [?] and so you have to sneak
And say you're better, like a sucker instead of
Tellin' the truth, you'd rather let a
Knucklehead who's never heard a real rhyme
Think that you're great, the blind leading the blind
Now the young hip-hoppers don't know what it's about
'Cause when rappers was real they wasn't hanging out
Now they see you phony, a [?] pony
Sneaker-wearing, [?] one and only
Dark-skinned in leather, all of y'all together
Could team on up and battle me, y'all could never
Ever amount to what I am
'Cause I'm Kool Moe Dee, better known as the man
No matter how you suckers feel
I am the best, 'cause I'm for real
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