Oh!

Young MC

Uh
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Uh
Uh

Release. Rotation. Splash, I make cash. Makin' dollars
And funky trash that make me wanna hollah
My styles versatile, hard to swalla
Cause I'm strong like an ox but cute like a koala
So follow me as I take you on an excursion:
Indian, Argentinian and Persian
Don't act strange, ain't no change or conversion
Young MC comin' with the Y2K version
Urgent! Urgent! Better take heed
If you tell me what you want then I'm a give you what you need
Been rappin' over nineteen years to succeed
And I do it for the love of the rhyme and not greed
Indeed, I ain't no fool. I likes dough
Investment bankers eatin' escargot
With money overseas and clothes with escrow
Because I'm comin' with the style and the flow, to make the people say

OH! Yes I'm comin' at you with the funk, and
OH! with the bottom for the bass in your trunk, and
OH! If this was liquor you would surely get drunk
Because I got more rhymes then Fred Sanford got junk, and
OH! I think that we're about to take flight and
OH! Takin' ya'll to a brand new height and
OH! Party people better hold on tight
Cause Young MC's gonna rock tonight

That's right. Now from the New York Post to the LA Times
I'm droppin' lyrics so wicked they consider them crimes
And the people all know I'm just approachin' my prime
Make 'em say "Ya! Ya! Ya!" like I was Busta Rhymes
At times I tell you it feels so divine
Writin' lyrics over tracks and beats I combine
And some day soon I'll have a girlie so fine
Like Sonny had Cher and Get Smart had Ninety-nine
But for now I'm comin' with the hip-hop sound
For the streets with the beats and my feets on the ground
This is real to me. Ain't no time to mess around
Cause I been breakin' ya'll off since I wore Buster Browns
So yo. Lemme tell ya how it's gon go
You can see in the a video or see me in a show
Cassette, LP, CD or radio
Then ya know I got the the style and the flow, to make the people say

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Cause Young MC's gonna rock tonight

I'm not Alanis Morissette but baby isn't it ironic
Cause there's more styles here than bein' hooked on phonics
Divorced they once told me my rhyme styles bionic
Cause I smoke MC's like MC's smoke the chronic
Ironic how everybody wanna talk mess
And when you come face to face they talk a whole lot less
I got love for both coasts. Ain't no need to fess
I got my skills in the East. I got my props out West
I suggest that you lose that frown and start smilin'
Use your head for a second. Stop whilin'
You say I fell off, but I was low profilin'
Now my song is strong from Long Beach to Long Island
Stylin', chillin', no guns and no killin'
Cause it's time to stop the violence if you're willin'
Thrillin', and yo it'll be so fulfillin'
Never rob, cause I'm doin' my job like Bob Dylan
And spillin' some treacherous rhymes in ya'll domes
Doin' more for your heads than picks, brushes or combs
I'm a die hard rapper, baby. Let it be known
Don't die hard like Bruce Willis. Die hard like John Holmes
I roam all over the globe and girls know
I get kisses from the misses underneath the mistletoe
They run and tell their friends,"Hey girl! Don't cha know
Young is comin' with the style and flow to make the people say

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Because I got more rhymes then Fred Sanford got junk, and
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OH! Takin' ya'll to a brand new height and
OH! Party people better hold on tight
Cause Young MC's gonna rock tonight. That's right. They say
OH! Yes I'm comin' at you with the funk, and
OH! with the bottom for the bass in your trunk, and
OH! If this was liquor you would surely get drunk
Because I got more rhymes then Fred Sanford got junk, and
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Cause Young MC's gonna rock tonight

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