

Random f/ Problem Child

"Mega Club"

Visit "[Mega Club](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Random]

Aiyyo I'm tika-I'm the boy you can't style on
Pile on, like pigskin within the pylon
I take rappers away like Calgon
Mega Ran, it's my time from now on
Battle anybody, any set, in a sec
Ciphers, on stage, even on the internet
Better stack, I ain't finished yet
Show no love like enterin a tennis match with a tec
Funky like a used diaper
Last one to come up in debates about who's tighter
Feel my pain like the words of an abused writer
Cause it's in my veins, that's hip-hop in liquid form
Through any trial, any storm, I gets it on
I rip this joint, you kids is pawns
Got game like Capcom, perhaps I'm sick
But I had to be there for weeks to drop flatline
Get it poppin 'til every cat is convinced
You a mockingbird and my name is Atticus Finch
(YEAH~!)

They say that everything with life has a death
And for every right there's a left
So for every time I killed a mic with breath
There's another young boy that's waitin to step
But it's okay, I don't MC, I'm more than that
The enemy of the norm, I'm gettin bored with rap, so
I don't wanna take it back (nope) then I'm tryin to take it forward
So I "Bend it Like Beckham" and they got nuttin for it
It's hot in here, got 'em comin out they Roc-A-Wear
With bras spilled like a cup on a rocking chair
It's the Mega Ran experience
This is the first and last time you'll be hearin this
And this is for the boys who felt him
Download it, share it, tell him you're all welcome

[Chorus: Random]

Now it's time for the hook
It's gotta be catchy, it's gotta be pop
Gotta be edgy, make 'em wanna dance
Make 'em get sweaty - hmm, what would you think of

this?

Blah blah blah, get on the floor
Blah blah, if you can hear me, gimme some more
Blah blah, I won't stop, can't stop, rock the party
Shock the body, rock the body

[Problem Child]

My style, be Vile, be killin Doc Wi-ly
Really not ready not Philly not likely
Chillin, I'm willin for wildin out of control
Fill in tabs on the hill when Child is on the console
I'm the Bomb-man, spit Fire-man, I'm a Cut-man
But, cool as Ice-man, rhymes got Guts-man
About to Bubble-man, comin on Quick-man
You Crash-man in a Flash-man call me sick man
Got a charged cannon on my arm, bangin on your
squad
Damage on your armor, I'm at large
Endin on the name all the same with the man Mega Ran
Leave without a pot to piss or a leg to stand
The Sega Genesis megalith makin it major
With Mr. Raised the Bar All Star, wait 'til they get a whiff
of this
To the benefit I'm intendin to enter in to
dominate the game like my name was Nintendo,
AHHH~!

[Chorus]

(You're mad!}
{NO!!! I'm he he-HAPPY~!}

Visit [Random f/ Problem Child](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.