

## Bob Dylan

### "Rap Phenomenon"

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"Well it's the Funk Docta Spock.."  
"Meth-Tical.."  
"Biggie.. Biggie.." (mmmhmmmmmm)

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Uhh.. uhh.. uhh.. (yo c'mon Big) uhh..  
Fuck that, I preach it, my nine reaches  
the prestigious, cats that speak this, Willie shit  
Flooded pieces, my hand releases, snatches  
Smack ya cabbage, half-ass rappers, shouldn't have it  
So I grab it, never run, the outcome  
is usually, a beatdown brutally, fuck who you be  
or where you're from, West or East coast, squeeze  
toast  
Leave most in the blood they layin in, what, what?  
The rings and things you sing about, bring 'em out  
It's hard to yell when the barrel's in your mouth  
It's more than I expected, I thought your jewels was  
rented  
but they wasn't, so run it, cousin  
I could chill, the heat doesn't  
Ran up in your shell about a dozen  
You never see bank like Frank White  
Your hand clutchin, your chest-plate contemplate  
You 'bout to die, nigga wait, keep yo' hands high

[Redman]

Yo.. yo yo  
I don't brownnose out of town hoes  
I'm up around fo' with the crowbar to the five point oh  
I get bagged, I'm John Doe, suspect  
You ass like prime roastin, Calvin Klein clothes  
Explode the pyros when Doc guest appear  
I'm out there, I bought it with George Jetson here  
Your time is near, so get your body dropped off  
I stopped trustin niggaz since Gotti got caught  
It's Bricks keep your wrist covered, or piss colored  
By the waist got a gun as dark as Kris brother  
I.C.U., my sheisty crew, like ice me too  
I break your legs, leave your eyes slightly blue  
The Doc was born with a grenade palm

I'm concurrent in your hood like a, teenage mom  
Yo Biggie (what? what?) She havin my bay-bayy  
If I pull out the A.K., keep your hands high

"This rule is so underrated.." -> B.I.G.  
"Actin as if it can't happen, you're frontin" -> Meth  
"Ain't no other kings in this rap thing.." -> B.I.G.  
"Biggie, a motherfuckin rap phenomenon" -> B.I.G.  
(repeat all 2X)

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Uhh, uhh  
I got a new mouth to feed, I'm due South with keys  
Y'all pick seeds out y'all weed, I watch cowards bleed  
Motherfucker please, it's my block with my rocks  
Fuck that hip-hop, them one-two's, and you don't stops  
Me and my nigga Lance, took Kim and Cee's advance  
Bought ten bricks, four pounds of weed plants  
from Branson, now we lampin, twelve room mansion  
Bitches get naked off "Get Money", "Player's Anthem"  
Don't forget, "One More Chance" and, my other hits,  
other shit  
niggaz spit be counterfeit, robbery come actually  
in and out like fuckin rapidly, pass the gat to me  
Make his chest rest, where his back should be, talkin  
blasphemy  
Blastin me, your family, rest in coffins often  
Frank Wizzard, fuck you soft or fragilla  
Play hard like Reggie Miller, rapper, slash dope dealer  
slash Gorilla, slash illest turned killer

[Method Man]

Now now  
Don't approach me with that rah rah shit, you out of  
pocket  
I take these adolescents back to Spofford  
Mentally my energy, is like a figure eight, on it's side  
that's infinity -- too many sick niggaz, nickel nines;  
bring the remedy -- when you play the field, what's the  
penalty  
Unnecessary roughness, career endin injuries for  
suckers  
Stuck on stupid, shoot em with a dart like Cupid  
until they got love for my music  
Star Wars I'm Han Solo, with three egoes  
and three charges, I got to "See-three-P.O.'s"  
This is whoop-yo'-ass-day, the sequel  
Eyeball blower with no equal, niggaz swingin swords in  
the WAR  
that's my people, sho' nuff, befo' I roll up  
This is a hold up, hands high, reach for the sky

I rep S.I., the unpretty, word to Left Eye  
New York Shitty, put they weight on it  
And who better for the job than Biggie? The Notorious  
Jeee-zus, "Unbelievable" rhyme that reaches  
and touch individual, small frame buck and change  
MC, What's-Your-Name, tuck your chain  
All about the fortune, fuck the fame, labels still extortin  
Kick me when I'm down, but I'm up again, scorchin  
Hot -- forcin my way up in the door  
to kill the bullshit like a matador  
Keep your hands high (what?)

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