

Cream

"Ain't Nobody Happenin"

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[Intro: Kool Keith]

Yeah, it's the first quarter, goin into the second
All labels, drop your acts
Rappers I'm dead serious, stop what you doin
Take it real personal, you know you're wak
Look in the mirror, it'll tell you the truth
Yo, I must confess
You know who I am, bust this

[Kool Keith]

Stop your music, hold up, your temperature is wak
I bought your gimmick album, erased the tape, took it
back
You was wrong for rhymin, that was a sin
You should STOP, cause rap's now worse again
You knew you was doo-doo, fakin that you was so
brutal
Your style was all canned, your stuff was all chicken
noodle
With no sale, you gave your promos out at retail
Tryin to flim-flam and pay them kids off at SoundScan
You bought me real stuff, BUFF - powderpuff
All I saw was tons of group sissies actin rough
Graffiti wars, a bunch of crowds, project halls
Mess with drama, your garbage style's Wonderama
I got skills, but butt crack is all Massengil
Independent, while groupies front while you drive a
rented
Up at that atmosphere, headpiece like {?}
You'll be trapped with empty pockets around Yankee
Stadium
I know your background, it's a puppet actin wild
I know your issue, I'm in your ass Scotty Tissue
Kool Keith is no joke, better will not make you hope
Pray to my nuts flat butts talk like Mariah Carey
I'm out there, you on my testicles this year
I tell you straight, you all rah rah

[Chorus 2X: Kool Keith]

Ain't nobody happenin (nobody happenin)
Ain't nuttin good be happenin (nuttin be happenin)

Just because you got a deal (clear the way)
Don't mean you know how to rap

[Tim Dog]

Mad rappers try to test my lyrical anarchy
Like Sparky from Detroit Tigers, I don't quit
Aw shit, Bronx niggaz always come legit
Once I lay my rap down, it's a hit
Of course the track gotta be fat for Tim Dog to rap
No more gettin with this, and no more gettin with that
Cause I reign the terrain like weather, however
Rappers try to Run-D.M.C. but I'm +Tougher Than
Leather+
How dare you, think you can dismantle
I'ma call you Campbell cause somebody got you
souped
Frontin wit'cha man when you know you ain't cute
You and your man can catch a bad one quick
I see mad motherfuckers get done for simple shit
(word)
So what's it gonna be, you or me? Life or death
Like Whitney Hou' you be holdin your breath
Cause I don't give a fuck where you been or where you
at
If you come wak then you betta watch your back
Cause rap is sacred, so don't fake it
And these fuckin devils out here tryin to take it

[Chorus]

[-- unknown emcee --]

Secret agent, seen a thing, heard a thing, launchin at
latitude
Aimin things, standing top, send it at longitude
I-I-know-know-that-that-you-you-be affected
Movin like a virus and niggaz they been infected
Let the doctor give you a shot, moved up from
sharpshooter
Aimin for the bridge of yo' nose, BLAOW!
Fallin down, fallin down
I make complicated statements, with, unlimited phone
calls
Swingin that, bringin that, {?} West coast swinger
rapper
Ba-ba-ba leavin-in-the-evenings, daytime talkin decent
Recently I'm part of the North, you beat me to the
record
usage of my lyrical form at the scene
Lookin like a heterosexual, about to lose his manhood
Brothers swear they hot when they sound like Orville
Reddenbacher

Pop pop pop pa-pop pa-pop
Labels signin innocents, tryin to tell 'em that they better
sense
Ignore them babies, they cryin for attention
Yo here's yo' pacifier, suck this brown dick 'til it turns
WHITE

[Chorus]

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