

Big Country

"Fake MC's"

Visit "[Fake MC's](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

They got a problem now
Knahmsayin? There's like, too many corny rappers...
Knahmsayin? Pretenders (put a end to you)
knahmsayin?

[Chorus]

There's too many phony MC's out there this year
They best to beware
I've burnt thousands already
So get ready, lyrics are deadly
There's too many phony MC's out there this year
They best to beware
I've burnt thousands already
So get ready, lyrics are deadly (knahmsayin?)

[Verse One]

Niggaz keep frontin, ain't saying nuttin
Killah Priest remains calm, yet carry on
Go 'head sing your song, claim y'all the dons
Rap superstars look cute with your cigars
Bitches like that, but where your mics at?
Bite me I bite back - plus I break backs
Fuck you, you can sue me, from yours truly
when niggaz sound booty
There's too many rappers in the East wanna be
gangsters
Too many gangsters in the West wanna be rappers
Bunch of actors - I ought to smack ya - who's your
master?
Sit down take a lesson, stop guessin
For years I had grace, saw your mad face
That only showed bad taste
Run around like you're delirious
Foamin from the mouth like you're furious
I'd rather be serious, it keeps the audience curious
These fantasies - nothin for your fans to seize
It might cause casualties
Hollywood is not your neighborhood
And if it is, give the mic to Natalie Woods
And y'all can be off to see the wizard

The wonderful Wizard of Oz, which are the A&R's
And you and Toto, doin' promos, along with the
Scarecrow
You will see no dough

[Chorus]

There's too many phony MC's out there this year
They best to be aware
I've burnt thousands already
So get ready, my lyrics are deadly
There's too many phony MC's out there this year
They best to beware
I've burnt thousands already
So get ready, my lyrics are deadly

[Verse Two]

I lay in the cut like peroxide
Lookin' at ya cock-eyed, cause your music sounds lop-
side
(Oooh!) They sound tounge tied
Butch of young guys, have 'em hung high
Watched his lungs fry, from the sunshine
which is one rhyme generating from the mind
Killah Priest now or late, I terminate
Burn and break, and intimidate
I come cold as when the winter break
I put an end to snakes - pretenders and fakes
Shake like a earthquake, I judge wisely
between two pillars of poison ivy
For those that despise me - attach 'em to the I.V.
Your pops should've bust you on the couch
or sent you down the mouth
Next time wear a condom, when I step upon them
I make MCs memories
Whenever there's a symphony, I look sinfully
Been doin' this for centuries
I write shit sick as Shakespeare trippin' off of acid
Roll on you like John the Baptist, with the rusty hatchet
I preach the word of God before I murder y'all
I swear I never heard of y'all
There's too many MC's out there..

[Chorus - overlaps last line]

There's too many phony MC's out there this year
They best to beware
I've burnt the thousands already
So get ready, my lyrics are deadly
There's too many phony MC's out there this year
They best to beware
I've burnt thousands already
So get ready, my lyrics are deadly

There's too many phony MC's out there this year
They best to beware
I've burnt thousands already.. {*fades out*}

Visit [Big Country](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.