

Depeche Mode

"The Symphony Part II"

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(Masta Ase)

I'm about to run, run a race wit the rhythm
If you know the bass steps, dance, do it wit em
Gotta clock g's, 'cause the g's worth a thousand
When I kick these types of rhymes I'll be housing
All I wanna be gonna be big shotties
Brothers ain't wit it then I do it for the hotties
But I know they wit it 'cause they know I ain't a phony
And it feels good like Tony, Toni, Tone
And I like to kick a rhyme, rhyme for the people
Wanna reach the top, climb, climb to the steeple
Top to high, well you best get a ladder
Say you're from the slum, well chum it don't matter
Forget where your from, it's all about where you're
going
My name is Masta Ase and I don't tip toeing
Never saw fall, lose my grip, or take a slip
Make a house call, hit a dip and then I skip
But not to my Loo, I never play hopscotch
Music man baby and the rhymes are top notch
Gotta try to uplift, lift the ghetto dweller
I try my best to never riff, riff wit a fellow
My brother sometimes trys to play it like tennis
Dennis, time to pull teeth like a dentist
Oh brother, brother, please don't play it
The rhyme is prime everytime that I say it
Actions in effect, nothing change but the weather
Juice crew, nah, but we still rock together
Craig G
(Yo, I believe that's me)
Hey yo, Craig G
(Yo, I believe that's me)
Hey yo, Craig G
(Yo man I believe that's me)
Kick it 1,2,3

(Craig G)

Yo, once again a brother's back to attract many age
groups

Sporting green and baige boots popping like the hula
hoop
You step to me and you'll be stepping to a death wish
You probably thought I'm soft, of course you never met
this
I'm not a crazy man, gun token holigan
But pass a mic to me and rappers I'll be doing in
So, yo, hit, slide to the left a bit
'Cause I'm about to blow up in the '90's and I bet you
get
Jelly and think of trying to do me
I work for my spot so don't try to remove me
'Cause I can swing a rap like a batter hits a fast ball
Put on my track shoes and run right pass all
All the MC's and wannabees
Get played like a ?plumbining?, crease in your leaves
So next time the wizard gives you soft as a heart
Don't step to me because I rip the shit apart
Now this ain't Mr. Rogers and I never play pretend
So think about it chump if you step to me again
Yo Big Daddy
(Yo I believe that's me)
Hey yo Big Daddy
(Yo I believe that's me)
Big Daddy
(Well I guess that's me)
1,2,3

(Big Daddy Kane)

Uhn, damn, it's true, I'm living mathematic
Asiatic coming up on the microphone just like an addict
Make the fit, 100% legit
As soon as I hit, oh shit
'Cause I'm gonna make the audience applaud me
And support me and award me when they saw me
In action wit my softy gin
Sharpen than any other instrument
That archeologist can't find, never known to mankind
'Cause I'm a weird species
And all you filthy mcnasty Mc's couldn't even see me
You're too fragile to touch this mass style
Girls be running up saying, oh, you're too bad child
So save your breath and exit stage left
But treat before you meet defeat and greet death
you any champion that even tries to touch this
Won't even get the key that's tied along, it's dubless
See, I'm the wrong one to fuk wit
Oh you still standing there
(Yo, yo, look out duck kid)
I'm deathing and bashing crash and smack MC's

And enemies wit these
'Cause I make sure everything comes out smooth

(Lil' Daddy Shane)
But you know your little brother must deserve his
groove
Drop something quick release a rhyme wit quickness
To let MC's know about my existence
Any Mc to last a minute is pure lucky
'Cause I'm the baddest kid that you seen says ?Chuck?
(Well Kool G Rap)
(Yo I believe that's me)
So G Rap
Yo I believe that's me
(So Kool G Rap)
(Yo, I believe that's me)
1,2,3

(Kool G Rap)

Yo, straight out the muthafuking gutter
I open my shutter, the butt ass brothers
And rip 'em up like a box cutter
You brush up I pull the trigger
I figured nobody could digger, Milli Vanilli Ass nigga
Prepare for shoot bear, I'm knocking boots daily
Fools Irip 'em out of their roots like Alex Haley
Here I come straight to the mouth
I'm kicking it slick lyrics are harder than a dick inside a
ho house
Your neighborhood hero's a zero
I'm sending muthafukers on a midnight run like DeNiro
So here goes a rapper to the baffled
Feels still gaffled, pressed up on your Adam's apple
Reach for the pistol and you're crazy
Try to blast and I'll be swinging that ass like Patrick
Swayze
Said he was frightened when I rock, they came in a
flock
What is this shit, New Kids on the Cock
When I battle, you need a paddle
The shit creeps deep, but since you're riding on my
dick, you need a saddle
No survivors, I spit 'em out just like saliva
Well, next stop, hello pop and i'm the driver
So faint rappers try to diss, you're a little too proud
But niggas on white glows on my shit list
Do your ass in like Kennedy's assassin
Murder the whole mass and, time to dress passion
I float aloft like a sailor, hold you like clothes
I got that ass sewned up just like a tailor

Kool G Rap, one in a million
You're rolling the dice and get sliced the fuked up like
a Sicilian
A nigga can't do shit for me
G Rap and Marly Marl, I'm signing out on the symphony

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