

Dj Pooh

"Mc's Must Come Down (Feat. Mista Grimm)"

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Featuring Mista Grimm

(What goes up
Must come down > Biz Markie)

[VERSE 1]

MC's you need deeper concentration
Cause wack rhymes and crews lead to non profit
organizations
I attack like anxiety with the variety
>From the western society baby
Seeing is believing but looks can be deceiving
You might think you're coming with it nigga but you're
leaving
With lyrics I'm conceiving
Morning, afternoon and evening
You can't wait
My shit's special like a .38
(You got a problem?)
I smoke some boo boo, now I'm spaced out like
astrology
Getting in MC's asses like proctology
It's seems that everybody's going through a phase
Thinkin they can bust, but they're weak like 7 days
All 12 months for every ounce I get 12 blunts
Get the munchies, eat up 12 MC's at once
Thinkin that they wasn't, when they know that they was
The one with the style young, they still got the
peachfuzz

(What goes up
Must come down)
(What goes up...)
(MC's) (...must come down)

[VERSE 2]

When I get stoned like Fred Flint I begin
To smoke MC's like Marian, bury them
Cause most be comin unnatural like a cesarean
I wish my rhymes were meat and MC's were
vegetarians
Cause when it comes to biting, I don't condone it

Besides, you couldn't manage my style if you owned it
I got gruesome rhymes in my mind
And they'll jump on a beat
Infect it when the rhyme is injected
Metaphors are connected
Booty lyrics are deflected
And the mic is intercepted
Cause I never ever leave it neglected
I'm tryina hold my position
What kind of man would I be if my rhymes weren't in
mint condidtion
They say "(Hey) Grimm's nowhere to be found"
But they catch me on camera beatin MC's down
Always tryin to ponder what I'm pondering
They need to find theyself, because they're
somewhere lost and wandering

(What goes up
Must come down)
(What goes up...)
(MC's) (...must come down)

[VERSE 3]

As we mix a little lyric and track
Like coke and cognac
Premium blend
You're gonna need a driver, designated friend
Cause I intend to seep in your system
Hit hard, make MC's change agenda
Disregard their rhymes, return to sender
I got soul like Dr. Scholl eatin a bowl of neckbones
I like my shit loud enough to where it blows your
headphones
If you hear any noise, it's just me and the boys makin
hits
Assassination other crews, posses, and clicks
The main thing's to get down and say my peace
Whoever disrespects, I'm Rushen like Patrice
I'll never cease with the funky, funky vocals and beats
Cause we need more rappers around flauntin new
styles and speaks
I know we're amped to get the money, cause we need it
But if your lyrics ain't tight, the whole purpose is
defeated
You can't shine and be on top with the wack sound
It's time to watch all the burnt out stars hit the ground

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