

Dlg

"Goodbye"

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(feat. Lil Mizzo)

[Chorus: female singer + (DMC)]

Goodbye (And I would never ever say)

Goodbye (Yo yo yo yeah, uhh, yeah.. and I would never ever say)

Goodbye (Woo - and I would never ever say)

Bye bye (I gotta, I gotta)

[DMC]

Yo yo, who know the game like me, who seen it change like me

I'm the MC'n O.G. from the N.Y.C.

And I ain't never leave the streets, the ghetto made me conscious

And I've been doin it since you rappin cats was still in diapers

But it seems to me these cats are gettin too big for their britches

And they're barkin up the wrong tree, callin my women bitches

I remember - when we used to rhyme in the park

But things have changed, now they bustin shots after dark

Now that's a shame - these youngsters see me in the streets

Ask me O.G. how you do it make it seem like nothin to it

Well I never lost a dream, the hustle's still inside of me

And never even departed me, this rap shit didn't father me

I gave birth to a lot of MC's on this earth

But they're too blind to recognize the truth and it hurts

What would you do if I said goodbye and watched the game crumble

But believe me, they tease me, this rap shit needs me

[Chorus minus some ad libs]

[DMC]

I see you, Lil Mizzo

Tell you somethin, check it

[Lil Mizzo]

Aiyyo I never leave the game, how could I
When there's so much to accomplish than bein broke
and stuck in the projects

Come through in a green M-3, niggaz dickridin

Like "Damn, how he do a song with DMC?"

Don't worry about it, just know I'm in the game now

He was such a cute kid, why he sellin cocaine now

But strugglin's past tense, I'm rappin now, bought
myself a house

With a swimming pool, backyard and a glass fence

There's no time for celebration, mind elevation

If you ain't searchin for money what the hell are you
chasin?

Go against ICU I'll put this barrel to your back

You know who this is, Lil Mizzo and Darryl Mack

I been a man since I got in the hood, flow so much
niggaz get jealous

Like I can't stand when he drop his hood

How could you not respect Run-D.M.C.

For bein the first rappers to get they handprints in
Hollywood

They deserve the respect of a legend, and I'm tryin
hard

I can be the best rapper in less than a second

I'm takin over the industry, everybody knows us

I'm only 17 but my mind is all grown up, so whassup

[Chorus - same as before]

[DMC]

I would never leave the game my people love me too
much

Because rap is my baby and I watched it grow up

Man I'm still here breathin, my eyes seein

That these rapper cats deceivin, so don't believe 'em

They got the nerve to rap about cars and iced out
jewels

Man you rented it from Jacob you ain't foolin me or
schoolin D

On how to MC, I be the pick of the litter

I've been in the game many years but I'll still spit a
winner

Champ my people from the streets in Queens know I'm
a hitter

Knockin balls out the park, gettin physically fitter

Don't duck too slow and don't jump too fast

I roll with young soldiers who put a foot in your ass

They be the new sensation, the next generation

Hollis Queens, Dirty Jersey, California situation

If I kiss the game goodbye, before I leave
I would go and fix some fake MC's, I'm signin out DMC
Goodbye

[Chorus - same as before]

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