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# Freddie Fender "Mcs Come And Mcs Go"

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"Shaquita your mother's at the door, Shaquita your mother's at my door

She said you should a been home at 11:30, she's at my door"

# Intro:

Check it out party people in the house we wanna set the party off right

Right about now, with the hottest underground MC in the game, that's

Right it's Bumpy Knuckles baby, and we came to show you the diverse flow

Part of what we're 'bout to do today, so if you ready throw your hands

In the air while we freak it like thi, thi, thi, thi- thi- thi this

# [Verse 1]

Clap your hands and stomp your feet

While we rock to the sounds of the Bumpy beat, the Bumpy beat

You never heard me flow this slow

So I thought that I would do it just to let you know

I'm still nice with my M I C

I still put the hottest niggas on I C E

I'm down with Guru and DJ Premier

I'd like to thank y'all both for bringin me here

Now, back to the business while you clappin your hands

It's been a while since you've seen a real MC

These niggas make me feel thin

With all these gangstas around wit it's

You're rockin with the best

I live a hard knock life, I wear a hard knock vest

Wanna give me a hard knock test

I have your little kids screamin

I'm so hard that after me

You need a Will Smith song to appreciate life

I'm like Eddie in Tibet

Fuck the bald head boy I want the, the, the mic

Let's take it back to union square

Can I grab the mic and MC in here

Well if so let's start class Pharoah say rub on your titties Bumpy say rub on your ass

### HOOK:

MCs come and MCs go
I'm one of the few MCs left with MC flow
So when MCs come in, MCs know
If they can't MC then they got to go
Now everybody light it up now HO...
Take it deep inside your body and breathe...
Let it out

# [Verse 2]

Rock rock y'all I wanna give it to the thugs So they can bring it inside the party and spread it out to everybody

"Yo Bumpy look" Omigod, what is this
Got your hands in your pocket tryin to hide that icy wrist
Now did you think I would miss, all that glitter and jewel
When you know I rob a nigga, just too well
"It's not mine Bumpy" do tell
I wonder if I stick this knife in yo' ass would they hear

you yell

It's nice to jack a nigga before you get on stage

And watch him standing in the crowd still cheering you and shit

I'm nice y'all, like Gretzky and ice ball
Wanna fuck Scary Spice not once but twice y'all
I rocked in London and the crowd was yelling
Bumpy Knucks is the MC that we be feelin
Hennesey was a popular drink and it still is
Look what it done to Arnold and Willis
The real heads gon feel this
My mic is kinda like my Vanderblast Jag only I wheel
this

Now let's take it back to Union Square Can I grab the mic and make it hot in here Well if so let's make it hot to the beat y'all, and you don't stop

# **CHORUS**

# [Verse 3]

Keep it on y'all, to the funky sound Fuck hate me baby you can hump me now All the ladies in the house that's sick and tired of sayin ow

Take just one minute and ask these rap niggas how They can get on stage and rap like that How you expect to get pussy after the show with crap like that

I bring the element, I remember like an elephant
When selling crack and jewels was not so relevent
But times are harder than blind man's chest
Big up my little man Big L, in peace he rests
It's not many niggas spittin like it used to be
So I'ma hang around here y'all get used to me
All the gangstas in the house with they separate crews
When these corporate ass kissers gon accept the news
That black people get nothing but the blues
And we lost at the white folks back in the fifties and
sixty two

I been to school, and I spit at MCs Until they spin 360 degrees and then they pass out Not gas out, and I'm not stoppin While the hoes is still jockin and your head is still boppin

I flinch, don't fuck you and keep the bed rockin Jump from ass to ass so I know I'm hip hoppin Now let's take it back to Union Square Can I grab the mic and MC in here Well if so let's keep it tight While the real MCs take control of this mic

CHORUS

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