

Gibson Debbie

"Wanna Be An MC?"

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"Keep It Underground" (cut and scratched 4x)

[Mykill Miers]

Fuck that!

I'll beat you down like a glock when the cops say freeze
So put your, hands in the air and drop to yo knees
And beg me, not to blast a paragraph in that last eye
Murder the mass cuz I'm killin' it when I'm feelin' it
My adrenaline is like a drug, my lyric deliverance
is like a slug, it penetrates your mug
Puddles of blood excites me and entyces me to dislike
emcees who be bitin' me, ever since the Wake Up
I been climbing the ladder like Jacob, the fools
be faker than make up, they careers I shake up
Crews I break up like chunks of weed, and you
punks'll bleed if you fuck with me
Mentally the brain leaves visions of Jesse James
Leavin' messes of corpses layin' on your porches, of
course
The game is called rap, and the mic I call gat
Cuz I be bussin' at will we know that's ill, yo

[Hook: Freddie Foxxx (2x)]

So you wanna be an MC, huh
Watch your mouth and don't offend me, huh
You're fucking wit, real niggas
from hardcore grounds and carry burners
Mykill Miers and Bumpy Knux the money earners

[Freddie Foxxx]

It's been a minute
since you heard the murderous raspy voice
Spit it at these fake niggas with no remorse
You frontin' niggas never been in the streets fuck up
the game
How you live in the streets and don't know my name?
It's Bumpy Knux baby, Mr. don't give a fuck baby
Mr. twin glocks all in your mouth, wassup baby?
Heard you wanna be a MC and rhyme wit the finest
Who's resume is iller than mine is?
I design niggas like a toy maker, call me Giupetto

Spun around and got fake niggas all over the ghetto
Better say your illest shit now, ride my dick later
Niggas still be quoting my verse from Hot Potato
Blaze money in the bank, I killed 'em rough, rough
Had niggas in the jail house screamin' "so tough"
If that wasn't enough, just to shuffle through the list
If I had a hundred dollars for every nigga I ripped
I'd stack c notes taller than the World Trade
I'm still eatin' like you platinum niggas, from flattenin'
niggas
Hardcore style crosses every boundary
Niggas that wanted hardcore jams, they found me
So Shyne you ain't Biggie, Ja you ain't Pac
Lotta niggas ain't Jay and DMX ain't Foxxx
I wish niggas tried to play me and smile in my grill
You'll be the next nigga that I kill
It's Freddie Foxxx baby

[Hook: Freddie Foxxx (2x)]

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[Mykill Miers]

Who's the, next to get killed cuz I'm the best to get ill
Emcees who ain't be knowing they be testing my skills
Cuz they don't know the consequences, got MC's
hoppin fences
Everytime I drop a sentence everybody stop and listen
They waitin' for what I spit emcees get dealt wit
Went to trial for assault with a deadly felt tip
I spit hot lyrics to melt shit, too hard to give
me props but I know you felt it, can't help it
You get shot when the fifths cop
It's Mykill Miers, the Hitchcock of hip hop
Emcees, they flip flop from doing underground to pop
shit
to sell records, but nobody cops it
Emcees get drop kicked when they talk shit
Every word I spit is toxic, I locks it
The spot gets blown up when I show up
The rhymes I kick is so sick, it'll make you throw up, yo

[Hook: Freddie Foxxx (2x)]

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from hardcore grounds and carry burners
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"Do you wanna be an MC?"
"All the so-called players up in the rap game"
(cut and scratched)

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