

## Bread

### "Scenario"

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[Busta Rhymes]

Here in 1992, we present..  
the fabulous what's the Scenario remix  
Whereas there are seven MC's  
Six which are in physical form, one which is in spiritual  
essence  
And he goes by the name of, uh... HOOD!

[Hood]

Check the vibe, walk that ass or get got  
Eff it (shiiit!!) I lick buckshots  
Hood, madman, I rip up stages  
Lay down all your wages, I'm wild like Larry Davis  
Extra, extra, pick up a clip  
I'll tear ass out the frame (HA!) and grab my dick  
(OHH!)  
I'm a Rock'Em Sock'Em robot kid, I drop bombs  
I'm rugged and deadly, so I shit on the petty  
I baseball bat a bastard, I'm bad news  
I'm crazy and clever, cut those of crews  
Death on the phono, my skills are polo  
You say "oh no" you bitch ass homo  
I bag up waste, electrifyin, I'm prime-time  
I slaughter a slime, I'm the greatest of all time  
Sick-ass brother, nasty-ass nigga  
Pump slugs in your face, and dump that ass in the river  
Two tears in a bucket, fuck it, kick the can  
(SAY WHAT, SAY WHAT?!?!?) I'm a baaad, baaad man!!

[Phife Dawg]

Quick is how I flip from the tip of the lip  
Punchin out hits like Gladys Knight and the Pips  
The five-foot assassin has just raided your area  
Your booty rhymes are wack and that's the reason I  
ain't hearin ya  
(SO!) Roll out the red carpet cause I'm kickin this  
Vanilla Ice platinum? That shit's ridiculous  
Excuse my French, but profanity is all I knew  
And to you other sellouts, oh yeah, eff you too  
And let it be known, I'm not the one to step to  
You're better off callin D-Nice "To Your Rescue"

Freestyle fanatic, probably the best around  
As for corny MC's, like Chuck D, I "Shut 'Em Down"  
The Artical Don of hip-hop and I won't stop  
The five-foot assassin has come to wreck 'nuff shop  
So do like Michael Jackson and "Remember the Time"  
(DO YOU REMEMBER?)  
Put on your dancin shoes or somethin cause ya sho'  
can't rhyme

[Cut Monitor Milo]  
(BIG UP, BIG UP!) Into new identity  
Next was said somethin that complies onto me  
What does it take to check a technique? (MANY STYLES,  
MANY STYLES!)  
Hostile heat, brings forth the energy  
Milo in the dance is the new identity  
One-two mic check, select for the ruffneck  
Set 10 to 1 that I come CORRECT!  
In my cyphers on blocks, I bring box to connect with  
knots  
So I can grow dreadlocks  
Maintain to rock (DON'T STOP THE ROCK)  
Maintain to rock (DON'T STOP THE ROCK)  
Kick it right, then not, E. Watt said not  
I put my mug up, but fair is fair  
So C. Brown are we in the clear? (Yeahhh!)  
C. Brown are we in the clear? (Yeahhh!)

[Charlie Brown]  
Makin moves y'all (MOVES Y'ALL!) On and on and on  
(CHECK IT, CHECK IT OUT!!) To the break of, break of  
dawn  
(WHO'S THAT?!) Guess, one of the L.O.N.S.  
And a Tribe Called Quest (EAST COAST) to West  
Remixed mad kick, more than Metallica  
'Til all MC's fall like the Battlestar Gallactic  
Stampin, stompin, rompin Compton  
(PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD) I'm promptin (STYLE!)  
Pick a style, any style, Strong Isle  
Representation, sensationalization  
"Scenario" for the radio, 'BLS and KISS, so  
(HERE WE GO, YO!) Yeah  
Force, Main Source LP on the rise  
"In Living Color was" seen through original eyes  
And I'm out like shout, Ooh Ahh, Ooh Ahh  
(OOH AHH, OOH AHH!) There it is baby pah

[Dinco]  
Lying limp on a limb, slim trim, D I am  
There I am (THERE I AM!) don't run from a friend  
Sight we be right, be polite for the mice

like a like (SEE SICK, SEE SYKE)  
And slip away, and off to the Poconos  
Spot picked the clothes, Hype swing the pretty pose  
Yamaha (HEY HA MAY!)  
Let's split the funk, now it all spells (HEY!)  
Enough enough, Ms. Fitted I'm with it  
If I did it, I was blitted, and probably shouldn't have quit  
it  
Cause yo, my vocal status at Knight is like a Gladys  
Bed rest, spread test, and yo I'm like the maddest  
Male, not female, hail from Unidel  
Bounce the b-ball cause beats are being yelled  
In the hallways always ringing with a HO!  
This one two times nine on the Scenario

[Q-Tip]

Check it out, everybody, grabs the mics  
Black mens gettin hip, DOIN WHAT THEY LIKE!  
Eight black brothers in the public eye  
If you listen very close, I will tell you why  
(HOOD!) Phife, Milo, Dinco and C. Brown  
Shaheed, myself, and Busta Bust Down  
Will commence to rock (ROCK!) so bring on the flocks  
(FLOCKS!)  
In-terrogation for the knockin of the box  
The boom-box ruler, controls the medula  
None come cooler, I win like Shula  
So bust out the moves as you start to pursue her  
Intensified mind, nine-blunt consumer  
Tip will come booty (WELL IT'S ONLY A RUMOR!)  
The meaning so deep that it starts brain tumors  
(TUMORS!)  
Peace to Hood baby from the midnight crooner  
Smoke 'em up later, if not then sooner

[Busta Rhymes]

Hey what we gon DOOO in ninety-TWO  
Even though we had FUUUN in ninety-ONE  
Wonderful my days, all things comin down  
Run up on the new sound, leavin cracks in the ground  
What's goin on my man? (GOD DAMN!) and now my  
brain is hurtin  
Listen up, Bust-up, straight gon' hit 'em then I get 'em  
Rip on 'em, shit on 'em, hit on 'em, then I will sit on 'em  
Open up your mouth if you want the food  
To get rude, Flipmode, cause I'm in the mood  
Ah-heh, ah-heh! Yeah man, that's how it goes  
Body drippin with blood comin out your nose  
Give me a Band-Aid, what are you askin for?  
(MORE!) Only your sacred and pure  
Adverse, Zig-Zag, check it came to bust a new rep

Rap, Busta Rhymes, or bust this wicked rhyme  
Yeah y'all in '92, I'm packin my roach spray, ANYWAY!  
Ding-A-Ling - Tribe Called Quest, Leaders of the New  
School  
Mad brother when stealthy - RRRAAAOW RRAOW  
RRAOW!  
To my dragon, baby, stop whining; I see my influence  
still shining  
More crazy in '92, uh oh, time to go, yo  
That's the Scenario!

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