

## Grandmaster Flash "Step Off Megamix"

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Chrous:

Step, step, step, step, step off  
Because you got to get lost because you know you're  
soft, uh-huh.

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soft, uh-huh-huh.

Step, step, step, step, step off  
Because you got to get lost because you know you're  
soft.

I was sittin' on the corner just a-wastin' my time  
When I realised I was the king of the rhyme.  
I got on the microphone and what do you see?  
Huh, the rest was my legacy.

I was born to be the king of the be-bop swing,  
To have stallions and medallions, big diamond rings.  
I own a castle and a yacht, two million in gold  
Because rap is the game that I control.

I'm like Shakespeare, I'm a pioneer  
Because I made rap somethin' people wanted to hear.  
See, before my reign, it was the same old same,  
"To the ba with the ba", that street-talk game,  
So if you ever, let me make this clear,  
If you ever think that we're steppin' out of here,  
You ever think you're gettin' up, down, around or in,  
Huh huh, you better think again, my friend  
Because the door is closed and we're in town  
And the only place you can go is downwwwwwwwwn!  
(Oohweeooohweeooohweeoooooooooooooooooooooooooohh.  
Step, step, step, step, step off.)

Well, I'm Kieth Cowboy and you're my cow,  
So what you MC's gonna do now?  
It's gonna be a slaughter and here's my plan.  
You won't even get bread and butter, my man.  
Gonna put you on the racks like a pair of slacks  
With another wack rapper tied to your back,  
And if you wanna hang yourself out to dry,  
It's te beautiful round-up in the sky.  
I'm the carry-out kid when my trigger's in cock.  
I'll be carryin' out bodies stiff as a rock.

Carryin' out a million dollars in my pockets and hand,  
But I carry out orders from no man,  
'Cause anything you wanna do, I already did.  
You used to see me rock the house when you was a kid,  
But in my MC school, my class is packed  
And tricks are for kids so I left your ass back.  
The bow-legged brother, there'll never be another.  
I buy a mansion for my mother.  
The 24/7, the Kool-Aid smile,  
Say, "Hey, crack a lemon and look at my pile."

(Repeat chorus)

Come on.  
Now you know just who I am  
And what I do because I'm in demand,  
Because I look good.  
Do you hear, my man?  
And if you can't take that, you chump your old hand.  
One girl at a time get an MC  
So how could you think that you rank with me?  
If you only did your homework, you would surely find  
When Scorp' get girls, they all be fine  
And the only girl that you could take of mine  
Is the one that I left way behind  
And plus you're cheap, you're petty, your music is  
trash.  
You need to go to the bank and get some cash  
Because talkin' don't pay, you're driftin' away.  
When I see you on the stage, I'm-a blow you away.  
You're right.  
There is no diff between me and you  
Except I look good and you look through.  
Take that.

(Repeat last two lines of chorus)

Little pieces of a dream is all you mean  
Since the day you stepped into the MC scene.  
Bitin' your moves, takin' fake awards,  
Sayin' everyone else is perpetratin' the frauds,  
But you're nothin' but a clone of a flesh and bone.  
Now you're tryin' to play gone on the microphone,  
But I tell you 'bout a night and you know I'm right  
When you listen to us rockin' to the broad daylight,  
And then you looked in the sky and you started to cuss,  
But then you prayed to God that you could be like us.  
Then God was great and God was true  
And he tried to show you how to be like you,  
But you still didn't get where you wanted to go  
When you gathered in a group and got your own show

'Cause without the source, the force won't survive.  
For eternity, the source is alive.  
You forgot the words of your creator  
And now he's made you a perpetrator,  
Forever in a world of you and a girl,  
A few grams in a pipe to make your head swirl.  
You must spread the words of the master teacher.  
You die by the rhymes and the streets'll eat you.  
The words are a gift we will never flaunt.  
That's why we're gonna get everything we want.  
Just like a shadow in the night on a sight unseen  
And I'm the bonafide vocal master supreme,  
And I'm here to run it down for the ladies and gents  
For my rhymes make dollars plus they make sense,  
See, you're down with Cowboy, you'll be rockin' the  
show.  
With King Lu, Tommy Gun and, huh, Scorpio,  
Kamikaze Clayton Savage and Easy Mike  
And goin' down in the books is the king of the night,  
So if you're ever in a battle, I'm-a make you my slave  
And I'm-a give you a shovel so you can dig a grave.  
Leave behind all your fame and wealth  
So you can say one rhyme, then bury yourself, huh.  
I may sound possessed, but you know I'm blessed  
With the will to make sense of all this mess.  
I'm the power of the sun that shines in the sky  
And I'm the only MC that'll never die,  
So just rock and don't stop 'til you hit the top,  
But when you see Mellie Mel, you're gonna have to  
drop.  
RRRAHHH!  
And not only that,

(Repeat first four lines of chorus)

And for all you MC's, you heard my story  
On my super-fly, cold-crushin' fame and glory,  
How I rocked the children and the young ladies.  
I even rocked the country that was overseas  
'Cause I can rock anybody from any crew.  
Because I did it to Chaka, I'm-a do it to you.  
I'm-a show you how I rocked it, y'all, all night long,  
But when I rocked with Chaka Khan, I just said,  
"Chaka Khan, let me rock you, let me rock you, Chaka  
Khan.", I said,  
"Let me rock you, that's all I wanna do.  
Chaka Khan, let me rock you, let me rock you, Chaka  
Khan.", I said.  
"Let me me rock you 'cause I feel for you.  
Chaka Khan, won't you tell me what you wanna do?  
Do you feel for me the way I feel for you.

Chaka Khan, let me tell you what I wanna do.  
I wanna love you, wanna hug you, wanna squeeze you  
too,  
So let me take me in your arms, let me fill you with my  
charms, Chaka  
'Cause you know that I'm the one to keep you warm,  
Chaka.  
I'll make you more than just a physical spell.  
I wanna rock you, Chaka baby, 'cause my name is  
Mellie Mel."

Say what, y'all.  
Say what.

To the DJ scratch, you met yo match  
'Cause we're comin' out fresh with a brand new batch,  
So takin' you off into the galaxy  
Is Vicious, Vicious, VICIOUS LEE!

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