

## **Brooks Meredith**

### **"MC's Must Come Down"**

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(What goes up  
Must come down --> Biz Markie )

[ VERSE 1 ]

MC's - you need deeper concentration  
Cause wack rhymes and crews lead to non-profit  
organizations  
I attack like anxiety with the variety  
>From the western society - baby  
Seeing is believing, but looks can be deceiving  
You might think you're coming with it, nigga, but you're  
leaving  
With lyrics I'm conceiving  
Morning, afternoon and evening  
You can't wait  
My shit's special like a .38  
(You got a problem?)  
I smoke some boo boo, now I'm spaced out like  
astrology  
Getting in MC's asses like proctology  
It's seems that everybody's going through a phase  
Thinkin they can bust, but they're weak like 7 days  
All 12 months for every ounce I get 12 blunts  
Get the munchies, eat up 12 MC's at once  
Thinkin that they wasn't, when they know that they was  
The one with the style young, they still got the  
peachfuzz

(What goes up  
Must come down)  
(What goes up...)  
(MC's) (...must come down)

[ VERSE 2 ]

When I get stoned like Fred Flint I begin  
To smoke MC's like Marian, bury them  
Cause most be comin unnatural like a cesarean  
I wish my rhymes were meat and MC's were  
vegetarians  
Cause when it comes to biting, I don't condone it  
Besides, you couldn't manage my style if you owned it

I got gruesome rhymes in my mind  
And they'll jump on a beat  
Infect it when the rhyme is injected  
Metaphors are connected  
Booty lyrics are deflected  
And the mic is intercepted  
Cause I never ever leave it neglected  
I'm tryina hold my position  
What kind of man would I be if my rhymes weren't in  
mint condidtion  
They say "(Hey) Grimm's nowhere to be found"  
But they catch me on camera beatin MC's down  
Always tryin to ponder what I'm pondering  
They need to find theyself, because they're  
somewhere lost and wandering

(What goes up  
Must come down)  
(What goes up...)  
(MC's) (...must come down)

[ VERSE 3 ]

As we mix a little lyric and track  
Like coke and cognac  
Premium blend  
You're gonna need a driver, designated friend  
Cause I intend to seep in your system  
Hit hard, make MC's change agenda  
Disregard their rhymes, return to sender  
I got soul like Dr. Scholl eatin a bowl of neckbones  
I like my shit loud enough to where it blows your  
headphones  
If you hear any noise, it's just me and the boys makin  
hits  
Assassination other crews, posses, and clicks  
The main thing's to get down and say my peace  
Whoever disrespects, I'm Rushen like Patrice  
I'll never cease with the funky, funky vocals and beats  
Cause we need more rappers around flauntin new  
styles and speaks  
I know we're amped to get the money, cause we need it  
But if your lyrics ain't tight, the whole purpose is  
defeated  
You can't shine and be on top with the wack sound  
It's time to watch all the burnt out stars hit the ground

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