

Inner City

"No More Mr. Nice Guy"

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Punks will always scheme to, create a means
to take my kindness, for weakness, cause they don't
seem to
respect my generosity, and what it's costin me
is headaches, I don't like fakes, or people bossin me
around
You clown, it's time I beat you down
You tried to play me betray me and slay me, and now
you'll drown
in the river, I'll give ya, reasons you should shiver
Cause when I get to wreckin and deckin, I won't forgive
ya
You had the opportunity, for bein cool with me
You stabbed me in the back you duck, and now you're
soon to be
disarmed, embalmed, I'll break off all your arms
and then your legs, you'll beg, I'll crack you like a egg
and spill your yolk, you joke, I'll duff you in the eye
and you'll say, "Why?" And bleeding and pleading,
you'll start to cry
and I'll reply with a confident sigh, "There'll be no more
Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy
No More Mr. Nice Guy

Yo ?, this is somethin that I wanna tell to you, sell to you
and as I speak you girlies yell to your friends, "Yo it's
him!
He's shockin again!" This is the season for breezin with
reason
because I'm in, charge of the attack on suckers who
just rap on
wack track that lack that snap, while I just mack on
Honies who look good and, they all want the wood in
They push up, to get up close, to serve me puddin
And I just tell em, "Look here, I am not a crook there"
but I like to snatch em all, cause like a hook they're
stuck
struck, they tried to press their luck
They wanna tease me and skeeze me and please me,

to squeeze the bucks
from my pocket that is bulging, I'm not indulging
in lame games with phony dames, too busy buildin my
fortress
Score this, drink while I pour this
I'm livin and givin my rhymes, so I'll ignore this
Garbage you are runnin, I am not the one and
you'll never get to vamp me tramp cause I'll be
stunning your mind
I'll sign, my name on your behind and cool you off
like frost, I'm leary of the way you double cross
Get lost, I'll tell you you are fly and say goodbye
And burning and yearing you'll ask my why
And I'll reply with a wink of an eye, "There'll be no more
Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy
No More Mr. Nice Guy

Oh sure, you're, running back for me
I'ma great you defeat you and beat you, show you the
door
Cause you ain't really welcome, you know you're
seldom
thinkin of your fellow man, but you still til them
You wanna be a friend then, you keep pretendin
You're two-faced, so you'll taste, just what I'm sendin
POW, now, you're shaken sayin WOW
You stare, you fear, my wrath is too severe
I never let up so get up I'm fed up, and I don't care
I'll duff you in the eye and you'll say, "Why?"
While you're bleeding and pleading, you'll start to cry
and I'll reply, "Either do or you die,
cause there'll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

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