

Jars Of Clay

"Comin' Straight From the Heart"

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[VERSE 1: WC]

Comin from the left, now here's a little somehin
I slapped together just for you and your weak posse
I dedicate it to those who don't know
That I'm a maniac straight from the heart of Low Pro
And for a livin I break necks of punk chumps who
slipped
Matter of fact, I should bust you in the lip
But nah, I ain't livin that way, so bro
I rather slap you with knowledge as I go solo
Hey yo, Aladdin, what's up with all these wanna-be
M-i-c fake controllers takin over the scene?
They don't know who I am, the young boy and yours
truly
Step off, new jack, you're just a new Rudy
Of rap, you're bound to get slapped steppin to me
Stranger than a smoker on PCP
I cannot lose, I got the downest deejay in the world
Aladdin break the needles while the Technics twirl
Hey yo, I know there's nowadays a lotta rappers holdin
a mic
Wastin time but naw, they ain't hype
They same old styles, yo, with the same old things
And at shows the same old wack routines
I like runnin on stage and clownin MC's
So when you see me at a show, don't even step to me
Be alert, cause the W will spin the chart
You can't touch me, boy, I come straight from the heart

[VERSE 2: WC]

Most MC's nowadays, they don't come from the heart
They rap what the record label wants
But why can't I talk about the way that I'm livin?
Yo, day by day suckers robbin and stealin
Bein shot at, stabbed, that ain't nothin to me
Just another damn way of l-i-f-e
But then again I ain't supposed to even mention a gun
Or I be charged with corruptin the mind of a young
One, yo, that's wack, what up with showbiz?
Bannin my shows cause I tell it like it is
If I was rich, then I'd rap about a Lamborghini

Got some pretty women in grip-tight bikinis
But I ain't, like I first said from the start
I'm a muthafucka, I come straight from the heart

[VERSE 3: WC]

Anxiety is buggin me to cold get ill
Grab a bat, engrave on a sucker face 'Louisville'
But naw, I better chill that ain't the life to live
Couple years in the county bread and water for a meal
Over what? A peasy knuckleheaded MC
Who doubted my ability, y'all know what I mean
The kinda suckers who brag, yo, you know who they are
They make one wack record and think they a star
Suckers gettin airplay, but the record ain't kickin
You punks doin shows for Kentucky Fried Chicken
Every rapper now wanna wear a clock on his neck
There's one Flavor Flav, so give it a rest
Hey yo, Aladdin, help me out, rip the record apart
Pay attention, I come straight from the heart

[*DJ Aladdin scratches*]
(Cold get stupid)

[VERSE 4: WC]

Power, pat, rhymes are goin gold
More soul, bro, than the Angelist David Saphro
I come straight from the heart with the rhyme
Givin suckers like you and him a piece of my mind
Conditioning my dome to wax and tax suckers who're
wack
Where's the milk, I eat you up like applejacks
To describe myself three words to tell
Hm - the W is crazy as hell
Back in the streets of L.A. I be rockin
And you can find Aladdin cuttin records in Compton
Though we ain't from the same city, we're down
You got beef with that, punk, you're bound to get
clowned
Suckers in line to get dissed, I'm ballin my fist
Who's next up to taste some of this?
Hysterical, critical, flexible lyrical ??????
Yo, MC's can't hang, boy, I put em in a hospital
You shoulda known from the jump or the start
Every lyric I throw I come straight from the heart

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