

## Jars Of Clay

### "Make Room For the Dub.B.U"

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(Alright, is everybody ready?)  
(Ah yeah!)  
(Young man went out and made a name for himself)  
(1-2-3-4 - hit it)

[ VERSE 1: WC ]

Dope, not complicated but educated  
This here's contaminated  
This ain't another record from a sucker duck crew, but  
My name is Dub and Aladdin's on the cut  
With another dope jam and a brand new style  
By the way, I'm from the crew called the mighty Low  
Profile  
But definitely pertainin to wack rhyme reciters  
You're just a new jack punk, professional, mind of biter  
I'm on a journey knockin out punk sissies  
Nah - hell, I'm about to get busy  
Take this microphone, plug it up and then I say, "Check  
1"  
Who be the next dummy tryin to get some?  
Son, this ain't a circus, my name ain't Bozo  
I diss suckers and I hate Olde Gold  
I'm like a victim, rollin on Daytons, watchin my back  
And keep strapped, so I can aim at a pack  
Yo, this one's a funny one, I take a look around  
All these wanna-be Dubs in the L.A. town  
Who try to roll like me, talk like me, even try to act like  
me  
It doesn't do you no good to tryin to bite me  
Friend, you mighta seen me at a show or two  
Openin up, a new artist just payin my dues  
But now I finally got a chance to break through  
Yo, move back, punk, and make room for the (W)

[ VERSE 2: WC ]

I noticed lately at the hip-hop shows  
A lotta rappers on stage got the crowd sayin "ho"  
And the girlies say "aw" in between in rhymes  
Song after song, yo, line after line  
"Say ho" played out with bell-bottoms and afros  
What's the matter, you're scared to come original?

Nowadays the whole rap scene is outrageous  
Amateurs, wanna-be's steppin on stages  
Suckers know I'm comin and I'm steadily creepin  
Here come my manager, "Dub, they keep sleepin"  
That's the violation of the capital L-zero-w P-r-o  
Oh no, here we go  
With another one of those crazy styles  
Straight from the W of Low Profile  
I got a catalogue of rhymes and lines for you and your  
crew  
Yo, move back, punk, and make room for the (W)

[ VERSE 3: WC ]

It's understandable you don't know who I am  
You never heard of me, you really couldn't give a damn  
If I came with the funkiest lyrics in the world  
Yo, to gain respect, do I gotta wear a jherri curl?  
Change my name to MC Soul-Glo?  
No, I don't think so, I'm down with Low Pro  
Featuring DJ Aladdin  
Or better yet the turntable assassin  
With another dope tune, a funky groove to make you  
move  
See, it's better when it's smooth  
A new jack, no, don't compare me to him  
I ain't new to this, rappin is a lifetime  
Still I require ??????????  
That brother WC, y'all, he ain't no joke  
Like a criminal braced and shackled down like a slave  
Watch the rudy-poo new jack punks get payed  
Suckers flappin at the mouth, but they ain't droppin  
knowledge  
Sounds you're outta Cal State Watts College  
The bass of my vocal tone drops like a cannonball  
Who got beef, we can go some, y'all  
We can battle till sundown, now do you wanna nut up,  
punk?  
It don't matter, I'ma chew you one up  
Like a barbeque rib I send your weak crew home  
And when I'm finished chewin on em I'ma throw you the  
bone  
You want peace, the best thing to do  
Is just move back, punk, and make room for the (W)

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