

K Otic

"7 Mc's"

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Little inner city Willie much like myself
Was aspiring to touch the higher reaches of wealth
Self propelled by the propaganda of the MC's
Glamour ride through his eyes vividly on TV
Mesmerized by the likes of these self proclaimed G's
Fantasized himself to be the fat rat stacking cheese
Armani khaki jeans where they used to be Lee's
no ties with Master Lock but now speaking of keys
Being seized overseas in big barrels and crates
but negated to relate he never went out of state
Now consume the toxic logic plus the toxic fumes
Out of tune and now assumed to be Nom De Plume
Better known as Big Willie
Now Don't That Sound Silly
Favorite catch phrase Keep It Real But not really
Still he making ends without an n
Pushing up a jeep a Lex coupe Beemer and a Benz
Pretends to be the baller down south slanging mo mo's
back east he lies about ties with Mafioso
In Philly-Illinois he rolled a Caddy Sedan
and in Oaktown he was the Don Juan of San Fran and
beyond
With his companion on the hip and a Friday night ride
down the strip

It's a Trip
Look inside the ride MC number 9 by his side sippin'
Cristal wine
Tried her best to look fine Wasn't really worth the time
Just an imitation of Will's fraud state of mind
Caught me by surprise. But then I read between the
lines
Heard through the grapevine #5 wrote your rhymes
Check the signs See the decline of income
Going out for the crumb Your style's still dumb

#10 was the label mate of # 8&9
Whining like a beatch and bottom line couldn't rhyme
Shining in the lime light but couldn't rhyme tight
No originality Strictly sound bites
Downright about the worst that I heard verse to verse

Every word was a curse to the ear
Preferred not to hearing his song
But no choice but to listen on
His LP wasn't even worth pissing on
Dancin' a jig and thinking he was jiggy
Everybody's picking him to be the next
But he was over shadowed by the face in the camera
#11 his producer slash manager

Slash amateur slash rapper slash actor slash tapper
the hit song jacker New nod factor
turned playboy when he dropped the Craig Macker
Making rap wacker Ain't mad at ya
But weekly you tempt me to pimp me the new jiggy on
Mtv
The Magnum Cum Laude of my PhD
I was hating from the jump when you became an MC
Trying to keep it real Without a trace of rap skill
At first it was chill But now it's like over kill
Wanted to build the rep of material objects
R&b niggas switching from rap to rock sets

Yet once again neither one saw the signs
#10's simple mind combined with simple rhymes
defined the prime reason why we had to make it twice
You need to stop rocking ice Learn to rock a mic
I hope my words come as a shock Get off your own jock
Probably why everybody's taking shots
Now it's all about the Benjamins, but
I'm calling out your feminine strut
Plus it wasn't a surprise that 11 had to capitalize
Off the late great #8's sudden demise
Cut the lies that he tried to keep it honest
Talkin' 'bout flossin'
when he shoulda seen an orthodontist
Making promises that he wasn't fulfillin'
People by the millions Saying they wasn't feeling em
I guess in all the Hype like William started killin' em
Dealing in the same fate as their late friend
Once again
There you have it 11 MC's laid to rest

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