

Linkin Park

"Mad Crew"

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Intro:

So in the clubs I get (mad)
On the mic I get (mad)
On the beats I get (mad)
Yo,

Chorus:

I got the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
I'm wit the
I be chillin' wit the
I'm rollin' wit the

Verse One:

See, this is what I'm sayin' and I know you don't see this
Wack, underpriveledged MCs think they can see Kris
They watchin' too much television and they rocka
This ain't the TV show "Taxi," and I ain't Lotka
I break an MC off proper, yo don't check me
Ask your Moms and Pops, yo they respect me
But here you stand, tryin' to get yours, but gettin'
NOTHIN'
You probably can't spell "Boogie Down" or
"Productions"
I play for jeeps, I play for keeps, I play for streets,
believe me
Put down the microphone and consider a squeegee
You're rated PG
Again I win when I begin
I'm slammin' again, no win, try to comprehend
I don't bend
I ravage and damage
I'm wild like a savage, kickin' asses
Hot flashes, your style's with trash's
Stay out of my classes, PUNK
Stay out of my classes - yo

Chorus:

Verse Two:

Twinkle, twinkle to the little rap star
I got all type of MC tongue in a pickle jar
So here's a quick freestyle to my target:
My core audience, *fuck* the rest of the market!
'Cause I spark it, styles I loanshark it
Then break your legs if you try to chart it
I got heart, it
Doesn't take a lot to rock a record, get wit it
Some MCs can't rock for five minutes
Sorry, that's not the way to approach me
Use caution
I rip up lyrical crews and MCs often
You probably don't know this:
I give birth to MCs
And I also give abortions
I'll do a number to your body structure
You look like supper
And I'm that _hungry_ motherfucker!
You don't wanna be on the menu!
I'll end you, twist you up and bend you
Like Gestapo
Pick up the microphone and crush up MC like a taco
No, we're never sad because we nah deal with sorrow
That's why dem challenge me, jah man you know dem
challenge trouble
Me are number one of me there is no double!
And you don't want no trouble
'Cause Blastmaster KRS is flashin' lyrics on the double

Chorus

Verse Three:

Check
Me comin' on quick, me cominadance, now me a sing
KRS-One in a party, man me do me own ting
Nuff MC test, but you don't hear vowel one
All you hear is when the BDP crew slap them up
We have the champion belt and lyrical cup
Any DJ they want my tittle filled, no way now man step
up
But when you lose, now understand you get fucked up
This ain't no game upon the mic
Me bring the noise to you like Chuck

Chorus:

Kid Capri got the

Gang Starr got the
Ill Will got the
Flavor Unit got the

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