

Marc Nelson**"Shit's Tight"**

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Inflation of the blunt rhymes calls for infiltration of the
Front lines, eat a punk like pork rinds
Roll trashy emcees up, puff and pull another toke out
Stomp 'em out like the great american smoke out
I vote against another weeded emcee
Next one I see will be a bleeding emcee
Intensified, I blow up the wack
Fools, make a narcoleptic an insomniac.
"Mom he's fat, mom he's fat, let me buy his tape!"
Ten years from now Showbiz'll dig in my crates
'Cause all the dope breaks i have in my room
Japanese bamboo flute?
Damn, didn't think I would have it
Now every other DJ out there is gonna' grab it
Or give me some records to sample, I don't need those
Cool wit me though, my shit's tight like Speedos

Pick up the pieces, puzzle pieces, check the new
releases
Ask what the stink is, it's me, I'm the shit like feces
I need these rhymes and metaphors
'Cause like Kool Keith said I'll make 'em better for
The break beats I use to fuse with
Kids 'cause they did, pop the fucking lid
Competition has expired like milk in your mama's
fridge
You ain't a soap opera, so stop all the drama, kid
Jump out the box like a mug named Jack
Named after what your rhymes are worth, you
worthless mack
I got stacks of new material
The inferior will try to get to the interior
Inside I keep the secret laboratory
Like Mad Professor I guess the scrolls are on the
second story
Don't bore me with wack production
I will call for destruction shit's tight like stuffing

Shit's tight like a virgin, you heard men screaming
Possessed by the demon out of Jersey you heard me
With the on-and-off drums, I come correct

Like Alex Trebec catching wreck like a broke neck
Double metaphors affecting how I'm mic checking
One, two, as if I couldn't count
Bounce like a fat check or a fat chick on a trampoline
I trample fiends who deem it necessary to bury bones
Of the skeletons in my closet
I had the beat and lost it
Frost it like a cake with the flavor of the month
Tell me what you want... tell me what you want, don't
front
I'll bring you what you desire with no perspire-ation
But I'll lose patience if you ask for G-Funk
Fuck the P-funk, I'm coming with the elephant trunk
Of rhymes for your ass, you better catch it hold your
mitt tight
Shit's tight, shit's tight, the shit is tight

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