

Marc Nelson**"With a Pound Bro"**

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Bass thick as the chunky milk your moms drinks
Toss a lyric at my boys to see what they think
Gots to keep on rolling with a stream of consciousness
because
Consistent flows of thought are what I taught for
efficientness
And though opinions are important and I take my
criticism
If it's unsubstantiated the middle finger's what i give
'em
Taste a sliver of the lyrics I developed in my womb
A lyrical fetus to be delivered to the public soon
Dub it fool, dub it fool, get my shit known
'Cause I'm livin' in a glass house and I want to cast a
stone
Maybe Sharon will guide me with her natural instinct
Prefer the basic 'cause the complicated gets extinct
The foundation's always there and to show that I care
About the future of the music I'll use it to repair
The current condition of all the wack ass shows
And I'll end each one with a pound, bro

Left to the right with a pound... bro, so
Gimmie a pound, bro, gimmie a pound bro
Left to the right with a pound... bro, so
Gimmie a pound, bro

How'd it happen I was rapping and my brain exploded
Thought I was freestyling and I was! I never wrote it!
If I wanna kick the lyrics off the top no one's gonna'
stop me
Rock the show with a pound bro, it sounds so
Simple but the so-called lyricists
Couldn't freestyle if it came out they piss
Give me a topic and I'll rock it in an instant
Whether I sound near (or whether I sound distant)
Shouts go out to motherfucking M-W-C
And all the fools on the planet who supported me
I got too many lyrics, don't drown, yo'
End this bullshit this bullshit with a what, what?!

Check the crazy flow, from the crazy bro
Step to the stage and get beat by the lazy ho
Self-centered rhymes I'm the king of braggadocio
Grab the microphone and put the shit into motion
Always on my toes checkin' my back for backstabbers
But I'm strapped with a mic to smash a wack rapper
The hands clap I slap a fool across the face
Spray his ass with mace, eat him up and say my grace
The rhymes are woven like a tapestry in fact it's me
With the needle in my hand sewing and attacking the
Style biters rhyme reciters with the same sound
As I did last year when my peers put me down
But now they getting rave reviews and I still refuse
To believe it I achieved it last year and they makes me
snooze
'95 is the year and I'm coming with a new sound so
Hurrikane, my motherfucker, gimmie a pound, bro

Left to the right with a pound... bro, so
Gimmie a pound, bro, gimmie a pound bro
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