

Mc Serch "Here It Comes Again"

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[MC Serch]

Here it comes!Yo here it is or there it was
But where was it when you need it?Because
You fall to the waistline when you waste rhymes
Serch got a flow when it comes to fat beats and
basslines
I heard the rumors and the fables
Remove them like the tumors on tables
Boomers for the willing and the able
So turn to the next page in your manual
And flim-flam, all over the jam
Chill, lounge - kick your ten little toes up
At the edge of this razor blade and save your spade
As the groove plummets you to another dimension
May I just mention
This is a map, it's for all made for climbin
And you're stuck to your crib like aluminum sidin
Hidin in the back is for crumbs..
And here it comes!

[Chorus]

Here it comes, HERE IT COMES? (repeat 8X)

[MC Serch]

B-boy decoys will try to destroy
Deploy the truth in black hoods and black boots
Caps get rocked only when they're fitted
Lyrics get dropped only when they're lifted
So swing to the swell of the vo-chords run amuck
Whatup?Whatup?I got mine and you got yours
Paws are backed up with perspire
And someone in the crowd yells, "Fire fire!"
(We don't need no water, let it burn yo, burn yo
We don't need no water let it burn...) so it burnt
Learn your lesson well, if I don't then I guess you get
jelled
Swell, heads go down like the sun..
And here it comes!

[Chorus]

[MC Serch]

Here it.. comes, here it.. comes
Here it.. comes, here it.. comes
Here it.. comes, here it.. comes
Here it.. comes, here it.. comes!

Fiddle-fee, fiddle-fie, fiddle-foe, fiddle-fum
I smell the blood of an English.. muffin
Huffin and puffin, sellin his soul
J-E-L-L-O, y'know?
Roll with the squad who makes backflips stack
Hits upon disc, so play at your own risk
Tisk, tisk, tisk, shoulda used Wisk
So now you sit and appeal to the Abyss
Insist that your motor's on scramble
Enter the beats and enter the sample
Ample flow is created by the years and the peers
Of crews and boos, perched on the front stoop
Checkin for the bass loop
So the troops roll out and the tolls are paid, said and
done
And here it comes...
I said here it comes!

[Chorus]

Hit it off, kick it off.. hit it off, kick it off
Hit of off, kick it off.. here it - comes!
Hit it off.. kick it off..
Hit it off.. here it - comes!

[MC Serch]

Aiyyo dumb shoutouts on the remix tip to my man T-Ray
Once again comin up with the fla-VOR!
Anton Koschanski, on the drums (word)
On the guitar (word) on the two-four (WORD!)
With his feet on the floor (WHAT?!)
Givin mad shout outs out to my peoples in Brooklyn
(Brooklyn)
To my peoples in Queens (Queens)
To my peoples in the South Bronx (South Bronx)
To all my peoples in Brooklyn (Crooklyn)
To all my peoples in L.A. (L.A.)
To all my peoples in Canada.. (Canada)
To all my peoples in Europe.. (Europe)
To all my peoples in Sweden.. (Sweden!)
To all my peoples in Israel (Is-ra-el)
To my peoples on the moon (On the moon?)
To all my peoples on the sun (Yo, you're buggin)
To my peoples with the weebles, that don't fall down,
ha ha ha!
(You're buggin kid!) Peace!

Here it comes, here it comes?
Here it comes, here it comes?
Here it comes, here it comes?
Here it comes, here it comes? {*fades out..*

I'm in a funky way, I'm in a funky way!
{*laughter as song ends*

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