

## Craig Mack

### "Get Down Remix"

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Here comes a rhyme in your ear Craig Mack is here so  
have no fear  
my rhymes push the hack to the rear  
I'm severe rap pioneer with funk I steer now it's clear  
Rhymes flow to the break of dawn  
Exploring MC's I get silly on like Ponce De Leon  
Yet don't foget my style is a banger  
MC's I deposit in the closet on a hanger  
Mack chop your rhymes like I chop shop chop a Acc  
Startin with the bones in your back  
Whenever I attack it's like a blow from a axe  
Sweet like sugar that be on Sugar Smacks  
Facts is Mr. or Mrs.  
Can't another rapper see me when it's time for gettin  
biz  
And the moral of the story as you will see  
Is that from now on the greatest rapper is me

Chorus:

MC's you're jockin my style, you're jockin my style boy  
You're jocking my style, MC's stop jockin my style  
You know you can't touch the flav  
MC's you're jockin my style, you're jockin my style boy  
You're jocking my style, MC's stop jockin my style  
Craig Mack has the phat funk flav

Now I'm sayin, rock funk to the Himalayan  
No more delaying, MC's you decaying, I'm staying  
Cause now I'm out my cage  
And what I do for rap is gonna make front page  
Remember back in the days I was just a tyke  
I do a rhyme while I do a wheelie riding bike  
But now I'm the man with the mic in my hand  
Starving MC's like them kids from Siam  
Breaker breaker, it's the funk rhyme shaker  
Super duper superb slamming like a Laker  
Swimmin on MC's like moray eels with mass appeal  
Your rhymes are jokes like Dangerfield's  
Boy, I'll tell ya, ain't no liver on this continent  
I'm dope and you the opposite, the man when I be

dropping shit  
Raw, I give MC's a headache  
Hit your ass so hard and kill your man by mistake  
Youse a fake ladies and real niggaz know  
Non-stop rockin til it's time to go so bust the flow  
I'm a be a round for a while  
MC's stop jockin my style

Chorus

Now everybody put your hands in the air  
Wave them shits like you just don't care, ayyo  
You could have a dollar or be a millionaire  
Sometimes I think that Mack should be mayor  
Now me, myself and I, we three bad motherfuckers  
Here to eliminate suckers  
I came to rock a party are you ready  
Get your Aunt Millie's out I eat MC's like spaghetti  
Rap machete, I'll cut your ass like a sword  
Into buying rhymes these rhymes you can't afford  
I shine like jewelry, ain't nobody schoolin me  
I battle anybody just point to who the fool be  
Cause you and me, we ain't the same type of breed  
I grab the mic and give the crowd what they need, and  
proceed  
To rock the mic since a child  
Get off my tip and stop jocking my style

Chorus

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