

Craig Mack "Judgement Day"

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[Craig Mack]

Hah!

My momma said back when I was born
that you was warned, so now your ass gets torn
(Wake it up Mack)

My style is bonafide

Fortified on my bad side, an MC on a high
Now we about to set this off

Bass and funk rattlin (one two) send MC's up North
I never had to fight with the mic

I make the funk so dynamite

so parasite MC's might wanna bite

Welcome to 1994 (welcome) beats that thump

Rhymes that's bumpin now at your backdoor

Never figured Mack got funk for days (what)

When "Project: Funk Da World" brought the brand
new craze

(wake it up)

And MC's can't get one line

when the genuine take out deep max on your mind

I'ma hit you with the boom pow

Bolder than Moscow, MC's your judgment's now

Here it comes

MC's.. your judgment is.. now (now MC's)

MC's your judgment day is now (it's time, here it
comes)

MC's.. your judgment is.. (hahhh) now

As we get down - MC's your judgment day is now

Here it comes, boyeee

Here comes the one they call King MC

If you're tired of those phony fake rhymes that be
(fake)

I'm back with this deeper than Minds of Minolta

Preachin better than preacher up on an altar

(Amen boy)

I feel that I have pardoned, pardoned

No need for bad grammar startin in my MC garden
(chomp chomp)

And I'ma kinda hungry tonight

So I pulls out the ground a fat rhyme to recite

I don't means to boast but the most is me your host
On post, kickin flav til they ghost (ghost)
Craig Mack is here to stay

Rugged as a mountain bike on MC judgment day
(go ahead)
>From now until the Earth's gone
In the chess game of rap, MC's ain't nothin but a pawn
(your move)
As the rap romps through your town (through your
town)
And MC's around, time to put your panties down (put it
down)

MC's.. your judgment is.. now (it's time)
MC's your judgement is now (MC's, check your clock,
it's on)
MC's (MC's) your judgment is.. (hahhh) now (Mack the
dope)
MC's your judgment day is now (with the flav, gettin
down)

It was a rumble tumble, I put the bee inside the bumble
Kickin wicked type of hyper, won't never fumble (ahh)
I float like a tugboat do
Watch the virus, Mack the dope, start affectin you
Is rap real? You can't deal, what's the matter?
The badder the Don Dadda is still gettin fatter
You be lovin how it sound and shit
And have you dance when I battle for the sponsorin
And you can thank Bad Boy for that
A technique for layin MC's on the mat
Scat, scoot, pussy couldn't make a louder hoop
when I pollute, the world with funk to the roof
Mad rhymes we bust, in God we trust
And MC's don't discuss when ya turn back to dust
(Ashes to ashes)
Mark the year, 1994.. when MC's hit the floor

MC's.. your judgment is.. (hahhh) now
MC's your judgment is now (Final Call, MC's, we get
down)
MC's.. your judgment is.. (here comes the Mack) now
(to clean house) MC's your judgment day is now,
boyyyy
(Here it comes boyee, it's time, hahhh.. ahahHHHHH

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