

Mc Erik And Barbara

"Pluckin Cards"

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It doesn't take long for the nightmarish news
to sweep the world like a shockwave.
The mighty Man of Steel, once the superchampion,
admired by billions
has proclaimed himself a wildman.
Afraid of going on an uncontrollable rampage at any
moment.

[Kool Keith]

Hey yo stupid, you thought I was over
Living like Oscar, Big Bird and Grover
I'm the X the man the first challenger
I keep rhymes in place like Bob Gallagher
Fittin, and in the chair I'm sittin
Rappers know I'm Kool, rappers know I'm Keith
Like Charlie Brown, good grief
I see rappers I know they turned African
I just pedal my bike, then I laugh again
I pull the girls with thread and one string
They say I'm steppin to them for one thing
But I don't think so, you think so, really?
Tapes is wack and new MC's sound silly
I hate to criticize, I have a problem
In this school wack rappers I'll solve them
They wanna be like Ultra on the jizock
Try to act like they not but on the kizock
Suckin, takin, aw-ll be slurpin
Comical bums your wack jams ain't workin
You ain't got the style to rock no man
You get a pound from me, but with no hand
Diss em, I'm not the one Miss Ferguson
Cold stupid as hell like George Jefferson
Yeah, you dummies better be careful
I pick up rappers and throw away a handful
Yes... I'm

pluckin everyone's card [steppin to the man]
(repeat 3X)

Twinkle twinkle twinkle little star

Behind those glasses I know who you are
You Racer X, here's rubber speed
You dissin James? He's chicken feed
He can't rap or clap or make a feet tap
How bout Monie and Nikki they both bullcrap
I see light in my lamp, but not on the mic
How could I diss myself in front of Dolemite
You wanna preach and teach and be a rebel
Then underline disguise and be the devil
Call yourself God, can you make it rain
Can you tell me how or what I'm thinkin in my brain
I'm not the bighead kid who wanna show off
I just pick up the mic and then I blow off
Dirt, crumbs, any type of feather
You ain't genuine, toyin real leather
Pleather, coming out in the weather
You rap on R&B tracks and whatever
Hi Uncle Tom, go head entertain
Dance and get sweaty, and let me use my brain
I think twice about the big bow tie
You wearin one? I wanna know why
I see fools all dressed in tuxedos
And at the Grammy's, a bag of Fritos
Dumb people wonder, dumb people think
Just to be large, do they have to wear a mink
Drive a Cadillac, drive a Benzo
A Rolls Royce with a funky Testarosso
I'd rather stay in New York and not Hollywood
Fool, I'm

pluckin everyone's card [steppin to the man]
(repeat 4x)

You takin off and you're gold and for what?
Because you wanna be down and so what?
You buy your African beads from Koreans
Africans, you walkin by human beings
You don't know, you're so stupid
Take the books you read you're still stupid
Learn, see the rappers I burn
You're coming next, it's your turn
Let me sprinkle Salt, let me sprinkle Pepa
on doo-doo, and whatever
You wanna speak on the X, then let's go with this
I know I'm talented, good, and such a pro at this
Trade, skill, future my job
And at lunch I eat a rap shishkabob
You wanna spin with the real and make a big deal
Yes, you're in the showcase showdown
I hope you're ready to rock and come blow down
Huff, and puff, like the big bad wolf

I'm not the man concerned with that story
Look out, watch, you're Three Feet and Sinkin
The Tribe's are lost and everyone's breath stinkin
[Ahhh, to the crossroad]
Look at one man carry many loads
I gotta move enlighten a sleepy world
Remember, I'm

pluckin everyone's card [steppin to the man]
pluckin everyone's card (yell at the top of my lungs)
[steppin to the man]
(repeat 3X)

Hahahahaha, you can't even focus the energies of your
own body
How can you hope to tuffle the God of War, against his
will?

pluckin everyone's card (yell at the top of my lungs)
(repeat 3X)

You're one of those peace loving folk singers
Errrrr, let her contend with this...

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