Midtown "Chorus Line Pt. 2"

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[Kool Keith]
Can you funk with it? (3X)

Rappers wanna step on the X, then go to shit I got the mic in my hand and well equipped Usin my style for a firm set of action MC's beware, the club windows I'm bashin Throwin rhymes and bombs and some cocktails You better move quick, but not slow snails I get smooth on daddy and granddaddy Why? Cause I'm the great grandfather MC in motion, G as in go left Rhymin on off-beat, the X is so death-defyin Super scrubs keep tryin You wanna bite like a pit? I'll be the lion I'll chew your ass like monkies on wild kingdom And look at birds and bees that come sting them Time after time, rhyme after rhyme Cause you ain't jack shit, not even a dime A nickel and penny, a one dollar bill How can you break wild and tell brothers to chill You ain't the man to move and stop the cannonball No matter how you run hide, it's gonna land and fall straight on your brain, the X'll drop rocks Leave a rapper with mumps and chicken pox Standin still and stiff like a mannequin Bloody Kotex and sweat, and start panickin I'm dissin rappers like Damon on Living Color You need my help on the stage? I'm not your mother father, son, your pissy little cousin Suckers are crabs, I grab em all by the dozen You think you're hard with them hats and all that black on

You're not scarin the X, yo bring the wack on I load the mic up and bust like a mack 10 while my DJ go wild, do a backspin Kick em down, one two, flights of four stairs This ain't no sample or break from Roy Ayers I'm just a convict, skippin the prison line Yo, I'm on the chorus line

[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] Flipmaster, bust your rhyme

Yeah.. my funkiest deep down from the underground down in the Bronx, this is the FUNK

[Ced Gee]

Yo melody change up, grip on the beat right I come correct hit hard like a fist fight I thank God for pavin the ways for writin these dope rhymes, and rappers I slaid I'm kickin the rhymegram, as dope as I can and to make you say god damn, Gee's got a hype jam To crush a punk and make em beg for mercy Because he's nothin, he can't touch me The metaphor master, has to blast ya faster You wanna step in my way, then I'll smash ya You see you're a bit slow, your flow's out of sync bro You rhyme like a weasel, my rhymes are cock diesel So step if you really feel cocky and I'll flip and bash your skull like Rocky Call you Bullwinkle, snatch your gameplan You played out son like Dudley Captain Caveman Set you down, explain you can't go far You rhyme kinda country like some shit out of Hee-Haw Ced Gee and I'm flexin my wrath Takin rappers by one, cold BUSTIN that ass So now you know exactly what's the time I'm cold illin on the new chorus line

[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[C.Gee] Yo Tim Dog, bust your rhyme

Yo, man it's the man himself
The motherfuckin illegal alien one
Yo comin up next is Tim Dog
Yo Dog, eat them motherfuckers

[Tim Dog]

Rrrrrrrrrrrrgh, comin at cha with a funky rhyme that'll sure nuff catch ya

Get fat, get slow, get high, get LOW but you still can't BLOW Rhythm is smashin whippin ass is a passion Suckers that keep clashin break em like glass and {*crashing glass*} you just shatterin Fuck with Tim Dog, well you know you're not badder than

I'm rich and thick, you're "cup of noodles"
My rhymes are hardcore when you're rubber like doo
doo

Step back, ease back and just listen I'm dissin, all suckers that keep wishin Rhyme and rhyme, with the rhyme, bring another rhyme

Get another rhyme, bring a rhyme, let your mother rhyme

Steppin to the A.M., steppin to the P.M.

Steppin to the bus while I'm ridin in the B.M.

vrrroom vrrroom You see me jettin right by with the fly latin girl in my ride

You gettin jealous? You shouldn't be jealous

Let me ask the fellas - hey fellas
why is he jealous, jockin me and my fly ride?

You really really really wanna get inside

You wanna riff but I got the gift that come swift and ain't got time for that BULLSHIT

Pulsate devestate and innovate

Suckers that think they're great I just mutilate

Tim Dog, comin back with the rhyme

Fuckin up shit on the chorus line

[Tim D] It's a chorus line [Ultra] It's a chorus line! [Tim D] It's a chorus line! [Ultra] It's a chorus line! [Tim D] It's a chorus line! [Ultra] It's a chorus line! [Tim D] T.R., yeah, bust your rhyme!

I think the track is very complicated I don't know, any place that will accept the track like this

We can't deal with that stuff, it's too tight

[T.R. Love]

Back again, comin off on a hype track
The man is back again, cause it's like that
BLACK, matter of fact, in death react
combat, motherfuckers don't want that
style, rip it up style, catch a fill it up style
Freestyle, so buckwild

I got the style you want to hear Who's next? You better fear T.R., the super S-T-A-R, like a Czar In control, by far Cruisin, like a Benz or a Jaguar Boss your Audi, like John Gotti So like my man whose name is.. Make a move? I'll make you famous And if you choose to step to this, you get next to this? Remember the Exorcist I wrap rappers like my man named bolo Take out a city, like Chernobyl I'm greatly underrated, highly elevated To serve and destroy, is how I demonstrate it To keep grooves and move to soothe and prove fans and guests performers I amuse To teach and reach, anyone or anybody A fan will grab my hand and wants to join the party I got skills and style for each and every time.. .. on the chorus line!

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