Midtown "Message From the Source"

Visit "Message From the Source" on MotoLyrics.com

[C.Gee] Yo Keith that trip was kinda long
[Keith] Word up Ced
Excuse me, aren't you guys Ultramagnetic?
[C.Gee] Word, whassup money?
Yo I just saw that spaceship over there
[C.Gee] Hahahahaha
Let me ask you somethin
[C.Gee] Yeah
How much money did you make this year?
[C.Gee] Yo that's kinda personal money

[Kool Keith]

You wanna know my business? I got things to do
People to meet, people to see
Very important - matters to turn to
A waste of time for me to try to burn you
and talk a minute, you're not worth a conversation
I speak intelligently, with information
Goin and flowin and showin, you're still growin
adolescent -- with a childish mind
Your brain is small, plus it's hard to find
I need a microscope, to see a two-cent brain
that don't think, when they rob and steal
and rape and kill -- and murder their loved ones
Now put your brain in the guillotine
Slice up the cold cuts, you're goin nuts in a three-inch
cell

You wanna low rate me?
You're better off in Hell, feel the flame
fire burn roast and toast
Let me heat up your skull, while I brag and boast
I keep your brain on stand-by
Cause this message, comin from the SOURCE!

Source.. source.. source.. source..

[Ced Gee]

Your attention please, come on and let me try this This beat is funky -- so I just made up some rhymes that are hyper than hyperspace Ced Gee will kick bass face and eliminate rappers who think quick slick with a few tricks Can't be quick fixed if they try this man, and, aiyyo, I have the right to be on any stage and mic someone can pass to me Cause, I'm in there, and I swear I'm like Vladimir, no one best to step to me, get to me, or pes-ter me Confess to me, be guessin me Adressin me, be less than me, or testin me because, it only brings out the best in me So, yo, here's what we really need to do Instead of battlin we need to really improve our race, and every other race Bring em together -- and let's face the problems, that we need to be solvin People are dyin, starvin, robbin Bein discriminated from different jobs and things like that so think about that We have a tool to use that they call rap So, yo, let's use it, and not abuse it And in the long run, we have improved this situation and turned into a positive They doubted this, but we're proud of this institution we invented of course And this message, is comin from the SOURCE!

Source.. source.. source.. source.. source.. source.. source.. source..

[Kool Keith]

Once again, I hear your garbage on my radio Left to right, and comin through my stereo I turn it off, go off, bug out, show-off Blow off MC's who can't talk or read or write or learn, stutter - I think you need to go to ?RIFT? But watch me shift The smarter I get, the dumber you get The better I get, the wacker you get Ha ha hah, I gotta laugh - MC's are very funny to me And on Easter, they're like a bunny to me Hoppin around, without an education Formation, results in occupation Better skills, how to sign a application for a job, but you'd rather be a slob A parasite, eating corn off the cob Beggin everybody, you got a dollar for crack? I'll pay you back Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday's here Where's my money?

It ain't funny with a pipe in your face
For a fracture, last time the cops smacked ya
for hittin your moms and pops
You need a shake in your brain, adolescent
I'm a vet, you're juvenile, and driven wild, meanwhile
You look stupid and petty, and now senile
How's time in jail without bail?
Now you're up for sale, you're like a prostitute
Another man's wife, on the la-la tip
think about it again
Cause this message, is comin from the SOURCE!

Source.. source..

Visit Midtown page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.