

Midtown

"You Ain't Real"

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[Moe Luv scratches an N.W.A. sample (originally Curtis Mayfield?)
saying the word "niggaz" over and over]

Brothers wanna know, what's goin on about the 4-1-1
on the group, and so on and so forth
So what you talk for, you know what I came for:
a motherfuckin ground war!
Talkin that same old style
Same old song, same old thang
Sweatin yourself, you're gettin busy yo
Huh, but you still can't hang
I'd rather rip, and still the flip trip
On the mic grip and hit, and then trip
into I never ever miss.. yo
You still ain't shit
Thinkin you're all that, you've got
the rep and props but you still can't rap
Wanna talk about a wannabe, never gonna be
ever gonna be, who's gonna see
Come near here, come here child yeah
I got flavor, style -- compare
[Moe Luv cuts: "hold the beat, stop the beat, drop the
beat"]
Yo, you can't compete
You wanna steal my voice, steal our sound
Steal my beats, you wanna fuck around
I don't play son, shorts do I take none
You need help better call 9-1-1
or the Beatles, or Susannah
Drink you up like a cup of Tropicana
juice, I got more, flowin like a river
Yeah, style's what I give ya
Shakin em, keep fakin em, make make makin em
Takin em, bakin em, no mistaken em
Dope, hyper, raw def MC
Wanna talk about a man, yo who is he
or she, you got nerve to even talk that
What about that, yeah, what's up with that
rumor talkin, we can't make a hit
We've been makin hits while you've been suckin dicks

around the town, lookin for a hardcore deal
Yeah - you ain't real!

"Niggaz" Yeah, you ain't real!
"Niggaz" Yeah -- you ain't real!
"Niggaz" You ain't real!
"Niggaz" Yeah -- you ain't real!
"Niggaz" Who are you? You ain't real!
"Niggaz" Yeah, you you ain't real!
"Niggaz" Man..
"Niggaz" .. get out my FACE!!!

[Kool Keith]

Yeah, motherfuckers wanna blast
I keep rhymes in store for they ass
They ain't got the style to kick no shit
I bust rhymes and heat and just blow shit
out, let me ask one question
You think I fell off? Well come test then
You ain't the man to stop the Big X
Fuck around become ?? ?? next
Yes -- shit is gettin wild
Very wild, slick and much wild
But watch when I come with the Rhythm X shit
Then after that, motherfuckers wanna quit
Whether or not, you like it or not, you're wack it's true
Your whole crew sound doo doo
I keep tissue to wipe the first face
I'm like a team that stays in first place
Winnin, like the motherfuckin Giants
You got rhymes to kick? Then drop science
math, english, fuck it I said it
Yo Ced, come and grab the mic

[Ced Gee]

Yo let's begin with a phrase that's quite hype
I'll control with soul Gee get right
Into the mix like a DJ spinnin on
The crowd is buggin, rememberin "Bring it On"
The phrase that stand to all that wanna try
to step to the Gee get roast and I wonder why
Hmmm, like Arsenio Hall said, I think
you rhyme like butter you're soft and you're quite stink
Tryin to perpetrate, sayin you're hard right
You hit money grip you're fake like a bad night-mare
with Freddie, you know you're not ready
You sound immature, like a amateur petty
Yeah (you ain't ready)
to step on the stage, get hit with the rhyme jab
Just like the Flintstones, I'll break like Bam Bam
BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! -- I'm smoke ya

You slept on the Gee, better yet, true Ultra
But now we're back and, MC's we're slappin
We're givin no slack and, because you're wack and
yeah.. you ain't real!

"Niggaz" Yeah, you ain't real!

"Niggaz" Yeah -- you ain't real!

"Niggaz" Yeah, you ain't real!

"Niggaz" Who are you? You ain't real!

"Niggaz" Yeah, you you ain't real!

"Niggaz" Man get out my FACE!!!

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