

2Pac F/ Q-Tip**"3 MCs"**

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(Mr. Man)

Hey yo, MC am I

People call me Man

I'm everywhere like air, so watch as I expand

Live and direct from out the Flatbush lands

'Cause I got more rhymes than the beach got sand

(Lee Majors)

(who you be son?)

Well yo MC am I; people call me "L"

Can't forget the double-e Major I rock well

In '86 used to sport Pumas wit' Gazelles

'96: Yo, I just rock mics and excel

(Q-Tip)

Hey yo, MC a b people call me air

See me on Jamaica Ave. sippin' half-and-half

I got a special-issued mic that's guaranteed steel

Bustin' rhymes at the crowd to make the shorties feel

(All)

(Bust it, bust it, bust it, bust it)

It's the 3 MCs

You know we hold these mics tight

We the 3 MCs

We do it right e' night

With a scratch

And a cut

We 'bout to tear shit up

(Mr. Man)

See most of y'all really do not know how you should
operate

You need to contemplate 'cause you really cannot stop
the wait

Just cooperate

Let me select the path

You do not know the half simply 'cause you don't know
the math

On how to automate the graph

So follow the leader

The 9-Ether--rapper's get split like amoeba
By the fire-breather
Get burned beyond recognition
It's Mr. Man the accurate be blurrin' up your vision

(Lee Majors)

I pack a .45 caliber hollow-tipped pen
Make 'em say "What happen when he be rappin'?"
Make a move son. I kill bystanders and all
Check the autops'[y] the words that I dropped in his skull
If you want a nigga draw, pull out your best rhymes
Make your same gun-finger turn into peace sign

Came back with tips swallowed
Hip-hop Puritan show these niggas how you drop it

(Q-Tip)

We 'bout to drop it like the Pharcyde or Reggie Miller
Camouflage on--rescuin' rap guerilla
Tricklin' down: verb, noun cascade
Precious as jade, never heard the word 'fade'
Positive vibes is way too influential
Wack rhyme sayers need to keep it confidential
Kick it up like tornadoes
Trash cats get tomatoed
Beat you like Bruno
Watch yo' eye get the tape

It was a Friday night
And no moves was bein' fakin'
And the people was breakin'
And the house was shakin'
And it won't be long 'til e'body knowin'
That the 3 MCs was on the mic

(Mr. Man)

Check me out, boy, in high-speed or slo'-mo'
Came down to Earth to rock this ill promo'
Never sound wack on tape, 'cause that's a no-no
So turn me up loud
And put the needle to the

(Lee Majors)

With all of these
Pimps, players, mafiosos, and G's
Make me wonder "Is there any room for just a MC?"
Same shit, different beat; can't take it no more
You and your man bought the same rhyme from the
same store

(Q-Tip)

You bought it from the same store
and kicked the rhyme until your throat's sore
Now we got to up the ante much, much more
Allah put us all here for a reason
We 'bout to change the seasons
From these three you'll never smell treason

(Mr. Man)

If you don't get it now, I guarantee you'll get it later
I make the planet bounce from the poles to the equator
Peninsulas, every island, and the continents
I grab the mic and add flavor like condiments

(All)

'Cause we the 3 MCs
Y'all know we hold these mics tight
Yo, we the 3 MCs
We keep it right all night

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