

Heavy D & The Boys

"Here Comes The Heavster"

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'Here comes the Heavster'
And I know it makes you sick
Pete Rock and CL Smooth's
'Mecca and the Soul Brother' LP

Yeah, here we go, what?
Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we go
Yeah, here we go, what?
Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we go

This one goes out to all those heads
Knowhat!msayin'? Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, Manhattan
Money earnin' Mount Vernon, can't forget the uptown
Here we go

Aiyyo, turn me loose, I don't produce with no buttercup
Premier got the butter cuts, here comes that ol' rugged
stuff
No room for no pitty pat, petty kitty kat rap
I jig 'em, renege 'em or give 'em, a dug 'em diggum
smack

I seen you hangin' on ghetto blocks tryin' to get ghetto
props
You need to stop, you're just a ghetto flop
Here comes niggy nack piggy back, knapsack sacky
Saki, classic like a Kawasaki, rough like Rocky
Sisters call me Dadi, Puerto Ricans call me Papi

You can't stop me
'Cause in these times of tough times
I'm coming with rough rhymes
Rugged beats, I'm passin' time on satin sheets

And where I came from, some come from
Tryin' to diss the champion, numba one, Don Gargon
Talkin' behind my back, like they alla that, they ain't
halfa that
Matter of fact, I'm the one who put the town on the map
Tick tock tick, things are getting thick
Here comes the heavster and I know it makes you sick

Yeah, funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we go
Yeah, well, alright, c'mon
Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we go
Yeah, yes, well, alright, c'mon
Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we go

Here comes the bigger bro, I'm on the slow nigga flow
I like to do bigger show so I can get bigger dough
I hung out in crazy states, sit down and ate crazy
steaks
In the morning time I wake up with a rhyme and some
corn flakes

Rap is a stallion's job, hung out with Italian mobs
I been around the world with pretty girls and they credit
cards
Around in the source van, got paid when my horse ran
And despite the verdict, I'm still a Mike Tyson fan

In the trench I get ruff, on the stretch, I get vexed
Eddie F's on the set who's next to get wrecked
Mr. Sweeperman, time to do the sweep up
Brothers couldn't keep up, spendin' too much time with
their feets up

Listen to it, this is how I do it
When I wreck a set rhymes, float like fluid
Lord, have mercy on those who curse me
You don't appreciate, neither for, you don't deserve me
Tick tock tick, things are getting thick
Here comes the heavster and I know it makes you sick

Yeah, what? Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we
go
Talk about it, alright, yeah
Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we go
Yeah, well, alright, c'mon
Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we go

So break it down
So easy does it on the DL, the heavster
So break it down
So easy does it on the DL, the heavster

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Didn't it make you sick when I went pop and I kept my
props
and I blew up the spot and was large on your block
I know it did that's why you formed the committee
Of a bunch of itty bitty silly Milli Vanilli, hillbilly niggies

Never mind, all the chitter chat 'cause I got a bigger
bat
Step out of line again to get your jaw tapped
Don't try to play me for cream puff
Forgot I was big stuff, rough tough and all that stuff?

You jabber jaw junkie, rap tour flunkie
Quick at the lip but when you see me you flip like a
monkey
It always amazes me, how some brother's faces be
Smilin' but behind your back they talk like an enemy

But I got a sharper blade, from here I see better days
Sittin' on my porch countin' loot drinkin' lemonade
Swingin' with the shy type, girl, who's the fly type?
The none gettin' high type that's how you know she's
my type

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