

K**"7 MC'S"**

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Little inner city Willie/much like myself
Was aspiring to touch the higher reaches of wealth
Self propelled by the propaganda of the MC's/
Glamour ride through his eyes vividly on TV
Mesmerized by the likes of these self proclaimed G's/
Fantasized himself to be the fat rat stacking cheese
Armani khaki jeans where they used to be Lee's/
no ties with Master Lock but now speaking of keys
Being seized overseas in big barrels and crates/
but negated to relate he never went out of state
Now consume the toxic logic plus the toxic fumes/
Out of tune and now assumed to be Nom De Plume
Better known as Big Willie/
Now Don't That Sound Silly/
Favorite catch phrase Keep It Real But not really
Still he making ends without an n/
Pushing up a jeep a Lex coupe Beemer and a Benz
Pretends to be the baller down south slanging mo
mo's/
back east he lies about ties with Mafioso
In Philly-Illinois he rolled a Caddy Sedan/
and in Oaktown he was the Don Juan of San Fran and
beyond
With his companion on the hip and a Friday night ride
down the strip

It's a Trip
Look inside the ride MC number 9 by his side sippin'
Cristal wine
Tried her best to look fine/Wasn't really worth the time
Just an imitation of Will's fraud state of mind
Caught me by surprise. But then I read between the
lines/
Heard through the grapevine #5 wrote your rhymes
Check the signs/See the decline of income
Going out for the crumb/Your style's still dumb

#10 was the label mate of # 8&9/
Whining like a beatch and bottom line couldn't rhyme
Shining in the lime light but couldn't rhyme tight/
No originality/Strictly sound bites

Downright about the worst that I heard verse to verse/
Every word was a curse to the ear
Preferred not to hearing his song/
But no choice but to listen on
His LP wasn't even worth pissing on
Dancin' a jig and thinking he was jiggy/
Everybody's picking him to be the next { }
But he was over shadowed by the face in the camera
#11/his producer slash manager

Slash amateur slash rapper slash actor slash tapper/
the hit song jacker New nod factor/
turned playboy when he dropped the Craig Macker/
Making rap wacker Ain't mad at ya/
But weekly you tempt me to pimp me the new jiggy on
Mtv
The Magnum Cum Laude of my PhD/
I was hating from the jump when you became an MC
Trying to keep it real/Without a trace of rap skill
At first it was chill/But now it's like over kill
Wanted to build the rep/of material objects
R&b niggas switching from rap to rock sets

Yet once again neither one saw the signs
#10's simple mind combined with simple rhymes
defined the prime reason why we had to make it twice
You need to stop rocking ice/Learn to rock a mic
I hope my words come as a shock/Get off your own jock
Probably why everybody's taking shots
Now it's all about the Benjamins, but/
I'm calling out your feminine strut
Plus it wasn't a surprise that 11 had to capitalize/
Off the late great #8's sudden demise
Cut the lies that he tried to keep it honest
Talkin' 'bout flossin'/
when he shoulda seen an orthodontist
Making promises that he wasn't fulfillin'/
People by the millions Saying they wasn't feeling em/
I guess in all the Hype like William started killin' em/
Dealing in the same fate as their late friend
Once again
There you have it/11 MC's laid to rest

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