

Low Profile

"Make Room For The Dub.B.U"

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[VERSE 1: WC]

Dope, not complicated but educated
This here's contiminated
This ain't another record from a sucker duck crew, but
My name is Dub and Aladdin's on the cut
With another dope jam and a brand new style
By the way, I'm from the crew called the mighty Low
Profile
But definitely pertainin to wack rhyme reciters
You're just a new jack punk, professional, mind of biter
I'm on a journey knockin out punk sissies
Nah - hell, I'm about to get busy
Take this microphone, plug it up and then I say, "Check
1"
Who be the next dummy tryin to get some?
Son, this ain't a circus, my name ain't Bozo
I diss suckers and I hate Olde Gold
I'm like a victim, rollin on Daytons, watchin my back
And keep strapped, so I can aim at a pack
Yo, this one's a funny one, I take a look around
All these wanna-be Dubs in the L.A. town
Who try to roll like me, talk like me, even try to act like
me
It doesn't do you no good to tryin to bite me
Friend, you mighta seen me at a show or two
Openin up, a new artist just payin my dues
But now I finally got a chance to break through
Yo, move back, punk, and make room for the (W)

[VERSE 2: WC]

I noticed lately at the hip-hop shows
A lotta rappers on stage got the crowd sayin "ho"
And the girlies say "aw" in between in rhymes
Song after song, yo, line after line
"Say ho" played out with bell-bottoms and afros
What's the matter, you're scared to come original?
Nowadays the whole rap scene is outrageous
Amateurs, wanna-be's steppin on stages
Suckers know I'm comin and I'm steadily creepin
Here come my manager, "Dub, they keep sleepin"
That's the violation of the capital L-zero-w P-r-o

Oh no, here we go
With another one of those crazy styles
Straight from the W of Low Profile
I got a catalogue of rhymes and lines for you and your crew
Yo, move back, punk, and make room for the (W)

[VERSE 3: WC]

It's understandable you don't know who I am
You never heard of me, you really couldn't give a damn
If I came with the funkiest lyrics in the world
Yo, to gain respect, do I gotta wear a jherri curl?
Change my name to MC Soul-Glo?
No, I don't think so, I'm down with Low Pro
Featuring DJ Aladdin
Or better yet the turntable assassin
With another dope tune, a funky groove to make you move
See, it's better when it's smooth
A new jack, no, don't compare me to him
I ain't new to this, rappin is a lifetime
Still I require ??????????
That brother WC, y'all, he ain't no joke
Like a criminal braced and shackled down like a slave
Watch the rudy-poo new jack punks get payed
Suckers flappin at the mouth, but they ain't droppin knowledge
Sounds you're outta Cal State Watts College
The bass of my vocal tone drops like a cannonball
Who got beef, we can go some, y'all
We can battle till sundown, now do you wanna nut up, punk?
It don't matter, I'ma chew you one up
Like a barbeque rib I send your weak crew home
And when I'm finished chewin on em I'ma throw you the bone
You want peace, the best thing to do
Is just move back, punk, and make room for the (W)

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