

Marley Marl

"The Symphony Part II"

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featuring Masta Ase Big Daddy Kane G Rap Craig G
Daddy Shane

(Masta Ase)

I'm about to run run a race wit the rhythm

If you know the bass steps dance do it wit em

Gotta clock g's 'cause the g's worth a thousand

When I kick these types of rhymes I'll be housing

All I wanna be gonna be big shotties

Brothers ain't wit it then I do it for the hotties

But I know they wit it 'cause they know I ain't a phony

And it feels good like Tony, Toni, Tone

And I like to kick a rhyme, rhyme for the people

Wanna reach the top, climb, climb to the steeple

Top to high, well you best get a ladder

Say you're from the slum, well chum it don't matter

Forget where your from, it's all about where you're
going

My name is Masta Ase and I don't tip toeing

Never saw fall, lose my grip, or take a slip

Make a house call, hit a dip and then I skip

But not to my Loo, I never play hopscotch

Music man baby and the rhymes are top notch

Gotta try to uplift, lift the ghetto dweller

I try my best to never riff, riff wit a fellow

My brother sometimes trys to play it like tennis

Dennis, time to pull teeth like a dentist

Oh brother, brother, please don't play it

The rhyme is prime everytime that I say it

Actions in effect, nothing change but the weather

Juice crew, nah, but we still rock together

Craig G

(Yo, I believe that's me)

Hey yo, Craig G

(Yo, I believe that's me)

Hey yo, Craig G

(Yo man I believe that's me)

Kick it 1,2,3

(Craig G)

Yo, once again a brother's back to attract many age groups

Sporting green and baige boots popping like the hula hoop

You step to me and you'll be stepping to a death wish

You probably thought I'm soft, of course you never met this

I'm not a crazy man, gun token holigan

But pass a mic to me and rappers I'll be doing in

So, yo, hit, slide to the left a bit

'Cause I'm about to blow up in the '90's and I bet you

get

Jelly and think of trying to do me

I work for my spot so don't try to remove me

'Cause I can swing a rap like a batter hits a fast ball

Put on my track shoes and run right pass all

All the MC's and wannabees

Get played like a ?plumbing?, crease in your leaves

So next time the wizard gives you soft as a heart

Don't step to me because I rip the shit apart

Now this ain't Mr. Rogers and I never play pretend

So think about it chump if you step to me again

Yo Big Daddy

(Yo I believe that's me)

Hey yo Big Daddy

(Yo I believe that's me)

Big Daddy

(Well I guess that's me)

1,2,3

(Big Daddy Kane)

Uhn, damn, it's true, I'm living mathematic

Asiatic coming up on the microphone just like an addict

Make the fit, 100% legit

As soon as I hit, oh shit

'Cause I'm gonna make the audience applaud me

And support me and award me when they saw me

In action wit my softy gin

Sharpen than any other instrument
That archeologist can't find, never known to mankind
'Cause I'm a weird species
And all you filthy mcnasty Mc's couldn't even see me
You're too fragile to touch this mass style
Girls be running up saying, oh, you're too bad child
So save your breath and exit stage left
But treat before you meet defeat and greet death
you any champion that even tries to touch this
Won't even get the key that's tied along, it's dubless
See, I'm the wrong one to fuk wit
Oh you still standing there
(Yo, yo, look out duck kid)
I'm deathing and bashing crash and smack MC's
And enemies wit these
'Cause I make sure everything comes out smooth
(Lil' Daddy Shane)
But you know your little brother must deserve his
groove
Drop something quick release a rhyme wit quickness
To let MC's know about my existence
Any Mc to last a minute is pure lucky
'Cause I'm the baddest kid that you seen says ?Chuck?
(Well Kool G Rap)
(Yo I believe that's me)
So G Rap

Yo I believe that's me

(So Kool G Rap)

(Yo, I believe that's me)

1,2,3

(Kool G Rap)

Yo, straight out the muthafuking gutter

I open my shutter, the butt ass brothers

And rip 'em up like a box cutter

You brush up I pull the trigger

I figured nobody could digger, Milli Vanilli Ass nigga

Prepare for shoot bear, I'm knocking boots daily

Fools Irip 'em out of their roots like Alex Haley

Here I come straight to the mouth

I'm kicking it slick lyrics are harder than a dick inside a
ho house

Your neighborhood hero's a zero

I'm sending muthafukers on a midnight run like DeNiro

So here goes a rapper to the baffled

Feels still gaffled, pressed up on your Adam's apple

Reach for the pistol and you're crazy

Try to blast and I'll be swinging that ass like Patrick
Swayze

Said he was frightened when I rock, they came in a
flock

What is this shit, New Kids on the Cock

When I battle, you need a paddle

The shit creeps deep, but since you're riding on my

dick, you need a saddle

No survivors, I spit 'em out just like saliva

Well, next stop, hello pop and i'm the driver

So faint rappers try to diss, you're a little too proud

But niggas on white glows on my shit list

Do your ass in like Kennedy's assassin

Murder the whole mass and, time to dress passion

I float aloft like a sailor, hold you like clothes

I got that ass sewned up just like a tailor

Kool G Rap, one in a million

You're rolling the dice and get sliced the fuked up like
a Sicilian

A nigga can't do shit for me

G Rap and Marly Marl, I'm signing out on the symphony

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