

## **K-Ci & JoJo , Babyface, Melvin, Kevon**

### **"Not Many"**

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[Savage]

Pito Saute Aukilagi, It ain't good  
It ain't good cause you'll get jumped in my hood  
Pito Saute Aukilagi, It ain't good  
It ain't good cause you'll get jumped in my hood, AH!  
It's the remix, Yeah, uh, yeah, c'mon ... ah Savage

I'm hearing you still talking that shit but none of your  
actions are speaking to me  
I'm talking it, walking it, my stomping style will stop  
your movement  
Hold up who's this ? Still leaving you with cuts and  
bruises  
So cut the bullshit before I rock your face with a pool  
stick  
Dirty, Dawnraid and Frontline, P-Money, Scribe, Savage  
and Con Psy  
Everybody is felling that shit, I'm out your speakers like  
Ill Semantics  
On stage for the crowd reaction, everyone just bounce  
your asses  
Keep it moving, Uh-huh, New Zealand music  
South Auckland raise your arms  
Let me see you throw it up  
And I will always represent my crew, Decep-  
Deceptikonz, what!

[Chorus] - Scribe

How many dudes you know roll like this ?  
How many dudes you know flow like this ?  
Not many, if any  
Not many, if any  
How many dudes you know got the skills to go and  
ROCK a show like this ?  
Uh-uh, uh-uh, I don't know anybody

[Con Psy]

You know who this is, act right  
It's the kid coming up that's flow is untapped  
Wrote enough drafts, know enough raps, off the head  
skill that'll crush cats

But it's hard to spit without coming off arrogant  
And y'all insist on dropping comparisons  
And y'all who sit, mouths running and chattering  
Get off my dick, your so fucking embarrassing  
Y'all don't want no part of this, upon this ish  
I serve the ill like a pharmacist, I'm on to this  
I've been broke like promises  
So if you get me started kid you're gonna see the  
consequence  
And y'all, don't want that  
'Cos I stay on, Gimme your words to play on  
And I'ma make your writings look thick like you lost  
your pen and wrote it in crayon  
But yo, y'all should play the back like scenery  
I'm dope, the writings on the wall like graffiti  
So, y'all can't even hold your own  
You get a manicure if your going toe to toe  
Suppose you know, that I treat tracks like kicks, 'cos I'm  
clean when I lace mine  
I break minds, if I put a watch in a bum bag, that's the  
only scene where I waste time  
Let's go

[Chorus] {Scribe & Con Psy} - 2X

[Scribe]

Congratulations, you made it. Welcome to the reeeee-  
miiiiix!

Scribe's here so give it up  
I never put the mic down when I pick it up  
I rip it up so dope this year, everybody want a hit of us  
But y'all need to breathe because you're hiccing up  
We refuse to leave, you can't get rid of us  
Yo, they think I'm on drugs because I come in the club  
And I be dancing by myself like I don't give a fuck, what  
what?  
Scribe on the mic I write and elegant flow  
Even drop adagio for the lyrically slow  
Not hypothetically, physically letting you know  
I got my rhyme packed tight and we're ready to go  
Made some mistakes in the past, that was yesterday  
Today I'm on my way to a better way  
Forever bringing together what you separate  
So wether, you like it or not I'ma elevate  
You know this rhyme is taking time to celebrate  
Relax and take a breath y'all  
I'm here to stay, and not going away  
And can I get a "Yes y'all ?", "Yes-yes y'all!"

Ooh-oooooh!

There's ... check it out  
No ... check it out  
One ... check it out (Ain't no one like me)  
Like me

[Chorus] Scribe - 2X

[Outro] Savage  
Check it out ... check it out  
Can you please give it up for Savage  
It's all good, thank you  
It's all good when you come to my hood  
Can you please give it up for Savage  
It's all good, yeah  
Thank you  
Very Much  
Peace ... Holy shit!

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