

## Mr. Complex

### "Underground Up"

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Whoa...

Yeah, yeah, Mr. Complex...Tony Hawk style

Yeah, we gon' do it like...from the underground...

From the underground...from the ...ground

Yo, uh!

[Verse One]

Who is it that spits fire, but doesn't smoke weed?

Who's about to take it all, but not overcome by greed

It's Complex, wit' "Mr." in front, I'll bust your blister if  
you front

If it's a trickster what you want, check the reflectable  
glass...

'Cause in a second, I'll just be busting yo' ASS...

Change your outlook, out the book, take off your head

You try to go off your head

I'll shook-shock your world like a carefree curl

or, rock-shock your mind like a, South road girl

wit' a razor in her teeth

I see ya and I just, raise your beef, two cows

No bluffin' this way bitch ass, whatchu gonna do now?!

You change the sheets, fluff the pillow

Made the bed, now lay it it, 'til you're dead and decay  
in it (uh-huh)

'Til the neighbors discovers the smell, and yell

"WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT FUNKING SMELL?! Funking  
smell" yo

[Chorus 2X]

We run it down from the ("underground")

We run it down from the ("underground")

We run it down from the ("underground")

This is how we do it from the ("underground") UP!,  
what?

[Verse Two]

Here you go, there you go, YOU KNOW YOU GOTTA  
GET...

Outta my face quicker than that!

"He's vomiting all over the place! He's about to DIE!"

But note I'm lyrically, sicker than that!

I need bed rest, I'ma Queens cat wit' a Brooklyn,  
address  
Wit' a queen-size mat-tress, where I do more fuckin'  
than sleepin' on it  
See I'ma never fall off, see I be, keepin' on it  
Optune time tunes in I'm, leapin' on it  
Hip-hop is the hunt, I'm the hunter, creepin' on it  
I got it and I flaunt it like, birds can fly  
I set your mental to instrumental you can, murder by  
In your mental, once you step out of that your sent thru  
Dimensions not mentionable  
I'm pinchin' to pull Doberman Pinchers and I'm,  
hENCHIN' them in you  
To snap at your buttocks, so be cool, B-Boy  
and Uprock Top THIS, pop-lock to THIS (got this)

[Chorus 2X]

We run it down from the ("underground")  
We run it down from the ("underground")  
We run it down from the ("underground")  
This is how we do it from the ("underground") UP,  
what?

[Verse Three]

I kno' you got a lot of shit on your mind  
Especially when you just got that, lil' itty bitty mind  
So I must remind you like everytime  
My rhymes are not somethin' you should take lightly  
Hold this, fold fist, fight me  
Like Roy, keep up Jones, Tones, bones, microphones  
I destroy, so enjoy, you know you like your livelihood all  
corrupted up  
You know you like your neighborhood all fucked, up  
Everything bootleg, all the way down to your ankle  
I'll lyrically SPANK you, but I'm not tryin' ta turn you on  
Thank you, welcome, no you're not!  
Don't even come around dumb around  
I kno' you rhyme, don't even hum around, don't  
beatbox NUTTIN'!  
Just zip up your lip, I'm cuttin' you off like pitbull tails  
I sit through whales of tales, from all kinds of sharks  
and fish-eyed fools  
I don't percolate in your circulation, I just piss in your  
pool, YO!

[Chorus 2X]

We run it down from the ("underground")  
I'll gun you down from the ("underground")  
You hear that thunder sound? From the  
("underground")  
This is how we do it form the ("underground") UP

[D] scratches and Mr. Complex ad-libs about himself  
and skateboarding]

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