

Beenie Man F/ Merciless**"No Chorus"**

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Yeah..

You motherfuckers oughta let me go and finish this motherfuckin album

Dr. Doom..

Name of this track is called "I Don't Want the Motherfuckin Chorus"

Whatever all the arrangements are we gon' go through
Fuck all the laws..

What the fuck was in your mind when you rapped on that track?

Who possessed you to do that? Who programmed - that shit sound wack

Unplug your mic

You motherfuckers rap under a bunch of fuckin hype
Programmed by the company, makin somethin cheap
Vocals sound like a nigga with no dough and a promo;
makin asses out of yourselves, tryin to rap solo
Suck my dick when you see me; avoid because you wanna be me

Y'all niggaz write like slouches puffin blunts on studio couches

What's up you fuckin amateur?

Your engineer'll cue in your bullshit cadence

That shit sounds simple; look at this nigga rhymin to hisself

Wack as fuck, smell like shit for one buck

Big crews don't want it -- y'all get it worse

Which one of y'all motherfuckers is waitin for the mic first?

I hope your bitch is in the audience

Your wife too, that's your fanbase -- plus your DJ's in the place

I'm about to boo you, let it be fair; when you come off-stage

ninety percent of the people that came on your guest list

ain't gon' be there

A big dissapointment when I rub your asshole with a verbal ointment

Rappers actin hard, nervous in the dressin room

with a security guard
Groupies standin round with they fuckin face frowned
Lookin like fuckin Homey the Clown
Put that Spring Water down man, you ain't sweatin
You motherfuckers did a ten minute weak show and
you jettin;
your fans are mad - your performance was garbage
bag
Look at these videotapes
Walkin back and forth grabbin your nuts like the Planet
of the Apes
Supervise it, criticize it, y'all don't realize it
where the real guys at
Who's administrating your budget when you takin
that high picture for Right On with your ballroom light
on
You know the night is kind of special like Lowenbrau
when I escort you to your car, you breakout bastards
Leave the premises and reminisce on your rookie
season after you first started
You try to work hard and you never paid no dues like
Cold Crush and Afrika Bambaata
You wack nigga, tryin to act large in the video in
Nevada
You fuckin pink maggot; I'll take your mic, you can't
have it
You niggaz be runnin around with ears open like fuckin
bunny rabbits

That's right, Dr. Doom
All you motherfuckers around the world sittin in studios
with your boys
Hypin your shit up
Motherfuckers don't wanna tell you that your shit is
wack
because they all yes men
Sittin around, carryin your roadie cases
Bein your fuckin cheerleaders
I'ma tell you straight, look in the fuckin mirror, you
wack
That shit don't sound right, your mixdown ain't right
Your vocals are too low.. your fuckin cadence is off
Stage show's weak.. fuck you!

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