

## Pumpkinhead

### "Emcee"

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[Pumpkinhead] Picture a crown flooded with rubies and diamonds On top of the dome of this man that's rhymin That signifies I'm in a bracket, beyond your mediocre back-packing emcees Sorry for crackin your teeth I got a back smackin disease And it flairs up when I hear a rapper spit wacker than me And don't fit the category, that is corny When a-nother emcee try to test me But y'all, don't impress me, heavens to Betsy Y'all better jet-ski, pull a disappearin act like Wesley Before a nigga gets back his swagger and steps up the ladder Grandma, get the camera! And take a flick of your baby boy doin his thing Lookin like my dad, I swear we one in the same And my son is the same When we shine the sun dries up the rain and it'll brighten your day Yo I do this for my bro's locked up in chains And I do it for emcees that grew up on Kane I do this for my brothers that sniff dust and 'caine And fucked up they brain, let's make a change My needles only test the wax that'll touch my veins DP gives a scratch { \*DP One scratches\* - "Yeah" } Give it up to a brother that avoided the vultures And'll rep, every step of this hip-hop culture [Chorus 2X: Pumpkinhead] I'm a E-M-C-E-E A smooth operator operatin correctly And I rep the four elements so nigga respect me It'll take more than your intelligence to test me [Pumpkinhead] I'm an emcee, but started out as a B-boy Windmillin, back spinnin on linolium towel boy Adidas Shelltops, fat laces crossed over Designer checker-box, my boombox would knock It woke up like half of my block I put my best foot forward, but my hip wasn't hop Shit was on lock, most of my boys, kept pistols on cock At local hookey jams - when kids did the wop And we stopped and we watched and we wopped and we rocked And quickly went from Shelltops to Reeboks, S-curls to hightops Black leather medallions with the African in it I laughed cause I lived it and you didn't I made it a long way, and I can't stop man I "Refuse to Lose" like Chuck D - I'm a strong black man! First and foremost, I'm still a hip-hop fan This year Puffy went from "Making Da Band" to he's in a band Some say that he fakes, some say that he's great But I'll be damned if I walk to Brooklyn to get your

rich ass some cheesecake That's not hip-hop That's the  
type of shit that make me wanna not hip-hop It make  
the government in protest and stop hip-hop You don't  
gotta agree with me Mr. P. Diddy Toe-to-toe lyrically  
your artists can't compete with me I'm faster, I'm the  
master, y'all rappers and I'm a [Chorus] [Chorus] -  
whispered {"E-M-C-E-E"} {"A smooth operator operatin  
correctly"}

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