

Pumpkinhead

"I Just Wanna Rhyme"

Visit "[I Just Wanna Rhyme](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Pumpkinhead] Ladies and gentlemen, today we bring to you, Pumpkinhead Brooklyn Academy, Marco Polo on the beat, yeah, c'mon! I just wanna make good music, and do shows that's sold out The only way I wouldn't spit rhymes is if I had no mouth Steppin to me is dangerous, like Big Daddy Kane walkin through white wall projects with his gold out Oh wow, so now your thug crew wanna back down? Y'all travel in new circus, y'all fools is ass clowns I confront beef, don't get smacked down Just go that-a-way, downstairs and stand down I'm a known threat, yeah, and I'm fly like Boba Fett Been rhymin since kung-fu on channel 5 and Robotech And I love money, and women who buy me liquor So if you neither of those then slide like Chinese slippers My crew is the Ac', and we're back, with a vengeance Niggaz is pussy on they period, tryin to stop my sentence But you can't, and I'ma still go out on tour You're just mad cause your spine is yellow like Sean Paul [Chorus: Pumpkinhead] I just wanna rhyme! {*scratched*: "Yo, all I need is one mic, one beat, one stage" - Nas} I just wanna rhyme! {*scratched*: "I'ma rep, to the death of it!" - Nas} I just wanna rhyme! {*scratched*: "I just want, wanna innovate, and stimulate minds" - Common} I just wanna rhyme! {*scratched*: "What I stand for speaks for itself!" - Nas} [Pumpkinhead] I can't stop, it's like I'm on a roll now You're not cool so like an anorexic bitch, you get no pounds Step to the left, while I walk right past ya I make dope songs, it's hard to match my DNA factor A chubby rapper, a couple of extra pounds around the waist So much breath control, I could spit a whole album in outer space with no oxygen, right now I'm claimin what's mine The crown of the underground so whatever y'all sayin is fine Y'all lyin, you and me can never be equal, I spit from the heart We don't believe you, you need more people, start a million man march! I'm feelin parched, somebody pass me a Gatorade And there can only be one of me, like the ace of spades I made the grade, and then I hopped, over the fence You upset, cause I put one in your wife's mouth like 50 Cent I'm sorry, but when I'm tense I gotta let it go and

vent And her mouth was right there with a sign that
said "open for rent" [Chorus] [Pumpkinhead] I love
rhymin, it's more than a job it's a passion More than
plaques, advances or sponsored fashion It's a culture,
not to be toyed with so the boy spit rhymes that make
your mind go 'Eww' like the smell of boiled shit See
first, I did it for the enjoyment But now I won't front, I
do it for the love in employment See what my point is,
is that you net nerds are annoying Like hip-hop,
revolves around you and the Pamper you're soilin And
the thugs on the street, frontin like what I spit is weak
Cause you and your crew wantin to battle me, and all
got beat Rule one, when you battle me, you're gonna
get son'd Especially when you say you're gonna shoot
me and don't have a gun Rule two, when you start
singin like Ja Rule Battle's over, and you're gettin
beaten down with a bar stool Numero three, when you
rhyme about Bentleys and Humvees But the only thing
you pushin is a old pair of Oakleys! [DP One scratches]
"You gotta be out of your FUCKIN mind!" - KRS-One "All
I need is one mic, one beat, one stage" - Nas "I'ma rep,
to the death of it!" - Nas "I just wanna innovate, and
stimulate minds" - Common "What I stand for speaks
for itself!" - Nas [ad libs to the end]

Visit [Pumpkinhead](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.