

Da Ruckus

"150 MC's"

Visit "[150 MC's](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hush]

Yo, yo. Its a hundred and fifty emcees. Which one do you be? Count em

I met a Redman in Camp Lo named Mic Geronimo
He'd Busta Rhyme anywhere, he was always on the go
He used to live in Champtown, but moved to Slum
Village

In a city Motown that was run by Mike Millich
Lived with Fat Joe, in Ras Kass's corridor
Who had a Crucial Conflict with this man next door
On a Rampage, against this kung fu gang
Sensei Master P, of Shaolin's Wu-Tang
He'd meditate with Cool J's, and phillies of Canibus
Practicin the grain style, and the praying mantis
Increased his Eye-Cue, studying the five V's
And had more styles, than MJ has got G's, uhh
One time, he was confronted
And the neighbor told Da Sensai, he didn't want it
The sensei asked him to choose his weapon
The A-KRS, the Nine or the Mack 10
He chose a shotgun, since he was from Bucktown
As he blast a Buckshot, the sensei, he Ducked Down
Hit his Dogg's Nate Snoop and the Spice-One rack
The sensei didn't even have a chance to blast back
Eyes bloodshot and Puffy, and got up like Scarface
(Pacino: "Say hello to my little friend")
Lettin' off a Dirty Dozen, now it's a car chase
Gunfight now turns to a deadly car ride
The sensei didn't see Da Brigade, on The Pharcyde
Crashed his chevy, Kid Capri head on, was thrown 20
feet

But he didn't bet on

Being scooped by A Tribe Called Quest and cared for
Until his wounds healed, he then declared war
Called up Jay and A, who both drove a Z
Already wanted, for Jayo Felonies
And Missy Elliot, who also had a Case
The judge will Punisher, for sprayin' illegal Mase
A Misdemeanor, but the judge was Kurupt
She was caught with Pete Rocks, and never handcuffed

Called up her Uncle Luke, whose Crew was 2 Live
They had some Peter Gunz, like the ones on True Lies
And these two guys were snitches, all around town
Kid who was Da Brat, and her sister Fox Brown
With only a few G's, they met Nas at Escobar
Alkoholiks all around, with Cristal and caviar
Long Island Ice-T's, with only one Ice Cube
They discussed the Kurtis Blow and spot up like
intertubes
They met some Geto Boys, who Run DMC
Corporation and Dr. Dre, or was it EPMD, who said "Life
is Too
\$hortwe gotta think fast?"
Daz 'em with explosions, shots & tear gas
Drink E-40's of 8-Ball with Little Ceasars
Down 180 proof rum, with Bacardi Breezers
Large Professor, who teaches class on Artifacts
Had plans to invade the Timbaland, with rocketpacks
They go in crewed up, over the Cypress Hill
Outsidaz Mobb Deep, and everyone is just Chill
A Hush on the scene, all you heard was the Click
Organized Konfusion was Ultramagnetic
A Lady of Rage, that was cursed with Voodoo!
Was stung by Cocoa B's, Outkast by Gurus
A Goodie Mob of Lost Boyz Xzibit Mystikal
Broken Bone, Thugs 'N Harmony is very critical
Scalped lots of hair on The Roots of 40 Thevz
Then write "Heltah Skeltah," in blood from injuries
A Common sight, like Capone 'N Noreaga
They bomb a fight, then sit alone with Garsha Vegas
When it was over, one seemed to never fall
He screamed out "Fade em all!"
It was this kid named Jamal
The sensai would Rakim, and his man Eric B
Give him an Eminem, and made him bow to one knee
This wasn't Bizarre, it was in his Nature
So this would become the 37th Chamber
It all started, over some Big Daddy Kane
The sensei sold with Slick Rick's brother Dana Dane
On east, Warren G's supposed to be uncut
Chopped with baking soda, crews went Beatnuts
And caused a Ruckus, against the Gang Starr
Who tried to control DMX Blvd.
It got back to Junior Mafia, who then got ill
And caused a drug trade to come to stand stills
See, in this industry, you can't have anarchy
Cause everyone wants their name on the Biz Markee
Yo, some are long gone, will the gunshots cease?
Eazy E, 2Pac, and Biggie Smalls, rest in peace

