

## UMC's

# "Time To Set It Straight"

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Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha  
Yeah, nineteen ninety-three  
Uh-huh (UM-UMC)  
Bring it

[Haas-G]

Uno, dos, tres, cuatro  
Oops upside your head because I Marx ya like Groucho  
Aiyyo I'm not a slouch so, ladies scream and shout  
(HO! )  
Brother work it out (BO! ) static bo bo bo I blow  
Hard like the wind then I'll spin ya topsy turvy  
I serve thee, here's a fruity orange for ya scurvy  
I'm my own lucky charm in the middle of my pants  
Wanna dance, I wind up and bogle on that ass, yo  
Rico, I'm suave, Benito, I drive a  
Crowd to get wild from the aisle here comes a style  
I'm the undisputed master of charisma party ripper like  
Shaq I be nimble, I be quick, I see the wack  
MC's who need some style  
Tryin to fake moves on my two I sonic boom ya like Nile  
Cause I'm the wildest, crazy kind of guy born free  
I'm Haas G (awww) I got the shit to set you free

Wooo, yeah, yeah, ha ha  
For my peoples yo, for my peoples (my peoples)  
For my peoples yo, for my peoples (my peoples)  
For my peoples yo, for my peoples

[Kool Kim]

Hey yo I be the rough rugged MC with The Streetcar  
Named Desire  
Goodness, gracious, great balls of fire  
Now I heard you had the matzo  
I put my peoples on the show and TAKE IT  
If we want it, so nigga don't flaunt it  
Now you tried to be the Don of, the hip-hop nation  
Yeah your beats is kind of fat, but your lyrics,  
starvation

Now you're stumped, you gotsta have the skill to make  
it thump  
Ya damn, anal wart, herpe bump, your lyrics don't  
make me jump  
Now, I might crossover when my dough is all spent  
Because ain't nothin, goin on, but the rent  
I come from S-T-A-T-E-N-I-S-L-A-N-D  
And be the grand wizard lyricist, Kim UMC  
I serve the hot buttered SOUL on my hip-hop roll  
And yo I can't be undersold and, my word as good as  
gold  
I won't fold under pressure when your girl let me  
undress her  
My eyeballs out of my head like, my dear Uncle Fester  
Gave myself a future career from the days of Blue  
Cheese  
And now there's one thousand two thousand three  
thousand UMC's

Uhh, yeah yeah  
Yo, UMC'n type situation in the house  
Yo, I got one question for the masses kid, one question

[Kool Kim]

Hey yo, who gets sex to my rhymes? HEY!  
C'mon, who gets sex to my rhymes? UHH!  
Cause you know that I can cha-cha, with Nina, Maria,  
Sobrito  
Bendejo, y Chocha, el Mixo, completo  
So parles vouz couche avec ma se shwa  
Me and Haas G, and Sousie, menage-a-tois  
Now, I bag the mad honies round the world for sport  
And then I get up, get up, inside she boom boom shots

Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, yo, check it out kid  
Yo bring em down street kid, yo bring em down (bring  
em down)  
Yo bring em down street kid, yo break em down

[Haas G]

Aiyyo I roll rope, on my boat, gently down the stream I  
turn  
Hood like Robin, now I'm out to get the green  
Cause I'm the lean mean rap machine at the fingers  
snap my team  
Tighten like grave men when I ain't misbehavin  
Yo just gimme a little light, I grab a mic I get started  
To cold act ill, uhh, get retarded  
Then I take off, I Jetson, like George when I wrecks em

God bless em, I leave em raptified when I hex em

Right on, right on, right on

Yo, check it out

We wanna do it like this for nineteen ninety-three

First and foremost, the major shout to the mighty UMC  
crew

I wanna say whassup to my peoples Ruckus

I wanna give a massive shout to three-two-one

I wanna say whassup to my peoples Cold Crush

All the way down to I'll Breed

I wanna say whassup to my Oran B

And Cool Craig is in the house

Staten Isle's in the house

Staten Island comes first everytime

Brooklyn's in the house

Queens is in the house

Uptown's in the house

Bronx is in the house

I wanna say whassup to Long Island kid

Yeah, UMC's forever, always, we out

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