

Fain Sammy**"Make the City Stand Still"**

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[Maestro]

This joint's dedicated to all emcees

Yo, stay focused with this

A'ight

Stay strong, stay dedicated

Maestro

Check it out, yo

Yeah yeah, yo

I'm still smashin' it

So compassionate

House of Commons want me on the cabinet

The graduate who got the phattest shit

I splatter shit

Niggas better scatter when I'm splashin' it

Flashin' it

Pass the record books and watch me shatter shit

I made the city hot

Rhymes makin' niggas drop

Even free-stylin' when CKLN was fifty watts

Then I built the strategy

Gradually, I planned to be

The greatest from the city

Brothers started stabbin' me

Made your backbone slide to this, glide to this

Brothers jealous 'cause their sons couldn't shine like

this

It ain't my fault that my song's phat

It ain't my fault that my pops loved my mom, black

I made the bomb track

Kids were jackin' for beats when my rap hit the streets

I went to church and even signed my autograph for the

priest

When my track was released, you noticed me

Toronto prodigy of poetry

Even white chicks were faintin' over me

The flyer boss, toured like Diana Ross

It kills me when I see you young brothers tryin' to floss

You got a long way to go to keep the hip in the hop

I left in ninety two, it's like the fukin' industry stopped

But it's on, don't panic

Emcees stay frantic
It's automatic, we makin' audio dramatic
Lyrically I'm a bill, at the top of a hill
Show my sons how to chill, and make the city stand still

[Chorus: Wade O. Brown]
We're gonna make it happen
We're gonna make it shine
We're gonna make it happen
It's a race against our time
Oh, oh, oh
We're gonna make it happen

[Maestro]
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I remember when my pops took me to this lady
She said she couldn't believe how many shady people
wanna slay me
She said they wanna wreck you, they wanna wet you
But don't sweat it, your ancestors will protect you
Many nights I woke up, frozen stiff, couldn't move
Stayed calm, bible open on the twenty third song
Who could it be now
A brother that I ripped, an old school shorty that I used
to hit
(go figure)
In life I learned cats'll try to hurt you
That's why I gotta stay tight with my family, and keep a
small circle
Many broads said to me, that my seed they wanted to
carry
Didn't love me at all
But to shine, they wanted to marry
Sayin' "let's sex tonight", but I'm a skeptic type
It's a rougher world
That's why it's tough to trust a girl
Never the less I'm maintainin', with pure determination
Two junos, plus ten nominations
No way I'm gonna crumble, I stayed humble
I reminisce when K-4CE teamed up with MC Rumble
T-dot, nineteen eighty six, turned the party out
Gave love, but didn't have to sweat the brothers down
south
It's on, don't panic, emcees stay frantic
It's automatic, we makin' audio dramatic
Lyrically I'm a bill, at the top of a hill
Show my sons how to chill, and make the city stand still

[Chorus]

[Wade O. Brown]

I know, for sure
That we're bound to make it
In time, we'll find
It's the sky of ??????
Oh oh oh
We're gonna make it happen
We're gonna make it, We're gonna make it

[Maestro]

Yeah
You could never make the city smile
You're Conway Twitty style
Silly pile for real
You ain't a willy child
I cap your dome, everytime I rap alone
Plus the way I chaperones, make the feds tap a phone
I elevated you, you know who educated you
Peace to Ron Nelson, he put me on in eighty two
Now I'm comin' back
I got the stunning tracks
Spreadin' love to all my peeps and show the younger
cats
Hit 'em with the phattest songs
Fuck the sprint, it's a marathon
I seen alot of shit, now I'm passin' it on
I love Redman and Naughty shit
But now I'm on some Barry Gordy shit
I need another forty hit
It's on, don't panic
Emcees stay frantic
It's automatic, we makin' audio dramatic
Lyrically I'm a bill, at the top of a hill
Show my sons how to chill, and make the city stand still
It's on, don't panic
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[Chorus]

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