

Tamperer

"Rumors"

Visit "[Rumors](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[both]

You can conversate, debate, but get it straight
Rumors from consumers always make me break
About what he said, what she said
What I said, what who said
Well bust it and don't be mislaid

[Mike Master]

Yo Kay, first verse

[Sugar Kay]

I drive a Benzi car with the rag and kit
Huh, people gettin nosy, pokin all in my shit
Cause 1990 was the Buick, I was the nine-to-fiver
I dumped the shirt and tie, yo, I had to kick it liver
That's when my lifestyle started to switchin
And all the people from the neighborhood started to
pitch in
The thoughts and misconceptions on what was goin on
This is what made Kay write the funky song
(Check this out)
Well I got a phone call from my next-door neighbor Rod
He said, "How comes you got a car and you got no
job?"
I said, "Get out of my business, stop being nosy
Don't ask no more questions cause you don't even
know me"
He hung up the phone and he told his wife Sheila
He knew it all the time I was a drug dealer
She said, "How you know?" "Well it's crystal clear
He has the gold, jazzy car and all the gear"
Yeah, they took it on theyself and called the c-o-p
And the whole police patrol had the watch on me
It didn't matter to Kay cause I was young, black and
legal
But all the disbelievers hawkin me like an eagle
So I'm drivin my car up and down the block
I had the system cold pumpin at a 1000 watts
The cops pulled me over, said I'm disturbin the peace
I said, "Come on Officer, with funky beats like these?"
He snatched me out of the car, searched me from

head to toe
I says, "What you're searching for?" He says, "I'm
searchin for blow"
I said, "Come on, don't you hear the record pumpin
every day?
I'm with the Kings Of Swing and my name is Sugar Kay"
"Oh, you're the one they call the Microphone Junkie?
I bought "Nod Your Head" yo, the jam sound funky
Can I have your autograph?" "Why, sure you can
Plus I hope you get two tickets to the next jam
Damn, but why you followed me?" "The neighbors filed
complaints
I thought you're dealin drugs but I see that you ain't
So for all you Jabber-Jaws, spread the word around
Yo, Kay is the cleanest man in town"
So for all you knuckleheads, Jabber-Jaws and
consumers
If you don't know the facts, yo, don't spread the rumors

[Mike Master]
Hey yo Kay, that was dope, unknowmsayin?
I could relate to what you was talkin about
I have a problem with these rumors too
(Word?)
Word
(So Mike, won't you kick a little somethin, man)
Cool
(Yo Mike, second verse)

[Mike Master]
I'm clockin shows, gettin paid, makin dollars in knots
Surrounded by the jazzy ladies while I'm rockin the spot
So many of them I can choose from but I leave em
alone
Because I got a girl at home of my very own
But see, the ???? and the rumors always start to show
From out of nowhere from people you don't even know
Talkin bout how Mike likes to skeeze and get
And pull panties but they yappin and that makes me
upset
It's just the classic case of nosiness, I shouldn't even
bother
But I'ma set it straight cause I'm the Deacon, I'm the
Father
(Check this out)
Well my girlfriend's cousin's friend told Mary and Sue
That Mike was always on the roll cold doin the do
"He's spankin booty all the time"
"How you know?" "Cause I'm not blind
He's a rapper and you know he's bustin more than his
rhyme"

You're like a gossip columnist, you started spreadin the word
Went from ear to ear to ear till my girlfriend heard
I tried to say it wasn't true, but she wouldn't believe me
All that she could say was: "How could you deceive me?"
This went on and on till the early mornin
Till she felt deep down that my word was bond
Tears runnin down her eyes and past her lip
She said, "I'll never listen to another word of gossip"
I could tell she was hurt but she held her own
That's why I speak these words on the microphone
To all you nosy people, busy-bodies and all assumers
If you don't know the facts, yo, don't spread the rumors

[Sugar Kay]

Hey yo Mike that rhyme was smooth, unknowmsayin?

[Mike Master]

Yeah word, you know I had to kick it

[Sugar Kay]

Yo, people talkin ain't got no facts but they spreadin these rumors, man

Yo, check this out

[both]

You can conversate, debate, but get it straight
Rumors from consumers always make me break
About what he said, what she said
What I said, what who said
Well bust it and don't be mislaid

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