

## Gilles Thibaut

### "Wanna Be An MC?"

Visit "[Wanna Be An MC?](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

"Keep It Underground" (cut and scratched 4x)

[Mykill Miers]

Fuck that!

I'll beat you down like a glock when the cops say freeze

So put your, hands in the air and drop to yo knees

And beg me, not to blast a paragraph in that last eye

Murder the mass cuz I'm killin' it when I'm feelin' it

My adrenaline is like a drug, my lyric deliverance

is like a slug, it penetrates your mug

Puddles of blood excites me and entyces me to dislike

emcees who be bitin' me, ever since the Wake Up

I been climbing the ladder like Jacob, the fools

be faker than make up, they careers I shake up

Crews I break up like chunks of weed, and you

punks'll bleed if you fuck with me

Mentally the brain leaves visions of Jesse James

Leavin' messes of corpes layin' on your porches, of

course

The game is called rap, and the mic I call gat

Cuz I be bussin' at will we know that's ill, yo

[Hook: Freddie Foxxx (2x)]

So you wanna be an MC, huh

Watch your mouth and don't offend me, huh

You're fucking wit, real niggas

from hardcore grounds and carry burners

Mykill Miers and Bumpy Knux the money earners

[Freddie Foxxx]

It's been a minute

since you heard the murderous raspy voice

Spit it at these fake niggas with no remorse

You frontin' niggas never been in the streets fuck up  
the game

How you live in the streets and don't know my name?

It's Bumpy Knux baby, Mr. don't give a fuck baby

Mr. twin glocks all in your mouth, wassup baby?

Heard you wanna be a MC and rhyme wit the finest

Who's resume is iller than mine is?

I design niggas like a toy maker, call me Giupetto

Spun around and got fake niggas all over the ghetto  
Better say your illest shit now, ride my dick later  
Niggas still be quoting my verse from Hot Potato  
Blaze money in the bank, I killed 'em rough, rough  
Had niggas in the jail house screamin' "so tough"  
If that wasn't enough, just to shuffle through the list  
If I had a hundred dollars for every nigga I ripped  
I'd stack c notes taller than the World Trade  
I'm still eatin' like you platinum niggas, from flattenin'  
niggas  
Hardcore style crosses every boundary  
Niggas that wanted hardcore jams, they found me  
So Shyne you ain't Biggie, Ja you ain't Pac  
Lotta niggas ain't Jay and DMX ain't Foxxx  
I wish niggas tried to play me and smile in my grill  
You'll be the next nigga that I kill  
It's Freddie Foxxx baby

[Hook: Freddie Foxxx (2x)]

So you wanna be an MC, huh  
Watch your mouth and don't offend me, huh  
You're fucking wit, real niggas  
from hardcore grounds and carry burners  
Mykill Miers and Bumpy Knux the money earners

[Mykill Miers]

Who's the, next to get killed cuz I'm the best to get ill  
Emcees who ain't be knowing they be testing my skills  
Cuz they don't know the consequences, got MC's  
hoppin fences  
Everytime I drop a sentence everybody stop and listen  
They waitin' for what I spit emcees get dealt wit  
Went to trial for assault with a deadly felt tip  
I spit hot lyrics to melt shit, too hard to give  
me props but I know you felt it, can't help it  
You get shot when the fifths cop  
It's Mykill Miers, the Hitchcock of hip hop  
Emcees, they flip flop from doing underground to pop  
shit  
to sell records, but nobody cops it  
Emcees get drop kicked when they talk shit  
Every word I spit is toxic, I locks it  
The spot gets blown up when I show up  
The rhymes I kick is so sick, it'll make you throw up, yo

[Hook: Freddie Foxxx (2x)]

So you wanna be an MC, huh  
Watch your mouth and don't offend me, huh  
You're fucking wit, real niggas  
from hardcore grounds and carry burners  
Mykill Miers and Bumpy Knux the money earners

"Do you wanna be an MC?"  
"All the so-called players up in the rap game"  
(cut and scratched)

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.