

Les Immer Essen

"Ain't Got Nuttin'"

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[Chief Groovy Loo]

The Chief Groovy Loo, never rehearsals
Swift in the mind, no need for commercial rhymes
that's stacked, black, back to back
No time for paper, so I put it on a track
MC for a while, sat back and listened
But in ninety-one, it's time to start dissin
For those opposin goals - be on your toes
Just watch the stage when it blows
Cause live and direct is the cat from rap
The Chief of the tribe who slay new jacks
I'm not the ordinary rhyme competitor
You feel the force when you step through the door
You're hit by a beam of light, unimaginable
You step to the Groove, and I'ma damage you
You can't get with the man who does work
You jump in the ring with the Groove, and get hurt
MC can't get with the microphone master
That's absurd so you know that he has to be
crazy as hell, mad because his records won't sell
Just look at his face and you can tell
the fear of death that I leave on an MC
Bustin at point blank range and he missed me
Who gives a fuck about you and your crew?
MC's ain't got nuttin on Loo

I tell you, you got nothin on me, nothin
I tell you..

Yeah, when you first step into the place
just give me some space - Terminator, pump up the
bass
Let's give this party some kick huh
While I pop shit with rhymes that'll stick
to your brain, like a piece of scotch tape
and if you're fake, you'll be starrin at your own wake
Dead as doorknob Hobbes you didn't do your job
I been peepin, but now it's time to expose your card
to the listeners, so they can bear witness
to microphone physical fitness
Yeah, the Groove is real raw

And I'll come knockin at your door
I kick in your face, because you tried to bass
I wouldn't leave a trace you get done by the ace
mechanic of the microphone
And when I swing, I'm swingin for your dome
MC's ain't got nuttin on Loo

I tell you, you got nothin on me, nothin
I tell you, nothin..

Yeah, when I pick up a pen, huh, it's time to write again
Another record? Yeah, go 'head and tell your friends
The gangster of rap is back, you better dress in black
Jack
because the prairie ground is packed
with suckers like yourself, it's not good for your health
you know why? Groove is top shelf
The lyrics are right, makes you unite so hold tight
cause you can't win so don't fight
the feelin of wheelin and dealin, and as you're stealin
lyrics of rapture, words just be healin
the mind, body, and soul, as I take control
Don't play the role grab ahold cause I'ma bowl
rap, after rap, and when your body adapts
my rhymes is packed, now get strapped
and ready to rock steady, cause it's a armagedde'
As I slice right through you like Freddie
Puddles of blood are left in my path
as I cruise right past, and don't even ask
who what when or why cause it's the same reply
The G-R-double-O-V-Y
He's back again, sure to win, in the end
huh, you're just another dead friend
MC's ain't got nuttin on Loo

I tell you, you got nothin on me, nothin
I tell you, nothin..

Yeah, this one goes out to the Chosen Tribe
Terminator X, Public Enemy, Chuck D
Mr. Bell Productions, The Gypsy Man
Big Daddy Rich
And I go by the name of the Chief y'all
and we out

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