

Lyrics by Slaughter

"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 (awwww) I got the shit to set you free

Woooo, 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 Ill 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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