

## **Manhattan Transfer F/ Smokey Robinson**

### **"Epilogue"**

Visit "[Epilogue](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[\*\* scratched \*\*]

"What does it take"

"to be a great"

"MC"

If you ask me, it's much more than Master of  
Ceremonies  
Because a lot of Masquerading Cornballs  
Don't realize it also means Mad Creativity  
In this day and age of mediocrity  
There's two types of rappers that you'll recognize and  
hear  
But I prefer the ones with the lyrics of the year  
Than the gimmick with the gear and the right  
puppeteer  
Now you can be the next rock ?? Shakespear  
you're still 10 steps away from having a career  
You step up the plate to earn respect from your peers  
And end up on deck for the remainder of your years  
I suppose this means greatness takes blood, sweat,  
and tears  
It also takes an industry that doesn't breed fear  
Or pumping all this mindless crap up in your ears  
And ?? in the contrast of what you get to hear  
You got to recognize it's a determined idea  
A righteous young mind is a devil's worst fear  
But when you wanna give the people peace and  
satisfaction  
Everybody's mama wants a piece of the action  
So now I fall victim to supply and demand  
Immaculate conceptions, born illegitimate  
Destined to be the greatest story ever missed  
Which means its meant to be for whoever's hearing this

[Chorus 2x]

When it's all said and done it should be heard and  
seen

'Til this cold-hearted game forces us to change teams  
While the lust for the loot spreads out like gangrene  
So the haves chase their tails while the nots chase their  
dreams

As the years chase the days, past the futures, meet  
fate  
Like your firstborn, waiting for pop's release date  
Postpone, meanwhile, I accumulate means  
To revise and renew what was just heard and seen

It's been stated that I rhyme like God and I ?? like a  
poet  
One hand ?? the other like Lady Macbeth  
Flip styles like Bela Karolyi  
Warm hearted, cold blooded  
I write like opposite left  
I left opposites right what they left off  
My rights left right-wing as left to right beside me  
Left my right hand man 'cause he left what's right  
And I reserve the right to write 'til I'm free  
'Cause I free styles with my pen,  
That ya'll couldn't if you freestyled all day long  
Literally, this literature designed for one orator  
Stays on the head  
Emcee's emcee, that I be the emcee's emcee  
'Cause I am saying what I am thinking  
Except when my mind's blinking  
My eyes open even when my eyes' drinking  
I's a socializer, but more so with those wiser  
Ask yourself why's a music so misused it's self  
contained  
And not self sustained  
I myself contemplate this 'til I make myself complain  
Shall my raps stay maintained, wrapped in cellophane  
'Til they're unwrapped by human consumers?  
Emphatically no, so I rap wherever I go  
And let it grow up in your brain like a tumor

[Chorus 2x]

Aiiyo, ya think ya really know me well  
There's more to me than ya mind got room for  
And much much more than a clever verse or two  
That's all you know about me, you ain't even knowing  
that  
You think I give a fuck whether or not my record sells?  
You're damn right but you see that ain't the way I'm  
keeping score  
If one million people said it does that make it true  
You judge my music by whether or not my pocket's fat?  
Well, fuck you  
When the cash cow you're milking  
It ain't yours but the job pays well, don't it?  
And if you're lucky you can even get to taste a drop  
We'll see who's happy when you're old but you're not

grown

You see me? Now, yeah, you'll see me later too  
Fucking you up when the vantage point change, don't  
it?

I know what's hip, but you determine if it's hop or pop  
You're just a man without a voice, pass the microphone  
I know the diff between written rhymes and freestyles  
You see, for me, it's like having sex or making love  
And you should know by now I'm married to the pad  
and pen

But I'm entitled to cheat on her every now and then  
Will your children know the hip hop history?  
Will the songs you hate be shrouded in mystery?  
Don't step to me with your stats and your date smarts  
You know your neighborhood by street signs or  
landmarks?

I'm not talking 'bout the first record ever made  
I'm talking 'bout the first one that ever made you  
The first records that I played never played me  
And I can still play 'em today 'cause they stay true  
You know this time I'm only speaking on the timeless  
It makes sense now and then, yeah, now and then  
'Cause now it's making picture perfect sense and then  
It's making picture perfect sense like it did now

[Chorus 4x]

Visit [Manhattan Transfer F/ Smokey Robinson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.