Manhattan Transfer F/ Smokey Robinson "Got What it Takes?"

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Ayo, calling all hot college radio spots I'm coming to your city playing connect the dots If you can't bite the apple then we brought the applesauce

WHAT IT MEANS IS the versitile still got the moxie

When it comes to

Shit you love, that gets true love

In places where nothing else does,

The underground rise above

All the cream in this coffee mug, like what?

The steam when we make shit hot, THANKS ALOT to

All those who know True School is a must

If the records in your crates don't collect no dust

And your steel wheels got no rust

Tables are turning towards

Brothers with hot lyrics that keep yours ears burning like

UNSPOKEN HEARD is down with us

C. V. (?) is down with us

Raw Shack records you just can't trust but

Rolling with the punches is a definite must

I'm number 7 on the mic,

Babydoll don't forget,

Some of y'all scratch your head like your scalp got lice

I live and die for it, just cause, not just cuz

So if it ain't justice then you get just ICE

See, at the date of this writing, yo my shit's on hold

At the date of this writing I'm predicted gold

If 500,000 love real rhymes and beats

I'll be halfway to platinum when it hits the streets

(chorus)

Do you got what it takes

To take what I got? (I think not)

Do you got what it takes

To take what I got? (I think not)

(I got street knowledge plus a college degree)

Do you got what it takes

(I got props as a DJ and a true emcee)

To take what I got?

(I got ????)

Do you got what it takes (I got nuff respect in every time zone) To take what I got?

So did you miss me? (YEAH)

Well, I missed you too.

Did you miss me? (for real?)

Yo, I missed you too

The hip-hop in my veins to which I stay true

Tradition's brand old, but the flavor's brand new

Now did you miss me? (word)

Then I missed you too

But if you diss me

You better know I diss you too

The hip-hop in my veins to which I stay true

Got crab mutherfuckers not doing doo-doo

Now do you think that you can handle my derogitory style

That knocks the wind out you like a flagrant foul

Oh, you drop some shit?

But I transform the crowd into fecofeliacs when move my vowels

And when you got to try to throw in the towel

I wet it, rip you with it, wait a minute, don't look now

Cuz I'm so amped up to set this off

We goin back in time to snatch out yer mother's

(PUSH!) womb right now

Now, now, now, how's that for hostile?

Who's that that stated

The Live one that brag is the most overrated

Ain't I rated over most that brag?

Damn right, and one, now what?

See, yo, GIMME THAT MIC

What the hell you gon do with it?

You just mad cuz ??? and your shoes fit it

You need to find some lyrics that can fill these kicks

Until then, just refrain from riding my dick, until

(chorus)

Til you got what it takes

To take what I got? (I think not)

Do you got what it takes

To take what I got? (I think not)

Do you got what it takes

To take what I got? (I think not)

Do you got what it takes

Do you got what it takes

So don't call this a comeback (why J?)

Cuz that would imply that time would

Nullify the store for looking fly, guy (?)

But my juice on ice that says concentrate Has no exporation date No matter how long you wait So you better in a cesspool with no BENCH Tryna combat the STENCH With a stick of inCENSE Kid, it doesn't make SENSE Claiming Live is past TENSE Under false preTENSE So repent with knees BENT See, my time and my money's both wisely spent

I'm beyond fresh, I'm heaven sent with a lemon scent

Cutting you up

Like Eric B. running for president

So a penny for your thoughts isn't worth a red cent Now, you stepping in my realm of malicious intent You get powerbombed like a Sid Vicious event So ask yourself, when your rules and your back gets

Where your pride and your props and back-up went, cuz...

(chorus)

bent

You ain't got what it takes To take what I got (I think not) Do you got what it takes To take what I got? (I think not) You ain't got what it takes To take what I got

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