

MC Poet & DJ Rockwell Noel

"Take You Out"

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Suckers bite the dust, we're back to crush
We're on a mission, 'cause it's a must
Poet's back; Noel gave the command
I was sent here to make sure you're slammed
BDP - You better take cover
You're being stalked by a big black brother
And I'm gonna break you; noone can remake you
my mission is simple, and that is to take you - OUT

Boy [echo], better run, boy, better run
know what I'm sayin'
Yo Rock, let's do this

KRS, you lack finesse, trying to dis the Juice
And on top of that, marrying a fat moose
I can't believe you tried to get hot
With that great big fat wife you got
Ms. Piggy-Ms. Melodie, Chris, what are you telling me?
The way you talk, I would think she was slammin'
but No, she's a female Ralph Kramden!

"Hey, Ralphie Boy!"
Get a load of that fats over there! Big fat clown! That's
his wife? Yeah
[background] -bestiality!-

Look at you now, look at your face; you've been erased
Now Red Dirt, you're getting a taste
you tootie, fruity, tootie fruity
Noel is on the wheel, so what you want to do me?
Any body you get, anyone you want to get loose
The next day, you'll be in a noose
Red, you're a sucker, you didn't play my first jam
'cause you're down with the kids I slammed
You skinny ET! Nobody can beat me!
And BDP, or MPE
Poet's in effect, and I'm ready to wreck
Any rapper that steps my way incorrect
Chris, you ain't nothin', you don't got clout
Yeah, I beat you down, now I'm taking you OUT [echo]

That's all, boy, know what I'm saying?
We gonna DO THIS!

You're wimpy, wimpy; I'm HEFTY, HEFTY
Rip off your right arm; now your name's Lefty!
D-Nice, you're gonna get iced
so step off, boy, and think twice!
'cause Poet's a psycho; you're brain is micro
Make me mad, and I explode like nitro
Now, I'm a murderer
You never heard of a
Hell of a hellified a rapper like me
The only way that you can hang is from a tree
Yo, why's everybody trying to dis the Juice?
They're jealous and hating, cause of the ratings
Look at the lipstick, can't you see it's fading?
Magic on the Mic, Marley on the gas;
come Saturday night, cold wax Red's ___ [omitted on
recording]
No more Red Dirt; No more BDP
Just Noel, the Juice Crew, and Me
The Poet, the Poet, that's who I am
BDP got known off Marley and Shan
Taking no prisoners, only super listeners
Death to those who oppose or think of dissing us
Right about now, boy, you need a stretcher
And I'll betcha, you're looking in the Webster's
Dictionary
'cause you're worried of Poet
Front like you're not, but the industry know it!
You don't want to battle me, you don't want to meet me
Scared to face me because you can't beat me!
This is the last time I'm calling you out
Wanna show you what a battle is all about
You better bite some rhymes, write some rhymes, and
read it
Cause this time; consider yourself defeated!

Sucka!

Noel; load the 12, take aim
Suckers think we're using their name, to gain fame
Must be stupid; must be crazy, must be dumb
You're getting dissed for the things you've done
I make you and break you, just like a puzzle
Melodie's a gooney goo-goo, she need a muzzle
She eat all the chicken, turkey and the hamburger
'cause if you touch it- you get murdered!
That's why you're skinny, puny and measley
She eat all the food, and beat you up easily
See how that sound? a little bit humourous

It's on you, Chris, so when you wanna do this! [echo]

Ha! You don't want to do this, boy!
None o' y'all out there; none o' ya!

Rock it, Rock!

Ha Ha! The noives [nerves, NY accent] of the bums!
What's wrong with them boys?

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