

Mercedes F/ A-Lexxus, Mr. Serv-On

"Seminar"

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(*breathing noises, bell ringing*)

Welcome to the seminar (go, go, go, go)

[Chorus]

To the Seminar (go, go, go, go) - 3X

[Verse 1]

Sittin' at a table, lookin' like we Gods, we're dressed in white, for the rap so tight

Serious men with the strength of ten, comin' through like animals lookin' for a fight

Intelligent, packed, so inadequate, step back, Mix-A-Lot's here to inforce what's dope

A brand new album, better than the last one, listen up close or you might get smoked

Some say rap has become repititious, mixin' up beats of a old great jams

Some hate me, some imitate me, but take me out, I'll be damned

This album is a demonstration of various styles of a hip hop art

I got paid, but I do it cause I love it, all enemies hush, let the seminar start

(go, go, go, go)

[Chorus]

To the seminar (go, go, go, go) - 3X

(The seminar)

[Verse 2]

Break it up, the rebel of rap is about to toss up with a brand new style

Your host on the whole west coast rippin' up bedposts when I work that pile

A meetin' of the minds to elevate hardcore, take it to a level where few have been

You brag but your brain's like mush, hush learn somethin' my friend

Seminar dope, smoke you cope, nope, ha I got 'em in
the scope
Scramble, run and hit 'em like Op, chope, goin' for the
throat
Rustle up revenue pack it in a gunny sack
Settin' up a trap for a new snack pack (*echo*)
A snack pack is a girl with the thickness, little in the
middle, but she got much back
Runnin' like a Rolex, stuck in the hype mode, track after
track, keep it real for a fact
I paid my posse unlike you boy, they all roll tough and
they all stay strapped
Get up in my face, shake my hand, saw you on the
screen and your head got fat
Forgot where your from, but I'll tell ya where you at
Lip synchin', lyin' and about to get slapped
Smoke some of this, suck it up then think
If your group's not paid then you might get
backstabbed
You's a brother, but you actin' like another
Who was tryin' to get rich, now he's workin' wit scabs
I'm a genius, brains are the new thing, knowledge is in,
and I'm pour somethin' wit it
You attend my dope Seminar, and listen to the lyrics
(*echo*), hit it

[Verse 3]

Debonair your nightmare, don't stare down when I clear
from Greenpuff Square
Dare to squares, break 'em up into pears, yours boys
got scared
I bang, bang hardware
Four four shoot 'em up, cock and pop pop
Desert Eagle Magnum and it stops
Waitin' for crime to roll and pick locks
Mauseburg pump blasts, he got dropped
That is the life of a 'Hip Hop Soldier', I'm hated in the
hood so I gotta stay strapped
Rollin' in a drop top SEC, cops stop, wanderin' why I'm
heavily packed
I'm legally armed and like dynamite I'm ready to blast
on punks who play hard
I love to love, but I can't so I ain't, silence (*echo*) drop
the Seminar

(*breathing noises, and bell ringing*)

(Welcome to the Seminar)

