

## **Michael Jackson % Band Aid**

### **"Ain't Nobody Happenin"**

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[Intro: Kool Keith]

Yeah, it's the first quarter, goin into the second  
All labels, drop your acts  
Rappers I'm dead serious, stop what you doin  
Take it real personal, you know you're wak  
Look in the mirror, it'll tell you the truth  
Yo, I must confess  
You know who I am, bust this

[Kool Keith]

Stop your music, hold up, your temperature is wak  
I bought your gimmick album, erased the tape, took it  
back  
You was wrong for rhymin, that was a sin  
You should STOP, cause rap's now worse again  
You knew you was doo-doo, fakin that you was so  
brutal  
Your style was all canned, your stuff was all chicken  
noodle  
With no sale, you gave your promos out at retail  
Tryin to flim-flam and pay them kids off at SoundScan  
You bought me real stuff, BUFF - powderpuff  
All I saw was tons of group sissies actin rough  
Graffiti wars, a bunch of crowds, project halls  
Mess with drama, your garbage style's Wonderama  
I got skills, but butt crack is all Massengil  
Independent, while groupies front while you drive a  
rented  
Up at that atmosphere, headpiece like {?}  
You'll be trapped with empty pockets around Yankee  
Stadium  
I know your background, it's a puppet actin wild  
I know your issue, I'm in your ass Scotty Tissue  
Kool Keith is no joke, better will not make you hope  
Pray to my nuts flat butts talk like Mariah Carey  
I'm out there, you on my testicles this year  
I tell you straight, you all rah rah

[Chorus 2X: Kool Keith]

Ain't nobody happenin (nobody happenin)  
Ain't nuttin good be happenin (nuttin be happenin)

Just because you got a deal (clear the way)  
Don't mean you know how to rap

[Tim Dog]

Mad rappers try to test my lyrical anarchy  
Like Sparky from Detroit Tigers, I don't quit  
Aw shit, Bronx niggaz always come legit  
Once I lay my rap down, it's a hit  
Of course the track gotta be fat for Tim Dog to rap  
No more gettin with this, and no more gettin with that  
Cause I reign the terrain like weather, however  
Rappers try to Run-D.M.C. but I'm +Tougher Than  
Leather+  
How dare you, think you can dismantle  
I'ma call you Campbell cause somebody got you  
souped  
Frontin wit'cha man when you know you ain't cute  
You and your man can catch a bad one quick  
I see mad motherfuckers get done for simple shit  
(word)  
So what's it gonna be, you or me? Life or death  
Like Whitney Hou' you be holdin your breath  
Cause I don't give a fuck where you been or where you  
at  
If you come wak then you betta watch your back  
Cause rap is sacred, so don't fake it  
And these fuckin devils out here tryin to take it

[Chorus]

[-- unknown emcee --]

Secret agent, seen a thing, heard a thing, launchin at  
latitude  
Aimin things, standing top, send it at longitude  
I-I-know-know-that-that-you-you-be affected  
Movin like a virus and niggaz they been infected  
Let the doctor give you a shot, moved up from  
sharpshooter  
Aimin for the bridge of yo' nose, BLAOW!  
Fallin down, fallin down  
I make complicated statements, with, unlimited phone  
calls  
Swingin that, bringin that, {?} West coast swinger  
rapper  
Ba-ba-ba leavin-in-the-evenings, daytime talkin decent  
Recently I'm part of the North, you beat me to the  
record  
usage of my lyrical form at the scene  
Lookin like a heterosexual, about to lose his manhood  
Brothers swear they hot when they sound like Orville  
Reddenbacher

Pop pop pop pa-pop pa-pop  
Labels signin innocents, tryin to tell 'em that they better  
sense  
Ignore them babies, they cryin for attention  
Yo here's yo' pacifier, suck this brown dick 'til it turns  
WHITE

[Chorus]

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