

Michael Jackson % Band Aid

"NYC Street Corner Battle"

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[thug] I told you this fuckin guy man
Yo man, yo B, this is my fuckin block, get the fuck off

[Keith] Shut the fuck up
You never had a fuckin green card in your fuckin life
You don't any means to make fuckin money

[thug] What? What the fuck you talkin bout mayn?

[Keith] You fuckin stupid, plantella Adidas
motherfucker

[thug] Saturday Night Live, John Travolta ass
motherfucker

[Keith] Suck my dick

[thug] You fuckin spaghetti and meatball eatin
motherfucker

[Keith] You don't have any fuckin knowledge

[thug] Fuck you man, conio man, suck my dick man

[Keith] Little Italy ay, you don't know about the.. real
estate man

[thug] Fuck you man, what the fuck you wanna do
mayn?

[thug] You wanna do somethin mayn? You wanna do
somethin mayn?

[thug] Take this mayn { *POP* } take this mayn { *POP* }

[thug] Take this mayn { *POP POP* } dead now!

[Tim Dog]

Here we go with some new shit, fuck the bullshit
Bronx niggaz rule shit, cause we always pull quick,
what?

Motherfucker back up, you know whassup
Put two in your gut, POP POP what, now shut 'em up
Mad niggaz wanna have this, murderous status
I'm known as the motherfuckin rhymin apparatus
The fattest, MC of the era, cause terror
Could niggaz fuck with this? Never, but however
Many foes try to apprehend, they can't comprehend
Cause when they step to me they don't win
I bend, break MC's who fake the funk
Leavin wack rappers in the back of my truck

Then eat some rat poison and I drink some ammonia
Came out bein that gastric felonious
serial killer, that you know, as Kujo
Fuck around with Dog and get slammed like a sumo
"Waitin to Exhale" like Whitney, you can't get wit me
I wanna see that nigga from Uptown, who bit me
Bitin, never writin, that's not excitin
I'm invitin, all y'all suckers who like fightin
So come on, BRING IT ON, bring your weapon
No it's not rainin but you still gettin wettened
Smash your fuckin ass like a Savage, I'm Randy
Niggaz don't want no beef cause I keep the tec handy
Shoot you from your head to your toe
You have so many holes in your shit it spells act like
you know

[unknown female MC]

Well I thought you knew motherfuckers..
Now take a second while I reveal myself into the
industry
By smokin lyrical chokin teacher provokin MC
Clear the way for me, unique, delete the weak
As I defeat the claim to be sweet, by keepin it street
Lazy poet and I don't got to have them tactics to turn
fake rappers
and crack addicts, tell the weak hit from my bomb shit
Ooooh! Damn, no stress or contest, the impossible
I stand on top of them, no doubt about it, I'm
unstoppable
Got a train of focus, e'ry track I smoke this
Cannabis is nice, six I'm causin a ruckus
You can't fuck with us, known for keepin it true
Not fakin the funk like bustaz, so what you gonna do?
I address, I'm better than fresh
Mo' potent than stress, now try to test, nigga!

[Kool Keith]

Yeah fuck y'all motherfuckers who need y'all whole
album
to prove you got skills, suck this

I'm makin rappers load they apples pack up, move they
wagons
My style like Bruce Lee, MC's walkin into the +Dragon+
My bald head super sharp, I walk like Telly Savales
Niggaz on a tightrope, they style is off balance
Hyper mental like Larry Davis on the instrumental
Rappers actin poodle, but I'ma drop the kennel
No threats; don't sleep on me you slept on Bernard
Goetz
With a Berkowitz twist, your projects heard of this

My unique style retarded, kids smell the piss
With hand grenades I cut your rectum out with razor
blades
Emergency please, gorillas bleedin through they knees
My style werewolf - AOWWWWWWWWWW!
I howl on your elevator, open your door, see you late
I drop sticks of dynamite, open your mailbox
Don't look for guns, I paid some crackheads for yo'
glocks
Your style berback(?), lion tiger asscrack
No need to worry low prices call me Crazy Eddie
I put the head to sleep and send that brain to Betty
I'm outtie.. five thousand eight

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