Notorious B.I.G. F/ Too \$hort "Rhyme Master"

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We started, fell apart, then we started it again 'Cause my heart was still alive so I strived to comprehend

Why the songs seemed to die, before long the dream complied

So I tried and I chose, and I rose like the tide Long days and nights I put up a strong fight Second sight all along made the song come out right I varied my style, being wild was my game My songs never sound the same, always by the clever name

Who's got the juice to try to fit inside my shoes? Who are you to spit the shit about the kid who's on the loose?

Go ahead, what I said is that the rest are all dead Who's the best? Screw the rest, off my chest and in my head

Strange, I'll never change, I'm irreversibly deranged In the place the pace races in the bass cleff range Every night the rhymes I write cause a lightning bolt disaster

That's the fight of being titled as a funky rhyme master

From the Dead Town I said I get ahead with my sound It's red, are you blind or just stupid as a clown Be warned I act calm, but like a bomb or a storm I destroy all their toys so the suckers can't form If you tore me out before I hit it big with the hook Then you're chum I won't become, I'm not as dumb as I look

But I will still chill with the skill that's gonna kill
And I build my own guild by givin' people a thrill
Stop where you are because my car'll plow you over
Never stuck because my luck is like a four-leaf clover
Addicted to the habit of the rhyme I gotta have it
Don't grab it 'cause you can't have it back, silly rabbit
Everybody's loud in the crowd at the jam
People bowed all around because I'm proud of who I
am

The next verse will be terse, but said a little faster I kick a little quick 'cause I'm a funky rhyme master

Kick the mechanics of rhythm so I always had people smilin' before they came in

The idiot thought he could kick it with me but I told him back off, 'cause he couldn't win

Rappin' like this is a talent I have that I use for the pleasure of all of my friends

The posse is large I'm the one that's in charge and I keep the place jumpin' on through to the end

No one's exactly like me so I do what I do like it is 'cause I am who I am

Imitate me and they laugh at the punk and they

Imitate me and they laugh at the punk and they kick him off stage at the musical jam
Suckers who try to keep me off the records all think that I am such a musical bastard
Think what you want, I know what I am I'm funkier now, I'm a lyrical master

So did you like what I did with the mic? Now I'm psyched

Tore the lid off the kid who denied it that he liked How I stole the show, with my magical control Of the room with my sonic bass boom in my soul Bass is the case that controls the rat race Of the industry that makes us deface the whole place Like a monster on the prowl the bassline is gonna growl People howl like an owl, I'll never throw in the towel What's the magic word, now it's totally absurd A nut didn't like my cut so he flipped me the bird If you missed how I dissed the sucker let me just say That he remained in pain for the remainder of the day Now I'm on top I won't stop till I drop But I have to 'cause I'm after this dude who called the cops

And when I catch him, you betcha that his face is mince meat

'Cause the dude was so rude to try to stop the beat Chillin' on a roll I fly right through the toll I stole your soul with my lyrical control So if you don't wish to end up like a stiff Keep a stiff upper lip and then skip the riff Big shot is what you gotta think you are Face the facts you're just wack you're never gonna go far

You're gonna lose 'cause you choose to take a cruise for a bruise

And you refuse to pay respect so you're gonna pay your dues

Trust me, you're busted, you're rotten through and rusted

You're loud, you act proud, and the crowd'll leave you

dusted
It's people like you that give the biz a bad name
You think you're cool when you make your own rules to
the game
Devo Spice rocks the mic, cold as ice, every night
Sudden Death backs me up so I cut it up right
My bassline attacks and always cracks the plaster
What else can I say? I'm a funky rhyme master

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