

Vanilla Fudge

"The People's Choice"

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It's not what you say
It's how you say it
Give me a microphone
On stage, I'll display it
Playing me right and you'll get played out
Like Polka dots and people will shout
Dirty words cause you're a nerd
I'm first, you're third
It's absurd to think that you heard
Better rhymes than these
I'm bringing sucker MC's, down to their knees
Tease your thoughts like a feather to atoe
Although the beat seems slow
My groove will still flow
My rhymes are soulful art
That makes your heart dance
Melodic tones move your mind to a quick trance
Everytime I rhyme I find the audience is
Mine, caught by every line
Sparkle like a gem with my golden voice

POSSE: "Why do they love you man?"

I'm the people's choice

CHORUS

I wanna thank you for lettin' me
Be myself
I wanna thank you, uh
Thank you baby

I wanna thank you for lettin' me
Be myself
I wanna thank you, uh
Thank you baby
Let's swing it

Step aside or you'll get stepped on
Cause I'm steppin' real hard an my rhymes
Are real strong
Just like Atilla, an MC killer

A crowd thriller, no once chiller than the man
With the mic in his hand, I'm a trip
All the girls on my tip
Fellas are jealous so I put in the clip
Of my 9-millimeter, GLOCK at my hip
Fifteen shells all over the place
They would chase, if it wouldn't disgrace
The date that they came with
Cause that would be a dis
Tsk, ts, they don't know what they missed
A chance to dance with the man with
The golden voice

POSSE: "Why do they love you, man?"

I'm the people's choice

CHORUS

Sucker MC's - I scare 'em
Girlies - I gotta love 'em
Rhymes - comin' out of my ears
The competition - in tears
Slick dance moves - by the dozens
Battles - please step up 'cause I love 'em
Settin' up suckers like pins on a bowling ball
And you're gonna fall
You won't hit, it's a bottomless pit
Of rhymes, comin' straight from the mind
Of a genius, and I can't be modest
When I make a threat, you bet I keep it
Like a promise, so
Shake like a leaf when you see me comin'
Frankly, you're better off runnin', fast
And don't look back, wack
Go take a nap, get off that crack, jack
Crowds move by the sound of my golden voice

POSSE: "Why do they love you, man?"

I'm the people's choice

CHORUS

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