

I Am What I Am

Chubb Rock

[Verse One]

Here we go, ha ha
Thou shalt not have no other great one but me
Transcribin my lyrics is the see-H-you-be
The lyrics that you hear is not his but mine
While, biblical words don't need to ra-hyme
I said, "Let there be a light," and there was light
and the breeze (?), like that kid who made "I-Ight"
But men took mad dominion, over men
Hard bondage with backs and, knees that must bend
but only in prayer, I make your head need Ibuprof'/Bayer
Call me, the number one player
But hey.. the one pharoahes, parlayed
in the land of Egypt, when that slave shit behaved
Bythia(?) drew me, from the Nile to smile on the people
After me there will be a sequel
And I'll praise my name, in the jam
Call me what you want, but I am what I am

[Verse Two]

Hehe, I live in the souls of men, and women
and pilgrims and children who wiggle, to the rhythm
Just go, the people have corrupted themselves
They toke the devil's smoke, puffing their L's
I'll send, my only son down, to bless you
and observe how you know him, and that will test you
Years, of sufferation, will burn the nation
with adultery, skirt-chasin and crotch-blazin
You never learn - look how many times I kilt ya
I burnt ya, I drowned ya, I froze ya
I stripped your land and destroyed ya culture
Next time you better give me some
are-E-S-P-E (C-T) now hold ya but I love ya
I invented AIDS but also, invented the rubber
Each one teach one brother
Take my name in vain and you're gone like damn
Call me what you want, but I am what I am

[Verse Three]

Ha ha
Now you got light skin, dark skin, East coast, West coast
Old school, new school, dumb-ass fools
One land, one people, I am the one
Figure you disobeyed so I made the word "nigger"
You can change the diction, but can't change what I'm writin
I script those Pulitzer books for that kid, Michael Crichton
like {*tch tch tch*} I am the hi-hat
I am the M-I-see, I am Easy Mo Bee
and Easy Mo is me, he gets down when I want him to get down
I put the heights in the crown
I wrote the dead sea scrolls, I'm "Strictly Business"
I made Erick and Parrish go gold
My crew is tan, darker than tan, I made the Ku Klux Klan
I made Rush +Def+ but, able to +Jam+
I'm flam, and I'm intricate
You must and should be a fan and I am what I am

[Verse Four]

The praise of the "Goodfella" is long past done
DeNiro's an actor, on cue, totin a gun

ACTION! Forty-five colt bolt, it gets messy
then copycat murders flow to Joe Schmoe Pesci
Then the ladies, sex, to the break of dawn and
another quaalude, and she'll love me in the mornin
Fast pace, "Scarface," you can't win, God's race
when you're sparkin Noah's Ark, and you're in God's place
Baby - cock up your foot and you act crazy
Every "Distinguished Gentleman" wants a lady
You can't bug, when you want to play real life cocoa
when you're "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" with Oprah
"Mi Vida Loca," and then it turns to weed smokers
Then you're dead, dealin with them kids from +cosa nostra+
But no autographs you must, already be a fan
I am what I am and that's all that I am