

I'm Too Much

Chubb Rock

I'm coming around the mountain when I'm coming
I'm coming around the mountain when I'm coming
Because I came around the town
And everybody knows my sound is profound
And I'm worth every pound
The fourth LP and consumers don't sweat or fret
Just go purchase the cassette
The album comes on wax and on CD
And hits hard from Ft. Greene to Chelsea
Walk through The Color Purple, then through the Black Rain
Always succeed cause I always use my brain
Married my one and only fly cutie
And always keep my same booking agent Rudy
My pal partner Sal and my main man Al B. Sure!
I'm sure the friendship is secure
Your advice about the mic is always in me
And be Sure! Peace to little Quincy
And the Miss give a kiss and insist the Miss pump her fist
And catch the gist of this
I'm Mr. Chubb Rocker I'm Mr. Fun
I'm Mr. Smooth Rapper I'm Mr. Number One
Friends call me the Chubbster, any mic that I touch
Seems to melt in my clutch I'm too much

Because I take a snake and shake and bake the flake
Until I say for goodness drake
Don't make no more damn mistakes
And then I dunk a skunk, hunk, a punk who drunk some junk
And sunk into the soup of life mixed with conch
But I don't know what to do or what to say to him
If he wants to hit me, let him destroy his kidney
I don't care, no tears for fears, give the kid another beer
Let him lose another year
How can you do that, he knew that brew that, pursue that
Walk down the street I'll just say "Who dat?"
Walk the other way, looking at him makes me say
Had a good complexion, now he looks gray
I can't leave him alone because I'm civilized
I don't want him drinking no more St. Ide's
So my man, I got the plan
You see the cyst growing on your wrist
Connected to your fist, feel the gist of this
And while you feel the gist of this
Go to the party and pump ya fist because *singing*
I'm Mr. Chubb Rocker I'm Mr. Care
I'm Mr. Good Rapper I'm Mr. Brand New year
Friends call me the Chubbster, any person I touch
Seems to change in my clutch I'm too much