

The Wooden Horse

Craig Mack

So any time you're gettin low, 'stead of lettin go
Just remember that ant..

Opps there goes another rubber tree plant
(Opps there goes another rubber tree)
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(Opps there goes another rubber tree)

Now I came to rock, I came to move the crowd
I came screamin' out loud
No other choice is this bad new voice
Can't wait to sit in my new Rolls Royce
You soft and moist, sweet like cake
Don't be scared to lie down in the bed you make
And if you fake, I'm like Alexander the Great
A conquerer, stompin ya, for even steppin to the plate
Now you think I'm late but I'm right on time
You had your chance to do it now it's my turn to shine
Keep in mind, you ain't heard my flow in a while
And i still ain't heard nobody that can fuck with my style
Juliet child nigga cook MC's, Criag Mack baby 1000 degrees
Stand back nigga I'ma shake this place
And look just when you thought it was safe?

Now inside the streets Craig Mack's a living Legend
Nucular weapon better watch where you steppin'
Story at 6 and see the film at 11
You can be Kit but I'm like Frank Drevin
Mary Lou Retton, flippin on yall
You can use Motrin, Advil or Tylonol
Just to see me ball make your chick wanna follow
Rock the Meadowlands you got Boo-ed on Apollo
Real hard to swallow wanna know how come?
Cause I'm hot-dog probably burin'g meat off your tongue
So from now on till thy king-don-com
The sea-season has begun from my style to weigh a ton
Kill you for fun but i ain't playin no games (no games)
And I ain't sayin no names (uh-uh)
But next time you kill somebody make sure they dead
But wait, you can check this in-stead

I see you made it to the bonus round, see my crown?
Pretty, too bad you can't touch it
I'm like Pompeii first time it erupted
Chicks still call acting hungry as a buzzard
You can let your man dump it hug it and love it
Touch it and rub it, Mack nigga, that's why it sounds undiscoverd
Explode like L. Ron Hubbard, on the Dianetics Cover, smother a brother
Been "Lethal" for years ask Gibson and Glover
Your man be like "Help!", lying in the gutter
Just like that, "Splash me the Cash"
Shit I'm like Duke Nukem get ready for combat
I now pronounce you man and wife
You may, kiss the coffin it's the end of your life Mr. Mack
And I know how to land this bird
Bet I see you 2000 nigga that's my word

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Just remember that ant