

Bad Mutha

Kool Moe Dee

Other MC's, I want you to know
If you ever want to battle me, don't move slow
Come and get it cause I'm waitin and I got nowhere to go
Head to head, toe to toe, rhyme for rhyme, blow for blow
We can throw
Badself
When I get busy, the crowd gets dizzy
And when I'm on the stage, the party people say, "Is he
Really human or is he a robot?"
Because when I'm on the microphone nobod-
why does the things that I do
My voice will guide you
Once you hear it, it stays inside you
Hypnotizing and mesmerizing
The cerebral cortex, but without realizing
You become confused and so enthused
Cause the rhymes I use can make you lose
Total control, and if I choose
To call you the paperboy you'll spread the news
Like Paul Revere: "A real rapper is here!"
Yeah, "Moe Dee is coming, Moe Dee is coming"
And teeth will chatter, plagiarism scatter
Nothing is the matter, you're just looking at a
Real rap trooper with a power so super
After battlin me, I guarantee you won't recouper-
ate cause I am great, I can make you hate
To ever look in the mirror and affiliate
Yourself with anything but an average person
Lovin my success but envious and cursin
You want my autograph, don't act like a sucker
Just gimme a pound cause I'm a bad, bad, bad mutha-
Mutha-, mutha-, muthaf-
I put a hurtin on rappers, egos are crushed
Pride is swallowed, asses are bust
Hearts are taken, souls cremated
Lips are sealed and they hate it
Overrated rappers made it
On a wing and a prayer with old beats updated
But I'm not like you bitin barbarics
Rappers with the fresh beats and weak lyrics
I'm cyanide, deadly and lethal
I never run out, I got an automatic refill
I never get cold, I only get lukewarm
When I want to get hot, I have a real brainstorm
Ideas start flowin, my talents start showin
And if the music stops, Moe Dee keeps goin
I'm bigger than life and deeper than death
The world of rap is like a kitchen and I am the chef
Boy, are these MC's really startin to irk me
Make it to the top, then try to jerk me
Ask em who's the best, their shoulders start shruggin
Like they don't know, they must be buggin
But I like the controversy, it makes me blood-thirsty
And one day I'll make them all beg for mercy
So remember that if you want to act like a sucker
Don't ever make me mad cause I'm a bad, bad, bad mutha-
Mutha-, mutha-, muthaf-

I'm the kinda rapper that a dummy won't dig
My IQ's too high, my words are too big
My voice too clear and my rhymes are ample
Some things I won't do, and here's an example
I won't make a 'La-Di-Da-Di', an 'Oh Veronica'
A 'Dear Ivette' or a La-'Latoya'
I'm not tryin to dis the rappers that made these cuts
As a matter of fact I like them, but
Records like that are for the average MC
Not for the highly rated Moe Dee
I have a formula, I'm like a scientist
And I must put words together like this
My voice is a ?????, coming out an orophus
Expressing ?????, verbally or if it's
Mental ??asymetrics?? that makes me so electric
By spontaneous combustion an explosion is expected
A walking time bomb that can't be disconnected
I'm a rhymer with a timer, I'm a english dialectic
My ideas are impeccable, rhymes are paragon
My soliloquy will affect ya like Farrakhan
Love me or hate me, agree or debate me
Watchin suckers gather round, bow down ????? be-
Cause what I do orally I something so morally
Stimulating, emmulating heat that's corally
My mind is both flexible and resillient
Pugnacious, tenacious ??????, I'm brilliant
Through rigorous training, it's self-explaining
Why I'm standing on the top and that's where I'm remaining
My brain rocks like Mr. Spock's
And any other MC's are knocked out the box
So you know where to kiss, so line up and pucker
Sucker MC's, I'm a bad, bad, bad, bad (mutha-)
Mutha-, mutha-, muthaf-
Now I was never solo, I was always in a group
So now you new jacks are a little too souped
So if you think you could take mine
Then come on and make my
Day, you idiot, you knew from the giddy-up
You didn't have a chance
But if you want drop the pants
I spank that ass so fast that the next time you glance
Everyone will be laughin and you'll be the stock
Cause that's what's good about havin you MC's on the jock
I could go on and on and on and on for days
But everytime I speak I get unwanted protegees
If you've been lucky so far, don't press your luck
Cause you don't really want none cause I'm a bad, bad, bad (mutha-)
Mutha-, mutha-, muthaf-