

Mc's Can Kiss

Uffie

I got somethin' MCs can kiss
I got somethin' MCs can kiss
When I start to rap
I start to rap
I sta-sta-sta-sta-start l-li-like this
I got somethin' MCs can kiss
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When I start to rap
I start to rap
I sta-sta-sta-sta-start l-li-like this
I got somethin' MCs can kiss
I got somethin' MCs can kiss
Now don't say don't say don't say this
I got somethin' MCs can kiss

Yeah, I got something MCs can kiss
It's a nice bum cheek and it goes like this
You fuck with the wrong bitch
(Is the battle over here?)
I don't care, I quit
There's two kinds of MCs out there
There's the ones who rap, and the ones who don't care
And frankly, I don't give a fuck
You might be dope on the mic, but your music sucks (uh!)
Not me, I got some dope beats
I'm an entertainer, not a lyricist
I'm so far from all you girls out there
If I get popular, I know that ain't fair
I got 9 million plays and 12 hundred friends
Don't hate the player, man, hate the game
I never force anyone to listen my music
Never send a bulletin, never post the shit
I'm a musical youth and I rules the nation
Something is wrong with this generation
They just want to play games like GTA
Eating some junk food, smoke weed all day
And when the freaks come out at night
They dancing hot and they getting high
Guess who's making big bucks on this?
I got something MCs can kiss

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When I start to rap
I start to rap
I start st-start st-start l-li-like this

Now for all the girls who got work out there
I wanna see you wave your hands like you just don't care
You're looking all dressed up in your fancy clothes
We got you dancing as the music goes
The club is spinning round to the cowbell sound
Stomp your feet and shake the ground
Make way for the ladies who are ready to play
We gonna party like it's Saturday

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Yeah, Uffie's going just a little higher
Jump, jump 'til you get tired
One for the ladies, two for my DJ
Three to get ready, we gotta let the beat play
Four to the floor, you can kiss my ass
I'm the least working girl in showbusiness
Yeah, and I come home at six
Well you're sleepy, don't quit, let's do this on the beat

I don't have any job to attend in the morning
No boss on my shoulders to check how I'm doing
And maybe that's why I don't do so much
Unless I go too early cause I was on the rush
Of making my own dough, of doing my homework
To travel the whole world, to try all kinds of stuff
I even tried out to play saxophone
And you'll be the first one to hear how it sound