

# Another One To Get Jealous Of

M.C. Shan

Me and Marley Marl, we are resented, ya know?  
Because of the beats and the rhymes we invented  
To cold dis another's a thing that we love  
So here's another one to get jealous of  
Do it ya

Do it ya

MC's that I battled are the MC's I defeat  
Now you say you took me out, now how that sound?  
Do it ya

Kazookie-zang  
Kazookie-zang  
Kazookie-zang-bong-baga-dung-dang(2x)

Once I'm done puttin heads to rest  
I sit back and puff a spliff of buddha bless  
See, in days of old mi rhyme went gold  
The music, it wasn't recommended  
Man used to sit on seat and tap out a beat  
And went away feeling relieved  
Hey ya  
But soon after our rhyme is invented  
And put together, it sound contented  
And rhymin a-fi work  
I tell you rhymin, yes it a-fi work  
Bang-dang-dilli-dilli-dilli  
MC's, dem like to bite the things you say  
Others come along and like the beats you play  
You know that's cold considered a dissin of work, ya know?  
I don't deal with negativity and thing and thing  
I'm the MC, and I'm also cool  
Jacuzzi in my crib size of your pool  
Sent di butler for my midnight treat  
Rug so plush ya can't see ya feet  
If ya come and visit if you choose  
It's a must at the door that you leave your shoes  
Don't obey and you'll have to go

Some didn't listen till my gun went bo!

Rock the house a little bit  
Rub-a-dub

Michigan and Smiley  
And di Yellowman  
And MC Shan and Marley  
Ya know

The house is packed every place I play  
But let me tell ya bout this jam one day

>From the very first time I walked through the door  
I see the people rub-a-dubbin on the floor  
    Played the wall, a man came past  
    Oh my God, dem puttin fire to glass!  
    I dipped, I bobbed, I weaved, I shook  
I hear ya pump it one time and from there you're hooked  
    It make you sell your car, your house, your ring  
Have you flying through the clouds and you don't have wings!  
    He passed it to me, I said, "No," him said, "Why?"  
    My boy jumped up and said, "I'll give it a try"  
>From the very first time he ignited the flame  
    My homeboy wasn't actin insane  
I tapped him on the shoulder and I said, "Let's go"  
    He looked at me and replied with, "No"  
    I said, "Fuck it," and left him there  
    The torch, the pipe, the base, the chair  
    I came back five days from then  
    To my surprise I seen my friend  
    To let you know what this thing does  
He was sitting in the very same spot he was  
    I walked over, "Want more?" he said  
    Pipin hot my man dropped dead  
    His head hit the table, the pipe hit the floor  
But I'll mention that di man won't base no more!  
    Bo!

Kazookie-zang  
Kazookie-zang  
Kazookie-zang-bong-baga-dung-dang

Hey man, let me tell ya, man  
    True story, no bloodclot  
    ???? when his head hit the floor, man

Everyone cried for the coroner  
Some picked up di pipe and said  
"Man, dem leave em on the floor just like he lay, ya know?"  
Picked up dem crumb and put it in di pipe and fuckin pissed off, ya dig, man  
Oh my God, bloodclot!  
Man puttin fire to di glass thing, man  
And say, "Scotty! Scotty! Where ya at, Scotty?"  
To the transporter room, ya know?  
"Beam me! Beam me!  
Beam me, blood!  
Beam me, bloodclot!"

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