

# Sucker M.C.'s

## Wu-Tang Clan

Two years ago, a friend of mine  
Asked me to say some MC rhymes  
So I said this rhyme I'm about to say  
The rhyme was Def a then it went this way Took a test to become an MC  
And Orange Krush became amazed at me  
So Larry put me inside his Cadillac  
The chauffeur drove off and we never came back Dave cut the record down to the bone  
And now they got me rockin' on the microphone  
And then we talkin' autograph, and here's the laugh  
Champagne caviar, and bubble bath But see ah, ah, that's the life, ah, that I lead  
And you Sucker MC's is who I please  
So take that and move back, catch a heart attack  
Because there's nothin' in the world, that Run'll ever lack I cold chill at a party in a b-boy stance  
And rock on the mic and make the girls wanna dance  
Fly like a dove, that come from up above  
I'm rockin' on the mic and you can call me Run-Love I got a big long Caddy not like a Seville  
And written right on the side it reads 'Dressed to Kill'  
So if you see me cruisin' girls, just a move or step aside  
There ain't enough room to fit you all in my ride It's on a, ah, first come, first serve basis  
Coolin' out girl, take you to the Def places  
One of a kind and for your people's delight  
And for you, Sucker MC, you just ain't right Because you're bitin' all your life, you're cheatin' on your wife  
You're walkin' round town like a hoodlum with a knife  
You're hangin' on the ave, chillin' with the crew  
And everybody know what you've been through Ah, with the one two three, three to two one  
My man Larry Larr, my name's DJ Run  
We do it in the place with the highs and the bass  
I'm rockin' to the rhythm, won't you watch it on my face Go Uptown and come down to the ground  
You Sucker MC, you bad face clown  
You five dollar boy, and I'm a million dollar man  
You say a Sucker MC, and you're my fan You try to bite lines, but rhymes are mine  
You's a Sucker MC in a pair of Calvin Kleins  
Comin' from the wackiest, part of town  
Tryin' to rap up but you can't get down You don't even know your English, your verb or noun  
You're just a Sucker MC, you sad face clown  
So D.M.C. and if you're ready the people rockin' steady  
You're drivin' big cars, get your gas from Getti I'm D.M.C., in the place to be  
I go to St. John's University  
And since kindergarten, I acquired the knowledge

And after 12th grade, I went straight to college I'm light skinned, I live in Queens  
And I love eatin' chicken and collard greens  
I dress to kill, I love the style  
I'm an MC you know who's versatile Say, I got good credit in your regards  
Got my name not numbers on my credit cards  
I go Uptown, I come back home  
Fool me, myself and my microphone All my rhymes are sweet delight  
So here's another one for y'all to bite  
When I rhyme, I never quit  
And if I got a new rhyme, I'll just say it 'Cause it takes a lot to entertain  
And Sucker MC's can be a pain  
You can't rock a party with the hip in hop  
You gotta let 'em know, you'll never stop The rhymes have to make  
(A lot of sense)  
You got to know when to start  
(When the beats commence)

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