

Bad Mutha

Kool Moe Dee

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Other MC's, I want you to know
If you ever wanna 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 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 nobody 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 recuperate '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, mutha 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 wanna 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 wanna 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 asymmetrics that makes me so
 electric
 By spontaneous combustion an explosion is expected
 A walking time bomb that can't be disconnected
 I'm a rhymmer 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 Because what I do orally I something so morally
 Stimulating, emulating heat that's chorally
 My mind is both flexible and resilient
 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 every time 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

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