Judgement Day

Craig Mack

[Craig Mack]
Hah!
My momma said back when I was born
that you was warned, so now your ass gets torn
(Wake it up Mack)
My style is bonafide
Fortified on my bad side, an MC on a high
Now we about to set this off
Bass and funk rattlin (one two) send MC's up North
I never had to fight with the mic
I make the funk so dynamite
so parasite MC's might want to bite
Welcome to 1994 (welcome) beats that thump
Rhymes that's bumpin now at your backdoor
Never figured Mack got funk for days (what)
When "Project: Funk Da World" brought the brand new craze
(wake it up)
And MC's can't get one line
when the genuine take out deep max on your mind
I'ma hit you with the boom pow
Bolder than Moscow, MC's your judgment's now
Here it comes

MC's.. your judgment is.. now (now MC's)
MC's your judgment day is now (it's time, here it comes)
MC's.. your judgment is.. (hahhh) now
As we get down - MC's your judgment day is now
Here it comes, boyeee

Here comes the one they call King MC
If you're tired of those phony fake rhymes that be (fake)
I'm back with this deeper than Minds of Minolta
Preachin better than preacher up on an altar
(Amen boy)
I feel that I have pardoned, pardoned
No need for bad grammar startin in my MC garden
(chomp chomp)
And I'ma kinda hungry tonight
So I pulls out the ground a fat rhyme to recite

I don't means to boast but the most is me your host
On post, kickin flav til they ghost (ghost)
Craig Mack is here to stay
Rugged as a mountain bike on MC judgment day
(go ahead)
From now until the Earth's gone
In the chess game of rap, MC's ain't nothin but a pawn
(your move)
As the rap romps through your town (through your town)
And MC's around, time to put your panties down (put it down)

MC's.. your judgment is.. now (it's time)
MC's your judgement is now (MC's, check your clock, it's on)
MC's (MC's) your judgment is.. (hahhh) now (Mack the dope)
MC's your judgment day is now (with the flav, gettin down)

It was a rumble tumble, I put the bee inside the bumble
Kickin wicked type of hyper, won't never fumble (ahh)
I float like a tugboat do
Watch the virus, Mack the dope, start affectin you
Is rap real? You can't deal, what's the matter?
The badder the Don Dadda is still gettin fatter
You be lovin how it sound and shit
And have you dance when I battle for the sponsorin
And you can thank Bad Boy for that
A technique for layin MC's on the mat
Scat, scoot, pussy couldn't make a louder hoop
when I pollute, the world with funk to the roof
Mad rhymes we bust, in God we trust
And MC's don't discuss when ya turn back to dust
(Ashes to ashes)
Mark the year, 1994.. when MC's hit the floor

MC's.. your judgment is.. (hahhh) now
MC's your judgment is now (Final Call, MC's, we get down)
MC's.. your judgment is.. (here comes the Mack) now
(to clean house) MC's your judgment day is now, boyeee
(Here it comes boyee, it's time, hahhh.. ahahHHHHH, boyeee)

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