

# Comin' Straight from the Heart

## Low Profile

[ VERSE 1: WC ]

Comin from the left, now here's a little somehin  
I slapped together just for you and your weak posse  
I dedicate it to those who don't know  
That I'm a maniac straight from the heart of Low Pro  
And for a livin I break necks of punk chumps who slipped  
Matter of fact, I should bust you in the lip  
But nah, I ain't livin that way, so bro  
I rather slap you with knowledge as I go solo  
Hey yo, Aladdin, what's up with all these wanna-be  
M-i-c fake controllers takin over the scene?  
They don't know who I am, the young boy and yours truly  
Step off, new jack, you're just a new Rudy  
Of rap, you're bound to get slapped steppin to me  
Stranger than a smoker on PCP  
I cannot lose, I got the downest deejay in the world  
Aladdin break the needles while the Technics twirl  
Hey yo, I know there's nowadays a lotta rappers holdin a mic  
Wastin time but naw, they ain't hype  
They same old styles, yo, with the same old things  
And at shows the same old wack routines  
I like runnin on stage and clownin MC's  
So when you see me at a show, don't even step to me  
Be alert, cause the W will spin the chart  
You can't touch me, boy, I come straight from the heart

[ VERSE 2: WC ]

Most MC's nowadays, they don't come from the heart  
They rap what the record label wants  
But why can't I talk about the way that I'm livin?  
Yo, day by day suckers robbin and stealin  
Bein shot at, stabbed, that ain't nothin to me  
Just another damn way of l-i-f-e  
But then again I ain't supposed to even mention a gun  
Or I be charged with corruptin the mind of a young  
One, yo, that's wack, what up with showbiz?  
Bannin my shows cause I tell it like it is  
If I was rich, then I'd rap about a Lamborghini  
Got some pretty women in grip-tight bikinis  
But I ain't, like I first said from the start

I'm a muthafucka, I come straight from the heart

[ VERSE 3: WC ]

Anxiety is buggin me to cold get ill

Grab a bat, engrave on a sucker face 'Louisville'

But naw, I better chill that ain't the life to live

Couple years in the county bread and water for a meal

Over what? A peasy knuckleheaded MC

Who doubted my ability, y'all know what I mean

The kinda suckers who brag, yo, you know who they are

They make one wack record and think they a star

Suckers gettin airplay, but the record ain't kickin

You punks doin shows for Kentucky Fried Chicken

Every rapper now wanna wear a clock on his neck

There's one Flavor Flav, so give it a rest

Hey yo, Aladdin, help me out, rip the record apart

Pay attention, I come straight from the heart[ \*DJ Aladdin scratches\* ]

(Cold get stupid)[ VERSE 4: WC ]

Power, pat, rhymes are goin gold

More soul, bro, than the Angelist David Saphro

I come straight from the heart with the rhyme

Givin suckers like you and him a piece of my mind

Conditioning my dome to wax and tax suckers who're wack

Where's the milk, I eat you up like applejacks

To describe myself three words to tell

Hm - the W is crazy as hell

Back in the streets of L.A. I be rockin

And you can find Aladdin cuttin records in Compton

Though we ain't from the same city, we're down

You got beef with that, punk, you're bound to get clowned

Suckers in line to get dissed, I'm ballin my fist

Who's next up to taste some of this?

Hysterical, critical, flexible lyrical?

Yo, MC's can't hang, boy, I put em in a hospital

You shoulda known from the jump or the start

Every lyric I throw I come straight from the heart

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