

# Supa Emcees

## De La Soul

[Chorus:]

Hey whatever happened to the emcees

Times done changed for the emcees

Every woman and man want to emcee

But for what I tell you emceeing ain't for you

Hey whatever happened to the emcees

Times done changed for the emcees

Every woman and man want to emcee

But for what I tell you emceeing ain't for you Man I'm on the set like the flicks so let your parents flash

A splash bigger than whales, I'm makin' monsters mash

Spit Pinnochio's theory when shit be looking weary

I need rest, but I boogie for now, I'm on some mess

Like the best mics respond to me

Living days, like dreams of specializing in the art that pays

I be a mystic for life, so check my ID number

Emcees be kneading/needin' dough while I make bread like wonder

Yes, that's what you heard, so save that acting for the screen

See you can can that manager with the beans

I bust emcees like lies surprise em out the box

Put away the soda pops I'd rather rub on the rocks

A dime-getter tried to get what I got, for what

I guess Southern folks cash makes the lovin' come fast

But I'm past alla that, it's time to break with the breeze

Get to your knees, here comes the Supa Emcees [Chorus] Within this program of rap, I'll eradicate the glitches

Yo I'm dark like Wesley, but I be sparkin more bitches

And to them my constellation put your lives in jep

While you others represent, I present my rep

Cause when it comes to making dents, I'm that main in print

Even smoked from blunts which give eyes the reddish tint

Could not prevent, you from seeing I'm the light

But bring attention to my words like some ads in tights

I heard you want to fight me, with your words on stage

So Mase pulls that instrumental from the jam you made

And as he starts cutting what you sold, I'll talk all over your tones

As if my name was Pete Rock or Sean "Puffy" Combs

Send your tattered ass home, with celly phones I roam

With my fleet, here to make this rap game complete

While you live fables, unstable, acting very radical

Projecting like you're hard, when in fact you're quite vaginal

Songwriters

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SERGIO KOSTENBADER / WALTERS, RICKY / DAVIS, DOUG / SPICER, JAMES BROMLEY

Published  
by

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