Know How

Young M.C.

Verse 1

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Some of the busiest rhymes ever made by man
Are goin' into this mic, written by this hand
Are comin' out of this mouth, made by this tongue
I'll tell you now my name, my name is Young
But so you think that it's your destiny
To get the best of me, but I suggest to be
Quiet, bro', don't even try it from the east and west of me
Takin' it and never breakin' it or even shakin' it
Groovin' it and always movin' it, 'cause I'm not fakin' it
Pullin' out rhymes like books off the shelf
Born in England, raised in Hollis, taught to go for myself
This is stone cold rhymin', no frills, no fluffs
And it's no accident that these rhymes sound tough
I'm goin' off, baby, there's no turnin' back
I'm on your TV, on your album, cassette and 8-track
And when the show is finally finished I'll be takin' my bow
My name is Young, and yo I got know-how, you know what I'm sayin'?

I got know-how
Party people, I got know...how
I kick it just like this...

Verse 2

-

I got juice like the president, I'm makin' rappers hesitant
Invite me to your house and I'll be chillin' like a resident
Yes, 'cause I'm that type of man
'cause I make myself at home no matter where I am

I got it rollin' like thunder, makin' y'all wonder
Why I'm on top with all the other rappers under
I make no errors, mistakes or blunders
It's like a wedding, let no man put asunder
My name is Young MC, I like to rock mic well
'cause when I get up on the mic I just release my spell
It's no hocus-pocus, I'll just get you into focus
And swarm all over you just like a horde of locusts
Smooth operator, female persuader
Spot a fly girl and in a week I'm gonna date her
I got the kind of style for the here and the now
And I can do it 'cause I got know-how, you know what I'm sayin'?

I got know-how
Party people, I got know...how
Bust it!

Verse 3

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MC's I'll ruin, 'cause I know what I'm doin'
I'll treat 'em like doublemint gum and start chewin'
I spit 'em out when the flavour's gone
And I repeat the chewin' practice 'til the break of dawn
'cause I'm tough like a bone, sly like Stallone
Rockin' and clockin' on the microphone
Smooth like a mirror, in hearts I strike terror
Rhymes like runs and hits with no errors
Cold like a blizzard, on the mic I am the wizard
With the funky fresh rhymes comin' out of my gizzard
Never sneezin', never coughin', I rock the mic often
Hard as a rock and no sign I'll soften
Makin' sure I get respect, on my mind rhymes connect
I start to build like a builder from a architect
Movin' all around, above and under the ground
You see my face, and then you hear my sound
Comin' atcha with the mic in hand
I'm gonna take command just the way I planned
'cause I'm a one-man band and you are my fan
Don't you understand? I'm like Superman
Yeah, the Man of Steel, don't you know the deal?

You better be for real, I got sex appeal
This is what I feel, and this here's my vow
And now you know the brother with know-how, you know what I'm sayin'?

I got know-how...and I'm chillin', never illin'
In my mouth I got two fillin's...whatever!
I'm on the mic, cold stone gettin' over
My name is Young MC, known as the fly casanova, kick it...

['Apache' until fade]

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