

Take A Rest

WiseGuyz

"now what you hear is not a test" --> sugarhill gang

(cut up 4x by dj premier)

(guru)

Well goodness gracious, let me just take this

Time out to pull a rhyme out, and update this

For you and yours, simply because

Some mc's have luck but suck

So I pluck em like feathers on the back of a chicken

Cause I'm mad like a pit when my man says, "sick 'em"

Positive is the mindstate, but it could still mean that

I will kick a ill, malicious like mean rap

Suckers they forced me, to knock em all out and

They think they know things, like what I'm about and

They try to analyze criticize scandalize

The outcome is death, don't ask me to sympathize

Realize, that I'm not to be played with

I'll flip so fast, you won't know I'm the same kid

I'm tired and fed, with all the weak stuff said

All the phony-baloney, that went out like pro-keds

You've got no leads, so you shoot blanks

It's me the crowd thanks as I step to the top ranks

Bankin my money, and investin it wisely

Snatchin up chumps when they try to sneak by me

I'm the dominant one, call me the prominant one

And as I'm speakin I'll be bombin the dumb

Deaf and blind cause I was born with a sharp mind

Eatin mc's with ease like it's lunchtime

Or crunchtime, when they get done without warning

I'll bust that butt from nighttime til morning

Your song's boring, and so I'm scoring

Much points cause when it's time to throw joints

I cause havoc, the mic I grab is like savage

I invade the stage, and make you get off

The force is like a three-eight, blowin your head off

And that's just in case you might be wearin a vest

Cause you're simply a pest in this mess I suggest you

"take a rest"

"if this meaning doesn't manifest, put it to rest" --> krs-one

(dj premier cuts 2x)

(guru)

Don't ever sleep son, peep one or two of these lines here

Arranged by a great brain, delivering rhymes clear

And concise with a nice dope voice and

Killin the fakes like a taste of some poison

Punks are thinkin they're alla that, their voices are all flat

They're findin their names, in a wack rapper's almanac

Me follow that hollow crap, no way jose

I'll seek out a better sound, to somethin premier plays

Days will go by, and soon you'll know why

Mc's like me will rise like the enterprise

Starship, headin straight for the target

Destination, a place where no perpetration

Is permitted, the guru is with it to explain

How some mc's are scared to ride on a four train

Or any other train in the city, for that matter

Playin a role that they stole like a batter

But I know they ain't so I'll paint the real picture

My vocals go solo and like a bolo I'll hitcha

Square in your face I'll crack your ribs and your chest

Cause you thought your off-brand jam was the best

You fessed cause you guessed people would be impressed

I'm gonna bust that bubble on the double "take a rest"

(dj premier cuts "take a rest" for the chorus)

(guru)

Sit back and reflect, ponder and chill out

Rhymes like daggers make blood spill out

But you can't blame me, for bringin disaster

With all these ducks, claimin that they're the masters

Only thing they mastered, is how to get wacker

As I roll uphill, they roll downhill faster

Now they're wondering how they lost their touch

Wanna buy my rhymes but mine cost too much

I'm the innovative one, call me the creative one

And I won't stop til the job is done

All the slobs just run when I come to get some

Cause they know better, than to challenge this go-getter

They get bust you can trust cause I won't let a

Booty-ass rapper get wins against me?

I guarantee that I won't act friendly

Cause crabs have a nerve and deserve to get whipped on

Their girls get kissed on, while they get flipped on

I slaughter and slay, or slap em up quick

Cause the lyrics they kick make me seriously sick

No substance, no value, but nevertheless
They're gettin daytime play but I still say they should "take a rest"
(dj premier cuts "take a rest" for four bars, then song fades)

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