

# Supa Emcees

## De La Soul

Hey, whatever happened to the emcees  
Times done changed for the emcees  
Every woman and man wanna emcee  
But for what, I tell you emceein' ain't for you  
Hey, whatever happened to the emcees  
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But for what, I tell you emceein' ain't for you  
Man, I'm on the set like the flicks, so let your cameras flash  
A splash bigger than whales, I'm makin' monsters mash  
Spit Pinocchio's Theory when shit be lookin' weary  
I need rest but I boogie for now, I'm on some mess  
Like the best mics respond to me  
Livin' days like dreams of specializin' in the art that pays  
I be a mystic for life, so check my ID number  
Emcees be kneadin' dough while I make bread like Wonder  
Yes, that's what you heard, so save that actin' 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 all of that, it's time to break with the breeze  
Get to your knees, here comes the supa emcees  
Hey, whatever happened to the emcees  
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Whatever happened to the emcees  
Times done changed for the emcees  
Every woman and man wanna emcee  
But for what, I tell you emceein' ain't for you  
Supa emcees, supa emcees, supa emcees, supa emcees  
Supa emcees, supa emcees, supa emcees, supa emcees  
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 makin' dents, I'm that main in print  
Even smoked from blunts which give eyes the reddish tint  
    Could not prevent, you from seein' 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 cuttin' 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, actin' very radical  
Projectin' like you're hard, when in fact you're quite vaginal  
    Whatever happened to the emcees  
    Times done changed for the emcees  
    Every woman and man wanna emcee  
But for what, I tell you emceein' ain't for you  
    Hey, whatever happened to the emcees  
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Supa emcees, supa emcees, supa emcees, supa emcees  
Supa emcees, supa emcees, supa emcees, supa emcees  
    Supa, supa, supa, supa, supa, supa, supa  
    Supa emcees, supa

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