

# Mainline (Album Version)

Craig Mack

Ahhh-hahh!

Let me get some volume, on my headphones, bwoy

Let me get some volume, can I get some volume

On my headphones, bwoy

Now raise up the funk, bwoy, ha ha, bwoy

Raise it up Mack, raise it up Mack

Now we about to bring all the funk to the mainline

You touch that line bwoy, the mainline Now we about to bring all the funk to the mainline

Bring it back and catch wreck on the mainline

Here we go with all the funk boy, to the mainline Helllohh, is this mic here on?

Cause I'm gone, cause now and forever are disbanded

The "Poetic Justice", more than Janet Jackson

Mack's in, the sun that caught the planet

Realer than real, as Mack gets the steel

Funk appeal in my rhymes is gonna make a mill'

Fat shit is what you feel,

I'm catchin hiccups and lyrics get caught in my esophagus

I'm bringin all the rap to the mainline

Some'll bring my funk on point like a porcupine

My sensei, say, the way, to make 'em pay

Is treat the motherfucker like a

I pack my funk harder than a do

To continue, you're soup on the menu bwoy

I can run any type of line

Send your smoke signals high, code red yo for mankind Now we are on the mainline, gettin all wreck for the  
mainline

Hahh, bwoy, the mainline bwoy, on the mainline bringin all the funk

Now we about to bring all the funk to the mainline

Bout to catch wreck for the mainline

Buggin on the funk boy, to the mainline MC's now realizin code red

My mac-11 dinosaur is gonna fill ya full of lead (wake 'em up Mack)

Some of y'all are better off dead

Cause it's gonna get hotter than the center of

Maaaaan, you're stupid out the frame

To think to get sane, and gonna cause some pain

I'm the most incredible man ever seen

While ya might stand the do your typical and ran

King Craig Mack now runs rap land

Makin you and me as Japan

Uhh, shucks, wait a minute  
 I feel like gettin music introduced MC  
 See, you can't see me  
 The funk I'll tell you what's big, I'm thicker than a oak tree  
 And smalltime my fists come equipped  
 For a lip with tighter grip than glue from a ship  
 And even if you're still brave believe  
 That Craig Mack's comin down with funk up the sleeve  
 It's the Mack on the mainline, all the wreck on the  
 mainline  
 Now we about to bring all the funk to the mainline  
 Watch me catch wreck on the mainline  
 Bringin all the funk boy, to the main  
 On the mainline, bringin all the funk  
 Now we about to bring all the funk to the mainline  
 Watch me catch wreck on the mainline  
 Hahh bwoy, on the mainline, bringin all the funk  
 My rhymers come hotter than a wok  
 MC's bein tasty is not my fault (no it's not)  
 More danger for metropolis we're droppin this  
 Funk weight that's greater than George Poppadopalous  
 Now even fools are better  
 Rap's new trendsetter, at makin MC's wetter  
 So plug in the mainline 'til ninety-nine  
 For funk the genuine now vote for mine (vote for Mack)  
 My voice be gettin hoarser and hoarser  
 From the way they take a picture MC (?) than a flyin saucer  
 Believe the hype  
 The Mack one that's tight but then I might (?) set rhyme I write  
 I come for you niggaz in the grill  
 Just for thrills, Craig Mack, king of chill  
 It's the Mack bwoy, on the mainline  
 Catchin mad mad wreck on the mainline  
 Now we about to bring all the funk to the mainline  
 Watch me catch wreck on the mainline  
 Bringin all the funk bwoy  
 On the mainline, bringin all the funk  
 Now we about to bring all the funk to the mainline  
 Mack on the mainline  
 Get wreck on the mainline  
 On the mainline bringin all the funk bwoy

Songwriters

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