Scenario (Remix)

Mick Boogie

Here in 1992, we present, the fabulos what's the Scenario remix
Whereas there are seven MC's
Six which are in physical form, one which is in spiritual essence
And he goes by the name of, uh hood
Check the vibe, walk that ass or get got
Eff it, I lick buckshots
Hood, madman, I rip up stages
Lay down all your wages, I'm wild like Larry Davis
Extra, extra, pick up a clip
I'll tear ass out the frame and grab my dick
I'm a Rock 'em Sock 'em robot kid, I drop bombs
I'm rugged and deadly, so I shit on the petty
I baseball bat a bastard, I'm bad news
I'm crazy and clever, cut those of crews
Death on the phono, my skills are Polo
You say "Oh no" you bitch ass homo
I bag up waste, electrifyin', I'm prime-time
I slaughter a slime, I'm the greatest of all time
Sick-ass brother, nasty-ass nigga
Pump slugs in your face, and dump that ass in the river
Two tears in a bucket, fuck it, kick the can
Say what? Say what? I'm a bad, bad man
Quick is how I flip from the tip of the lip
Punchin out hits like Gladys Knight and the Pips
The five-foot assassin has just raided your area
Your booty rhymes are wack and that's the reason I ain't hearin' ya
So roll out the red carpet 'cause I'm kickin' this
Vanilla Ice platinum? That shit's ridiculous
Excuse my French, but profanity is all I knew
And to you other sellouts, oh yeah, eff you too
And let it be known, I'm not the one to step to
You're better off callin' D-Nice "To Your Rescue"
Freestyle fanatic, probably the best around
As for corny MC's, like Chuck D, I "Shut 'Em Down"
The Artical Don of hip-hop and I won't stop
The five-foot assassin' has come to wreck 'nuff shop
So do like Michael Jackson and "Remember the Time"
Put on your dancin' shoes or somethin' 'cause ya sho' can't rhyme
Big up, big up, into new identity

Next was said somethin' that complies onto me
What does it take to check a technique?
Many styles, many styles
Hostile heat, brings forth the energy
Milo in the dance is the new identity
One-two mic check, select for the ruffneck
Set 10 to 1 that I come, correct
In my cyphers on blocks, I bring box to connect with knots
So I can grow dreadlocks
Maintain to rock, don't stop the rock
Maintain to rock, don't stop the rock
Kick it right, then not, E. Watt said not
I put my mug up, but fair is fair
So C. Brown are we in the clear? Yeah
C. Brown are we in the clear? Yeah
Makin' moves y'all, moves y'all, on and on and on
Check it out, check it out, to the break of, break of dawn
Who's that, guess, one of the L.O.N.S.
And a Tribe Called Quest, East Coast to West
Remixed mad kick, more than Metallica
'Til all MC's fall like the Battlestar Gallactic
Stampin', stompin', rompin' Compton
People all over the world, I'm promptin'
Pick a style, any style, Strong Isle
Representation, sensationalization
"Scenario" for the radio, 'BLS and KISS, so
Here we go, yo, yeah
Force, Main Source LP on the rise
"In Living Color was" seen through original eyes
And I'm out like shout
Ooh ahh, ooh ahh, there it is baby pah
Lying limp on a limb, slim trim, D I am
There I am, don't run from a friend
Sight we be right, be polite for the mice
Like a like, see sick, see syke
And slip away, and off to the Poconos
Spot picked the clothes, Hype swing the pretty pose
Yamaha, hey ha may
Let's split the funk, now it all spells, hey
Enough enough, Ms. Fitted I'm with it
If I did it, I was blitted, and probably shouldn't have quit it
'Cause yo, my vocal status at Knight is like a Gladys
Bed rest, spread test, and yo I'm like the maddest
Male, not female, hail from Unidel
Bounce the b-ball 'cause beats are being yelled

In the hallways always ringing with a ho'
This one two times nine on the Scenario
Check it out, everybody, grabs the mics
Black mens gettin' hip, doin' what they like
Eight black brothers in the public eye
If you listen very close, I will tell you why
Hood, Phife, Milo, Dinco and C. Brown
Shaheed, myself, and Busta Bust Down
Will commence to rock, so bring on the flocks
In-terrogation for the knockin' of the box
The boom-box ruler, controls the medula
None come cooler, I win like Shula
So bust out the moves as you start to pursue her
Intensified mind, nine-blunt consumer
Tip will come booty, well it's only a rumor
The meaning so deep that it starts brain tumors
Peace to Hood baby from the midnight crooner
Smoke 'em up later, if not then sooner
Hey what we gon' do in ninety-two
Even though we had fun in ninety-one
Wonderful my days, all things comin' down
Run up on the new sound, leavin' cracks in the ground
What's goin on my man? God damn and now my brain is hurtin'
Listen up, Bust-up, straight gon' hit 'em then I get 'em
Rip on 'em, shit on 'em, hit on 'em, then I will sit on 'em
Open up your mouth if you want the food
To get rude, Flipmode, 'cause I'm in the mood
Ah-heh, ah-heh! Yeah man, that's how it goes
Body drippin' with blood comin' out your nose
Give me a Band-Aid, what are you askin' for?
More, only your sacred and pure
Adverse, Zig-Zag, check it came to bust a new rep
Rap, Busta Rhymes, or bust this wicked rhyme
Yeah y'all in '92, I'm packin' my roach spray, anyway
Ding-A-Ling, Tribe Called Quest, Leaders of the New School
Mad brother when stealthy
To my dragon, baby, stop whining; I see my influence still shining
More crazy in '92, uh oh, time to go, yo, that's the Scenario

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