

# 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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