

# Young MC, Know How

Some of the busiest rhymes ever made by man  
Are goin' into this mic, written by this hand  
Are comin' out of this mouth, made by this tongue  
I'll tell you now my name, my name is Young  
But so you think that it's your destiny  
To get the best of me, but I suggest to be  
Quiet, bro', don't even try it from the east and west of me  
Takin' it and never breakin' it or even shakin' it  
Groovin' it and always movin' it, cuz I'm not fakin' it  
Pullin' out rhymes like books off the shelf  
Born in England, raised in Hollis, taught to go for myself  
This is stone cold rhymin', no frills, no fluffs  
And it's no accident that these rhymes sound tough  
I'm goin' off, baby, there's no turnin' back  
I'm on your TV, on your album, cassette and 8-track  
And when the show is finally finished I'll be takin' my bow  
My name is Young, and yo I got know-how, you know what I'm sayin'?  
I got know-how  
Party people, I got know...how  
I kick it just like this...

## Verse 2

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I got juice like the president, I'm makin' rappers hesitant  
Invite me to your house and I'll be chillin' like a resident  
Yes, cuz I'm that type of man  
Cuz I make myself at home no matter where I am  
I got it rollin' like thunder, makin' y'all wonder  
Why I'm on top with all the other rappers under  
I make no errors, mistakes or blunders  
It's like a wedding, let no man put asunder  
My name is Young MC, I like to rock mic well  
Cuz when I get up on the mic I just release my spell  
It's no hocus-pocus, I'll just get you into focus  
And swarm all over you just like a horde of locusts  
Smooth operator, female persuader  
Spot a fly girl and in a week I'm gonna date her  
I got the kind of style for the here and the now  
And I can do it cuz I got know-how, you know what I'm sayin'?  
I got know-how  
Party people, I got know...how  
Bust it!

## Verse 3

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MC's I'll ruin, cuz I know what I'm doin'  
I'll treat 'em like doublemint gum and start chewin'  
I spit 'em out when the flavour's gone  
And I repeat the chewin' practice 'til the break of dawn  
Cuz I'm tough like a bone, sly like Stallone  
Rockin' and clockin' on the microphone  
Smooth like a mirror, in hearts I strike terror  
Rhymes like runs and hits with no errors  
Cold like a blizzard, on the mic I am the wizard  
With the funky fresh rhymes comin' out of my gizzard  
Never sneezin', never coughin', I rock the mic often  
Hard as a rock and no sign I'll soften  
Makin' sure I get respect, on my mind rhymes connect  
I start to build like a builder from a architect  
Movin' all around, above and under the ground  
You see my face, and then you hear my sound  
Comin' atcha with the mic in hand  
I'm gonna take command just the way I planned  
Cuz I'm a one-man band and you are my fan  
Don't you understand? I'm like Superman  
Yeah, the Man of Steel, don't you know the deal?

You better be for real, I got sex appeal  
This is what I feel, and this here's my vow  
And now you know the brother with know-how, you know what I'm sayin'?  
I got know-how...and I'm chillin', never illin'  
In my mouth I got two fillin's...whatever!  
I'm on the mic, cold stone gettin' over  
My name is Young MC, known as the fly casanova, kick it...