

# Bush Babees, 3 MCs

(feat. Q-Tip)

[Mr. Man]

Hey yo, MC am I  
People call me Man  
I'm everywhere like air, so watch as I expand  
Live and direct from out the Flatbush lands  
'Cause I got more rhymes than the beach got sand

[Lee Majors]

(who you be son?)  
Well yo MC am I; people call me "L";  
Can't forget the double-e Major I rock well  
In '86 used to sport Pumas wit' Gazelles  
'96: Yo, I just rock mics and excel

[Q-Tip]

Hey yo, MC a b people call me air  
See me on Jamaica Ave. sippin' half-and-half  
I got a special-issued mic that's guaranteed steel  
Bustin' rhymes at the crowd to make the shorties feel

[All]

(Bust it, bust it, bust it, bust it)  
It's the 3 MCs  
You know we hold these mics tight  
We the 3 MCs  
We do it right e' night  
With a scratch  
And a cut  
We 'bout to tear shit up

[Mr. Man]

See most of y'all really do not know how you should operate  
You need to contemplate 'cause you really cannot stop the wait  
Just cooperate  
Let me select the path  
You do not know the half simply 'cause you don't know the math  
On how to automate the graph  
So follow the leader  
The 9-Ether--rapper's get split like amoeba  
By the fire-breather  
Get burned beyond recognition  
It's Mr. Man the accurate be blurrin' up your vision

[Lee Majors]

I pack a .45 caliber hollow-tipped pen  
Make 'em say "What happen when he be rappin'?"  
Make a move son. I kill bystanders and all  
Check the autops'(y) the words that I dropped in his skull  
If you want a nigga draw, pull out your best rhymes  
Make your same gun-finger turn into peace sign

Came back with tips swallowed  
Hip-hop Puritan show these niggas how you drop it

[Q-Tip]

We 'bout to drop it like the Pharcyde or Reggie Miller  
Camouflage on--rescuin' rap guerilla  
Tricklin' down: verb, noun cascade  
Precious as jade, never heard the word 'fade'  
Positive vibes is way too influential  
Wack rhyme sayers need to keep it confidential  
Kick it up like tornadoes

Trash cats get tomatoed  
Beat you like Bruno  
Watch yo' eye get the tape

It was a Friday night  
And no moves was bein' fakin'  
And the people was breakin'  
And the house was shakin'  
And it won't be long 'til e'body knowin'  
That the 3 MCs was on the mic

[Mr. Man]  
Check me out, boy, in high-speed or slo'-mo'  
Came down to Earth to rock this ill promo'  
Never sound wack on tape, 'cause that's a no-no  
So turn me up loud  
And put the needle to the

[Lee Majors]  
With all of these  
Pimps, players, mafiosos, and G's  
Make me wonder "Is there any room for just a MC?"  
Same shit, different beat; can't take it no more  
You and your man bought the same rhyme from the same store

[Q-Tip]  
You bought it from the same store  
and kicked the rhyme until your throat's sore  
Now we got to up the ante much, much more  
Allah put us all here for a reason  
We 'bout to change the seasons  
From these three you'll never smell treason

[Mr. Man]  
If you don't get it now, I guarantee you'll get it later  
I make the planet bounce from the poles to the equator  
Peninsulas, every island, and the continents  
I grab the mic and add flavor like condiments

[All]  
'Cause we the 3 MCs  
Y'all know we hold these mics tight  
Yo, we the 3 MCs  
We keep it right all night

crbt2('Bush Babees', '3 MCs')

Soundtracks |  
Top Hits |  
One Hit Wonders  
TV Themes |  
Miscellaneous Lyrics |  
Artist Info