

# Craig Mack, Do You Have What It Takes?

[scratched Schoolly D: "One by one I'm knockin you out"]

[Craig Mack:]

Do... do you have it what it takes, to be a Street Fighter?  
Street Fighter, Mackalicious fat funk flav'  
For ya headphones, bwoiii

(LOOK!) I bet you thought you could beat Blanka  
Mo' flav' than the chocolate made by Willy Wonka  
Zangief'll hit you harder than a Tonka  
Truck bet a buck USSR will stomp ya  
Now M. Bison had this plan  
And had the hostages inside the palm of his hand  
Now we all know Dhal's the man  
But in the world of rap Craig Mack'll turn ya into sand  
Jane, haircut like she spent a summer at E. Honda's  
Stomach wonder in four digit number (chomp, chomp chomp chomp)  
I got Sagat on the spot just to rock your knot  
He got kicks like I got rhymes to the sho' shot  
A Street Fighter, funky rhymer, drop-a-dimer  
Bound to action pack, yo Jack, greatest-of-all-timer  
Here comes the hook again~!  
Mackalicious that po' flav' will make your hair Ken

[Chorus x2: Craig Mack]

Do you have, what it takes, to be a Street Fighter?  
("One by one I'm knockin you out")  
I don't think you have what it takes to be a Street Fighter  
("One by one I'm knockin you out")

[Craig Mack:]

Momma don't let your babies grow up to be MC's  
Cause they'll freeze (freeze 'em up Mack)  
I got this real strange disease  
that makes knees bend like hurricanes do the palm trees  
Now Dhalsim is slim hittin harder than a Timb  
whem the rubberband man gets in  
Peace to Balrog as I kick the monologue  
Thicker than fog and heavier than Boss Hog  
I heard Vega got Spain locked down  
with tournaments, with ornaments underground  
And Chun-Li reportin, with real brain distortin  
Kicks fix your back for back brace supportin  
And knees bend for Ken, no pretend  
From beginnin to the end, Mackalicious rhymes'll win (everytime)  
And call yourself a fighter if you wanna  
But you'll be a type of fighter lyin all up in the corner  
Mack you can't bite-a, silly overnighter  
Flake-ass rhyme writer, Mack's a Street Fighter (here it comes)  
It's time bwoi (bwoi, as we get down)  
As we bring the funk on down for Street Fighter

[Chorus]

[Craig Mack:]

A Street Fighter, ain't just a game no more  
Too raw, you'll get kicked out the back door  
If fightin fo' position is your mission then keep on wishin  
(Keep on wishin and hopin and prayin and..)  
I mean this man on the mic got mo' flav' for days so listen  
(So listen up with the funk)  
I'm out with these be-about rhymes that the Mack'll shout  
Punchin through bricks and turnin bodies out  
A Street Fighter, is now in the house

Type of hype that will amaze, Street Fighter brand new craze  
(Brand new craze~!) As we get on down  
Street Fighter moves leave another fighter in the ground

[Chorus: with ad libs]

[Craig Mack:]  
Ah hahhhh bwoi!

[&quot;knockin you out&quot; - scratched to fade]

crbt2('Craig Mack', 'Do You Have What It Takes?')

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