

# Craig Mack, The Wooden Horse

[Frank Sinatra sample]

So any time you're gettin low, 'stead of lettin go  
Just remember that ant..

[Chorus x2: Frank Sinatra (Kids)]

Opps there goes another rubber tree plant  
(Opps there goes another rubber tree)  
Opps there goes another rubber tree plant  
(Opps there goes another rubber tree)

[Verse 1]

Now I came to rock, I came to move the crowd  
I came screamin' out loud  
No other choice is this bad new voice  
Can't wait to sit in my new Rolls Royce  
You soft and moist, sweet like cake  
Don't be scared to lie down in the bed you make  
And if you fake, I'm like Alexander the Great  
A conquerer, stompin ya, for even steppin to the plate  
Now you think I'm late but I'm right on time  
You had your chance to do it now it's my turn to shine  
Keep in mind, you ain't heard my flow in a while  
And i still ain't heard nobody that can fuck with my style  
Juliet child nigga cook MC's, Criag Mack baby 1000 degrees  
Stand back nigga I'ma shake this place  
And look just when you thought it was safe?

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]

Now inside the streets Craig Mack's a living Legend  
Nuclear weapon better watch where you steppin'  
Story at 6 and see the film at 11  
You can be Kit but I'm like Frank Drevin  
Mary Lou Retton, flippin on yall  
You can use Motrin, Advil or Tylonol  
Just to see me ball make your chick wanna follow  
Rock the Meadowlands you got Boo-ed on Apollo  
Real hard to swallow wanna know how come?  
Cause I'm hot-dog probably buring meat off your tongue  
So from now on till thy king-don-com  
The sea-son has begun from my style to weigh a ton  
Kill you for fun but i ain't playin no games (no games)  
And I ain't sayin no names (uh-uh)  
But next time you kill somebody make sure they dead  
But wait, you can check this in-stead

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

I see you made it to the bonus round, see my crown?  
Pretty, too bad you can't touch it  
I'm like Pompeii first time it erupted  
Chicks still call acting hungry as a buzzard  
You can let your man dump it hug it and love it  
Touch it and rub it, Mack nigga, that's why it sounds undiscovered  
Explode like L. Ron Hubbard, on the Dianetics Cover, smother a brother  
Been &quot;Lethal&quot; for years ask Gibson and Glover  
Your man be like &quot;Help!&quot;, lying in the gutter  
Just like that, &quot;Splash me the Cash&quot;  
Shit I'm like Duke Nukem get ready for combat  
I now pronounce you man and wife  
You may, kiss the coffin it's the end of your life Mr. Mack

And I know how to land this bird  
Bet I see you 2000 nigga that's my word

[Frank Sinatra]  
So any time you're gettin low, 'stead of lettin go  
Just remember that ant

[Chorus x2]

crbt2('Craig Mack', 'The Wooden Horse')

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