

Heavy D & The Boyz, Here Comes The Heavster

Intro: (interview with some lady)

“Here comes the Heavster, and I know it makes you sick”
- Pete Rock and CL Smooth's “Mecca and the Soul Brother” LP

Uhh, yeah, here we go, what
funk funk flow, funk funk flow, here we go
Uhh, yeah, here we go, what
funk funk flow, funk funk flow, here we go
This one goes out to all those... heads
Knowhatl'msayin? Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, Manhattan
Money-earnin Mount Vernon, can't forget the uptown
Here we go

Verse One:

Aiyyo turn me loose I don't produce with no buttercup
Premier got the butter cuts, here comes that ol rugged stuff
No room for no pitty-pat, petty kitty-kat rap
I jig em renege em or give em a dug em diggum smack
I seen you hangin on ghetto blocks, tryin to get ghetto props
You need to stop, you're just a ghetto flop
Here comes niggy-nack piggyback, knapsack sacky
Saki, classic like a Kawasaki, rough like Rocky
Sisters call me dadi Puerto Ricans call me papi
You can't stop me
Uhh, cause in these times of tough times
I'm coming with rough rhymes
Rugged beats I'm passin time on satin sheets
And where I came from, some come from
Tryin to diss the champion, numba one, Don Gargon
Talkin behind my back like they alla that, they ain't halfa that
Matter of fact, I'm the one who put the town on the map
Tick tock tick, things are getting thick
“Here comes the Heavster, and I know it makes you sick”
Yeah...funk funk flow, funk funk flow, here we go
Uhhh...yeah, well alright c'mon
Funk funk flow, funk funk flow, here we go
Yeah...yes, well alright c'mon
Funk funk flow, funk funk flow, here we go

Verse Two:

Here comes the bigger bro, I'm on the slow nigga flow
I like to do bigger show, so I can get bigger dough
I hung out in crazy states, sit down and ate crazy steaks
In the morning time I wake up with a rhyme and soem Corn Flakes
Rap is a stallion's job, hung out with italian mobs
I been around the world with pretty girls and they credit cards
Around in the Source van, got paid when my horse ran
And despite the verdict, I'm still a Mike Tyson fan
In the trench I get ruff, on the stretch, I get vexed
Eddie F's on the set who's next to get wrecked
Mr. Sweeperman, time to do the sweep up
Brothers couldn't keep up, spendin too much time with their feets up
Listen to it, this is how I do it
When I wreck a set rhymes float like fluid
Lord have mercy on those who curse me
You don't appreciate, neither-for you don't deserve me
Tick tock tick, things are getting thick
“Here comes the Heavster, and I know it makes you sick”
Yeah...what? Funk funk flow, funk funk flow, here we go
Uhhh...talk about it alright yeah
Funk funk flow, funk funk flow, here we go

Uhhh...yeah, well alright c'mon
Funk funk flow, funk funk flow, here we go

So break it down

☐"So easy does it on the DL, the Heavster"
(repeat 8X)

Verse Three:

Didn't it make you sick when I went pop and I kept my props
and I blew up the spot and was large on your block
I know it did that's why you formed the committee
Of a bunch of itty bitty silly Milli Vanilli hillbilly niggies
never mind all the chitter chat, cause I got a bigger bat
Step out of line again to get your jaw tapped
Don't try to play me for cream puff
Forgot I was big stuff, rough tough, and all that stuff, huh?
You jabber jaw junkie, rap tour flunkie
Quick at the lip, but when you see me you flip like a monkey
It always amazes me, how some brother's faces be
Smilin but behind your back they talk like an enemy
But I got a sharper blade, from here I see better days
Sittin on my porch countin loot drinkin lemonade
Swingin with the shy type, girl who's the fly type
The non gettin high type, that's how you know she's my type
Tick tock tick, things are getting thick
☐"Here comes the Heavster, and I know it makes you sick"
☐(repeat until end)