

Young MC, I Come Off

"Hey, yeah yeah"
"You got it goin' on"
"Oh na na, na na"

Now I wrote this record for when I perform
On the nights inside a university dorm
I put pen to paper, with the paper to pen
For the times I'm rockin' the mic in front of women and men

I get raw like Eddie, rough like Freddie
Kruger with a Luger turning men into spaghetti
I'm like Fats Domino, off of Blueberry Hill
Because my rhymes are funky-fresh and not run of the mill
So like a king has palaces, I give an analysis
You can't talk because you're suffering paralysis
If the mouth, of the lip, of the tongue
Coming to you compliments of a brother named Young
Now you can't talk because I'm leaving you speechless
So be quiet, let an educator teach this
I speak to my producer so he's in a rage
So like he controls the vinyl, I control the stage
Cuz I come off
Yo, I come off

Four score and seven years ago
There were a whole bunch of rappers who were in the know
Four score and seven years later
I dig holes in those rappers like the moon with a crater
Because to battle me you're really taking a risk
Cuz you're an 8-track tape and I'm a compact disc
Like Tyson drops boxers in rapid succession
That's how I'm dropping rappers in the rappin' profession
I'm comin' off
Just like the clothes on a hooker
And I can fly just like Jimmy 'Superfly' Snuka
Like the shuttle goes up into outer space
People's hands go up when I enter the place
I don't mean to brag or boast or try to tell you I'm great
But I can rock the microphone like Dorothy Hamil can skate
Yeah, I can say a funky rhyme like Greg Louganis can dive
Don't have to be Saturday night for Young MC to come off
Yo, I come off
My name is Young MC and baby I come off
Yo, the brother's comin' off
Bust this

"a-here we go"
"a-here we go"
"a-here we go"
"Come on, come on, come on, come on"
"Here we go"
"Here we go"
"a-here we go"
"Come on, come on, come on, come on"
"a-here we go"

Lo and behold, Young MC struck gold
From the rhymes that I been singing to the young and the old
From the battles I've been having with the smart and the dumb
From the records I've been making with the mic and the drum
You know the other rappers wanna play a game with me
They run and hide when they hear the name of Young MC
Like a kid playing tag, it's how it's got to be
So when I start I say, "olly olly oxen free"

Yo, you could never write a rhyme as strong as this one
So pay attention, 'cause you don't wanna miss one
of my healthy rhymes, nobody's are healthier
New York, New Jersey, LA and Philadelphia
City to city and town to town
Place to place, country to country, 'cuz I get around
Even if you were in prison, you'da heard me play
Because the warden'd have me rockin' up on the PA

So when you get out, come and see my show
But if you start static, back in you go
Cuz comin' off is the title and the theme of my jam
And when the rhymes are finally finished people say Goddamn
cuz I come off
I come off
Yo baby, I come off

"a-here we go"
"a-here we go"
"a-here we go"
"Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on"