

# 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"