

Kool Moe Dee, Get The Picture

Yo
I had to go for mine
From the bottom to the top is a hard climb
But hard rhymes beat hard times
Gimme a spotlight and I'll shine
Brither than the brightest star
No matter who you are
You're outdone
I won
And for the coup de grace
Competition turns into fans
Like a politician
My competition spans
From country to country
It's never too far cause I'll take 'em all
From the Shah to the Czar
The Fu Man Chu
The Prime Minister too
The King and the Queen
My rhymes are so mean I'll do
A number on the country
Like never before
Is it a contest
Or the threat of world war
Choose your weapon no half-steppin'
And let's go
But if ya steppin' watch ya step
And step slow
Take your time change your mind
Cause steppin' to my rhyme is like
steppin' on a land mine
Blowing you to kingdom come
This ain't Vietnam
A brother thinks he's ready for war brings him on
A perilous journey
You catch a hernia
Trying to burn me
Cause like an attorney I'll
Cross-examine
Your rhymes of my design
And I'm styill standing
Tall
As the competition falls
In actuality ain't no competition y'all
Cause I'm rollin' over
Rappers like a U.S. tank
Meanwhile laughin' all the way to the bank
Get the picture (3x)
Suckers
Tried to put me down
Siad rap was crap
And wouldn't be around
Any longer than two years
But eight years later
I'm still here
Fully paid
Because the rhymes I made
Made dollars and cents
I wasn't dense
I stayed
Away from drugs
I never touched a pipe
When I wanna get high
I smoke the mic

I never did white lines
I only write lines
And I ain't sniffin' nothing but
The vapors from hype rhymes
As I start to float
On the rhymes I wrote
Ascending to a level with the gods and I tote
Loads and mounds of people
As they reach new heights
A half-a-mile from heaven is the party site
And I'm the attraction
The ods will be packed in
Coming out of their pockets for me to rock it
And acting
Like they've never ever ever been entertained
They try to act godly but they can't maintain
Aphrodite would freak
As her knees get weak
And Venus would peak
Off every word I speak
Zeus would get loose
Fully induced
I'll make Apollo's rymes sound like
Mother Goose
By night's end
Mercury is so hyped
He'd spread the word
That there's a god on the mic
Captivating all the other gods
By the masses
Described as a dark-skinned brother in glasses
But unlike the other gods
I ain't a myth
You wanna rif
I suggest you take the fifth
Get the picture (3x)
Knowledge
Is the source of my success
History is the course
And life's the test
For those who don't know
History's repetitive
Lack of knowledge
Serves as a sedative
Makes you relax and max
The lack of facts
Holds you back
The odds are stacked
Against a weak mind
Makes a meek mind
But mine ain't weak
I got a piece and I'ma speak mine
Telling you the truth
I raise the roof
With rhymes so hard
I'm bulletproof
One slip of the lip
Could sink your ship
You wanna get hip
Let's take a trip
All aboard
This is the last call
I ain't a mandate cause
I'll only ask y'all
Once and only once

To purchase a ticket
Get on the rap train
Watch me kick it
From state to state
And every little hick town
They'll all be down
With the new hip sound
Treating me like more
Than just a star of the sport
But more like the judge in a court
Y'all rise
And raise your hands in the air
Pump your fists
And solemnly swear
To rock the truth
The whole truth
And nothing but the truth
Not only the youth
Cause the young and the old
Are all alike
It makes no difference
When I'm on the mic
For those who can't
Visualize what their eyes can't see
You wanna get the picture
Focus on me
Get the picture (3x)