

# Here Comes The Heavster

Heavy D

"Here comes the Heavster, and I know it makes you sick"

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  
KnowwhatI'msayin? Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, Manhattan  
Money-earnin Mount Vernon, can't forget the uptown  
Here we go

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

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"

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]