

Verve Pipe

"Humrush"

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[dialogue excerpts from Bert and Ernie of "Sesame Street"]

[E] Bert, is that you?

[B] Ahh, an empty place -- oh I love it!

A perfect place to practice the exciting art
of - humming!

[E] Bert?

[B] Heheheheh

Chorus: * humming in background *

[Zev] Hum along, if you can't sing along, hum along

[Onyx] Hum along, if you can't sing along you hum
along

[Roc] Hum along, if you can't sing along, hum along

[Zev] Yeah, hum along with Zev Love X

[Zev Love X] * humming in background *

Hmm, hmm! Very interesting this thing

Coming and drumming there's hummingbirds with
wings

and feathers of the same, so we flock much

plus rock, so on and so such, I clutch this

mic, to touch like an entire stadium

With my boys to aid me so we'll play, if you pay me
some

Beats sound fickle rented Jeep sounds sickenin

to those with no soul, as I roll with my ? (* humming
ends *)

Bugle boy, bugle boy, toot your own horn

Frugal won't endure, as the talents was born

Minus, the Jim-jinkle-jankle-Hammerschitt

His name, ain't my name, cause X ain't permittin shit

I's no hypocrite, so yo, zip your lip

Z.L. be rippin, out we'll rip

No no no, shake your hip, or your rump

Forget about what I'm sayin, pump your fist to the drum
and

(* Bert laughs *)

Chorus: * humming in background *

[Onyx] Hum along, if you can't sing along, hum along
[Roc] Hum along, if you can't sing along, hum along
[Zev] Hum along, if you can't sing along, hum along
[Onyx] Hum with the Birthstone Kid

[Onyx] * humming in background *

You could have sworn I was a WHAT? A Penn Station
pennybegger
I gots more songs than your neighborhood bootlegger
Swingin hard like a forty-deuce on a hooker
Cuter than Booker, a real good looker (* Bert laughs *)
Yeah, a brown man is gettin down and
to this funky sound and you'll check it out, so plops the
sound man
I'm just the R&B's beats kickers kickin lingo
til comes, my payday, if rap was soccer I'd be Pele (*
humming ends *)
Scorin hard I eat no porkchops or lard
So trust in me becaue you, trust in God
The Lord, bet I proves, just began for this man
Cause the bills stay paid from this mic within my hand
I'm not your average everyday cotton-pickin or bailin
hay
hoe trickin brother who likes to eat chicken
Anyway, just hum along, as the drummer drums along
This I bring along, not to sing along, but just to
(* Bert laughs *)

Chorus: * humming in background *

[Roc] Hum along, if you can't sing along, hum along
[Zev] Hum along, if you can't sing along, hum along
[Onyx] Ya hum along, if you can't sing along ya hum
along
[Roc] Hum with the one Subroc

[Subroc] * humming in background *

Hurry hurry hurry step right up and I'll sing it
So bring it back and forth, just to swing it
Hmm, a voom to a hum can get smooth
So I choose to rock slow to amuse (* Bert laughs *)
to the apex, I strides from L.I. Strong
to the car new age, to rip raw
Need no rehease, I bust fat styles galore
Self Universal Born Ruler Cypher Cee no more, hear no
more
(* humming ends *) Can no more, huh, I fear less or I

guess

I toss or throw it up and when it drop I'm forced to blow
it up

Give a little, take a little, grunt, or fake a little
pause you wanna counterfeit the Kause ain't havin it (*
Bert laughs *)

(* humming again *) All your hopes cease, so listen
closely HUSH

I wrote boastin note, you can't stop the humrush

Bow, blowin up! One nine eight, X plus

And this is how we kicks it, for eighty decker

This is for the Gods, the Gods, you don't stop, heh!

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