

## The B.U.M.S. "Can You Do Without?"

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[Sugarhill Gang sample]

"Hip-Hop, a hip-py, a hip hop

A hip hop, you don't stop"

[Verse 1, E-Vocalist]

I like my beats rugged, like the forty swung by  
Sigourney

And when it comes to freaking flows, ooh me so horny

I just got out of rehab for smoking microphones

Now I'm shocking niggas over tracks like, REMOTE!

On and on and on and to the break of day is morning

No sorrow, cause you're made like Shirley Murdock

And forgot about tomorrow as you lay

On the skills of the microphone terror

And if all respect not fame cause my name ain't Ivan

Keller[???

So step, and like a battered wife, you'll catch a beating

I'll make you scream like The Beatles with more juice

than Michael Keaton

Yo kid, I don't play

Chill before I have you singing "Oh-La, Oh-La, Ey"

When it comes to getting loose, these minkies want it  
by the barrel

So play me like Robert, you know I make mucho de nero

But when the question's raised, I'm not fazed

Still the odds of me catching wreck is like the odds

Of homosexuals catching AIDs

So if you got the nerve to flip words

And you think that you can hang, man

I don't care how get here

Just get here if you can

E-Vocalist is the man to turn it out

If there wasn't hip-hop, tell me, could you do without?

[Sugarhill Gang sample]

"Hip-Hop, a hip-py, a hip hop

A hip hop, you don't stop"

[x2]

[Verse 2, D'Wyze]

Knock! Who is it? The microphone wizard

Flipping shit like a blizzard so now you know who is it  
Who am I? The silly, slow-maxing in my hoody  
I serve MCs and leave itches as if my name was Woody  
Hard-son, then scrap up on my nuts like scabies  
Crab ass MCs you get the quail cause you're dead, G  
I sit alone, waiting for my crew to get me  
I blaze a few blunts because tonight I'm hunting  
rappers  
G, Bad-Ass, Brothas Under strap me before we bug out  
Yo! Let's get the Latin soul bro and who's got clout  
I'm here to kick your freeze at this blow up[??]  
I'm so ill on the mic I had a fucking crowd throwing up  
Dangerous, word, use exag everyday  
I point my peeps at the neighborhood priest, yo nigga  
pray!  
Damn! E-Vo, my mellow my man (wassup nucaaaa?)  
Get on the mic and do what you can

[Verse 3, E-Vocalist]

I beg your pardon, but my name ain't Dolly  
Suckas ride on my nuts like the San Francisco trolley  
Come to my house and I slam like Mutombo  
As I swing up on your intellect like George of the Jungle  
My name ain't weed, I don't tumble, I never stumble  
I walk, open cans[??], I stay humble, I never mumble  
I rap in doses, and make you jump 'til you put a crook in  
your back  
My multi-flow's corrosive  
I put more heads to bed than Sudafed  
So make like a crack head, and fill the base  
I'm raising hell like Pimpface  
"We want the man who did this"[vocal sample]  
Call me hemorrhoid and watch me flare up in that ass  
I got more skills than a special education class  
I'm bulimic, throwing up rhymes like vomit  
(Buh-Blaaaaaaah!) I return like Halley's Comet  
Call me aluminum because you know I can  
Get down like the syndrome, and handy like the man  
You can't hurt me, anymore  
I break down crews like an enzyme  
So don't flash, just make like Rolex and know the time  
E-Vocalist is the man to turn it out  
But if there wasn't hip-hop, could you do without?

[Sugarhill Gang sample]

"Hip-Hop, a hip-py, a hip hop  
A hip hop, you don't stop"  
[x4, fading out]

