

## **Total F/ DMX**

### **"Can't Stop Rocking"**

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See I've been rapping since the Biz Markie trigg-a-  
Traacherous 3 days  
Kool Moe digga-Dee days, Spoonie Gee days  
Furious F-I-V-E days, the phase of the sheepskin craze  
I rhymed in the times of the ain't no day sweeter days  
I remember Puma and Adida days  
Of the mockneck wearing, bagging females talking  
days  
Paid mad loot for my British Walkers  
And if somebody scuffed 'em I'm a snuff 'em  
And rough 'em up with loving, and stuff 'em in the oven  
At 450 degrees until they tender  
Cook 'em bust 'em open with the lyrics I surrender  
I splash on the wack-ass crabs with my juices  
Slide up in the night, and tie up they nooses  
And let 'em hung in the sun til the brothers come check  
'em  
No jive, that's just the way I wreck 'em

I can't stop don't stop rocking to the rhythm  
Cause I get down, see I get down, see I  
Rock for a while, groove and got style  
Great class, debonior, and a vicious profile

Fat Boys used to rip 'em with the ha-ha stick 'em  
Till Dougie went and got Slick Rickie D  
But if there was a jam anywhere, niggas came and got  
me  
I wind up, see I let it fly free  
Let it land where it may, see I got three aces in my  
hand  
I got the high joker, the low joker  
So what you gonna do nigga, you can't understand  
How I flipped the script and I ripped as I smoked ya  
I come from Brooklyn, went to school in Manhattan  
The Fat Man from uptown put the Bronx in my rapping  
Though money I'm earning cause I'm still learning  
That the world will keep spinning, turntables keep  
turning  
My name is known from Brooklyn to Mount Vernon  
There's dough in my pocket, but don't you be

concerning  
Yourself with my physical health, you ain't no hit, player  
I can see through you with my Jemini CAT scan  
A B C D E F G H I, the J is in the house, not the One the  
Emini  
Who am I? I'm that old funk soul sensational  
Shows that I throw is only invitational  
You cannot get in with your man and your friends  
I'm not bitter, not fazed with the glitter of your Benz  
If you remember this you'll be down with the click  
Running with one big bad bald black son of a bitch

See I can't stop don't stop rocking to the rhythm  
Cause I get down, see I get down, see I  
Rock for a while, groove and got style  
Great class, debonior, and a vicious profile (Repeat 2x)

I've seen hotter days, Afrika Bambataa days  
Malcom McLaren was humming in my larynx  
Running through my throat like a Supreme Team note  
No one was nicer than Himmy Spicer when he wrote  
Dollar Bill y'all, Dollar Bill y'all  
To the B-I double L bill y'all  
We used to say "eying" now we say "gat"  
We used to say "funky fresh" now we say "phat"  
Can you feel that? (Brother I can fell that)  
Now tell me you can feel that (Brother I can fell that)  
Check it out, see rap's been around for ages, it amazes  
Those who thought it was a phase it's contagious  
It was go East Coast, now it's go West Coast  
I don't care where you're from, you don't boast til you  
roast  
Four five six niggas with the hair pin triggers  
Shorty think he bad cause his man a little bigger  
His man started yelling "Shut 'em down, shut 'em  
down"  
So my man started yelling "Shut 'em down, shut 'em  
down"  
His crew started yelling "Shut 'em down"  
So all my motherfuckers started yelling "Shut 'em  
down"  
Brooklyn in the house, nigga, don't you forget it

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