

Christian Machemehl Lyrics by Dana International

"My Fantasy"

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relax your mind... and take your time....
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Would you like to be a part of my fantasy?
fantasy, insanity, vanity, family, Kennedy, can it be?
it'll be great we can break all laws of gravity
make room, or fly to the moon on a boom
we can let it get better, get etiquette, adequate, that'll
get sloppy
ten-four, you copy?
big jollop I pop a seed, pop a floppy
teenybopper, hoppy, hype, my squad's the gods of the
mic
so play vanilla, hammer, shamma-lamma-ding-dong
killer, slummer, plan a pop song, KA!
but I like breakbeats and beatin' on the walls of
bathrooms
the b-boys b boys forever
yo, punk- what's your function?
robotics, planets, products, annex, got it
mechanics or sonics, organic, exotic, narcotic
bought it, forgot it
I jot it down 'til I'm hooked on phonics
so much to do with a touch of double dutch
of dodge ball, the Taj Mahaj's right below us
slow us down and show us the forest
or a Brontosaurus
I'm a Taurus, poorest one of all
born in back of a pool hall, a joker
my Pappy's a penny and a poker player
who's a loser, screwser, booser
livin' a life of anger
had one, two, one too many Harvey Wall Bangers
so bungee jump off a bridge and soar
with a rubber baby elastic plastic
band around your ankle
fasten up, next stop Banana Republic
for what? hip hop drops

(who's the man with the master plan?)

(who's the man with the master plan?)

every rapper in the house shut the funk up
every rapper in the house shut the funk up
every rapper in the house shut the funk up
every rapper in the house die
now every rapper in the house shut the funk up
you're wack, you're wack, you're wack, you're wack
you're sucatash, you're mow mow(?)
????????????????????
yeah right, your mic, mic, might be a slight slow
my mic, my mic, my mic'll blow you right
outta sight, wanna fight
??? I'mma rip you if your tight
I'll grease the pipe
you're right, my type, you're wack
you're white, you're black
you're blue, you're yellow belly helly do jelly can't jam
hunky see, hunky do
don't get kickin' the funky chicken
can-can-can-can it be, can it be any identity crisis
come in slices and devices
what the price is for the nicest spices
every rapper in the house shut the funk up
every rapper in the house shut the funk up
every rapper in the house shut the funk up
every rapper in the house die
drop

J-Sumbi: aww yeaah, give it up, give it up,
yes that was a little snippet from Aceyalone's own
private rhyme garden, live and direct from the
Sunshine Shack
I'm the J-Sumb, and, uh, before we go,
let's hit 'em with a final verse

Acey:
Hydroplaning, while I was explaining
and maintaining, gaining altitude
a longitude, latitude, attitude
formatical, fragile, grammatical, radical dude
spit ball, pitfall
hole in the wall is all I see
eight ball, wait y'all
Aceyalone has found the key
Freestyle Fellowship
this fellow gets beat while
he moans and groans and throws a fit
Aryans are carryin' out sin
burryin', marryin' men
black men, black men, black men

Freestyle Fellowship
Freestyle Fellowship
Freestyle Fellowship
The Freestyle Fellow...

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