

## Bachman - Turner Overdrive

### "Looped It"

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This ain't a twinkle twinkle little star  
But this may be the fattest track by far  
And still the competition is, eager to listen  
I keep shooting, recouping, and yo, forever missing  
But I'm getting pissed off, they'd better break now  
Cause me and the microphone is gonna shake down  
And opposer of rhyme composer  
Will forever grow and you know, you should have chose  
a  
Different record, used a different method  
It really doesn't matter cause I will still wreck it  
I use my wits to outwit the other guy  
Before he splits I give the vic another try  
Rhymes are rabid like rabies when injected  
He got hit with a skid and got infected  
He was overconfident, and underbalanced  
He tried to bully a brother and got silenced  
A sudden outburst, the scene it got worse  
I had to ostracize, him from the earth  
Banish and exile the kid for a while  
Throw him under my wing, and raise him like a child  
But never lose stride, pace, or beat  
Cause I'm built for the human race, plus I keep  
Powerful punchlines, and when it's crunchtime  
I still flow real suave, with a plush rhyme

I took a funky beat and I looped it (Looped it)  
I took a funky beat and I looped it (Looped it)  
I took a funky beat and I looped it  
(But your budget it a million) Don't worry, I'll recoup it

And the end of a page, I just flip it  
Cause it's 28 more lines for me to get wicked  
So I continue to flow and blow MC's out the frame  
At the end of the show, you know my name  
Plus my trademark's left on the brain's base  
An inprint the brother who sparked the place  
Left the place in flames, scooped the dames  
And what remains is a knucklehead skeleton frame  
Chi-Ali the main event  
Lyrics are bent and slammed to the pavement

A minute and 15 seconds gone  
And the lyrical emporer is just getting warm

I took a funky beat and I looped it (Looped it)  
I took a funky beat and I looped it (Looped it)  
I took a funky beat and I looped it  
(But your budget it a million) Don't worry, I'll recoup it

Still ripping parties with a passion  
To move your rump is what brings the cash in  
Hands are waving, suckers I hope are saving  
All your yelling and swelling, and misbehaving  
Head for shelter, but that won't help ya  
Cause when I'm hot, I'm bound to melt the  
Strongest uranium, and bust the cranium  
Don't complain to me, complain to them  
Cause soldier counselor, higher a bouncer  
Whatever you do, it won't amount to  
The force of swiftness, of strength and anger  
Major wreckless, potential danger  
(To Chi, why do brothers envy thee?)  
Maybe because the rhymes flow indefinitely  
(What'd you do, Chi?)

I took a funky beat and I looped it (Looped it)  
I took a funky beat and I looped it (Looped it)  
I took a funky beat and I looped it  
(But your budget it a million) Don't worry, I'll recoup it  
(Repeat 2x)

(But your budget is a million) I told y'all not to worry

This goes out to my man Darren, sup man (But your  
budget is a million)

Yo I'm telling y'all stop worrying, I'm  
Piad, aiight, I'm blowing up y'all don't  
Got to worry (But your budget is a million)

Yo, I'm not going to tell y'all no more,  
I'm outta here, aiight? (But your mother is a midget!)

Ayo, what's up with that?

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