

## Claudia Jung

### "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 jollopy 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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