

## Digital Underground "Underwater Rimes"

Visit "[Underwater Rimes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We'd like to ask now that all passengers please hold  
your breath  
As we take you through an underwater hip hop  
extravaganza  
We're now desending, we're two hundred fathoms and  
now deep  
We're four hundred fathoms, we have arrived

Now last night, underwater, I saw a French mermaid  
Treated her to caviar and wine over shrimp brain  
In the raw, on the ocean floor, need I say more?  
You never heard nobody kick it like this before

Pink champagne, octopus brains  
Saw your DJ underwater through the window pane  
That sucker tried to hit a mix, but the mix didn't happen  
Records kept floatin' all the fish kept laughin'

A blowfish blew my mind and started to rhyme  
As the octopus cut nine records at a time  
Your boy said, "Show me how to keep my records  
down"  
But the shark ate his amp, your boy got clowned

The rhymes he say have no particular order  
Underwater, underderwater  
Go 'head bite his rhymes if you think that you oughtta  
Hold your breath, M C's, my rime's underwater

Underwater rimes  
Underwater rimes  
Underwater rimes  
Underwater rimes

I tried to mix a cut from a TV blooper  
Got pulled by a deep sea state trooper  
Told me that I didn't have the right to bite  
I said, "Your wife looks just like a fat blue grouper"

Sittin' in my aqua blue jail cell, didn't have my bail  
I had to break out with the rhyme  
Shrimp scatter on a platter, I rock like a mobster

Told an MC, "Yo, you look like a lobster"

Qualified to wreck your mind, I get busy one time  
Like fish on a dish, you get served with the rhyme  
Kick the jam in the crowd if you need a fo' instance  
Watch the people stop, they don't want to miss this  
I'm tweakin' your speakers and I'm makin' no sense  
'Cause on your turns, this record burns like incense

The rhymes he say have no particular order  
Underwater, underderwater  
Go 'head bite his rhymes if you think that you oughtta  
Hold your breath, M C's, my rhyme's underwater

Underwater rimes  
Underwater rimes

Underwater rimes  
Underwater rimes  
Underwater rimes  
Underwater rimes

Uh, 1, 2, 1, 2, check , 1, 2, 1, 2, they call me MC  
blowfish  
We're gonna do a little something like this  
Well I'm a deep sea gangster, underwater prankster  
Kissin' all the girl fish, dissin' all the sangsters

Because I blew your mind and started to rhyme  
Doesn't mean that we're cool, 'cause you'll be back  
next time  
With a hook and a line, so you can hear that fryin'  
sound  
I'm tellin' you I'm down

I'll spin your boat around, leave suckers lost in the bay  
You wanna play? I'll hook your line to a stingray  
Get out of here with that boat and a stick  
Get out of line, I'll call my homey Moby Dick

I'm not thinkin' 'bout dyin', fool, stop tryin' to test me  
People fishin' don't catch me  
And when you get home, sad 'cause you missed  
Just remember MC blowfish

And you don't stop, oh yeah  
Uh oh, here comes that stupid shark again  
I guess I better blow up

