

Enrique Iglesias

"My Kung Fu"

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[INTRO: Mos Def]

Baba-baba-baba-baba-baba, you been so good to me
When I was a little boy you were the only one I wanted
to be

To be like pa duke and ma duke
How much I love the both of you
I know all the strain we been through
But it's of no consequence cause I'm comin through

[VERSE 1: Mos Def]

Check it

I first studied my kung fu in the Brakalak
In the center (?)

This had to be about ten years back
Before I ever even heard of some 24 track
Talkin about you was an MC was not the move
Cause if you said you had skill, well then you had to
show and prove

So out in the park, yo, I would battle kids
Strengthening my verbs and my adjectives
Starting from the fourth grade and up to junior high
My voice was mad (?) but my flow was type fly
And if there ever was a party, son, yo, I would set it
And tell the DJ run the beat from (Ultra-magnetic)
Yeah, I grab the mic and then I leave the party buzzin
Tellin all the honeys I was Slick Rick's cousin
When they knew I wasn't, but I had no shame
Pa, you know the name, the Mos always had game
Back in the day of the Rap Attack
When brothers knew how to act, before glocks and
crack

And Jam-Master Jay was the one-man band
And my favorite MC was my man Spoonie G
I watched them rise and sat back and observed
Was sittin on the curb, buildin up my nerves
Back then it was real, and that was all you could feel
I wasn't thinkin 'bout nobody's fuckin record deal
And Vandy C was doin radio shows
'Crossover' meant that you wore your mom's clothes
Sweet G was talkin about the games that people play
I used to sit back and say: yeah indeed, someday

And as I grew older my kung fu grew better
Instead of shootin humbles I was shootin (?)
And now my time has come
And now hip-hop's an industry polluted by bums
Throwin they guns and puffin mad blunts
And muthafuckas just started rhymin last month
They gettin fat deals on any major label
When they only seen other people hold the mic cable
Five years ago when we was dancin house
When the deejay played hip-hop, then you walked out
But now you're hard, talkin about you paid mad dues
I used to see your ass abused wearin platform shoes
I ain't confused, who you think you're foolin with that
get-up?
You ain't genuine, so don't waste your time
Riffin over here cause there ain't no chance
That you could break the stance, son, you ain't that
advanced
Shit is gettin critical across the land
Don't provide the b-boy, introduce the b-man -
understand?
Word up, the M-o-s D is who I am, now check it out, y'all

[CHORUS]

[DCQ]

My kung fu

[Ces]

Is the style you haven't mastered

[VERSE 2: DCQ]

At the age of 18 made a little money
And I needed some advice on how to live my life
Was goin through strife, people couldn't understand
That I was comin into my own, becomin a man
I had to have a plan cause I know what I'm here for
So I can't waste time, y'all
Gotta be on the ball and represent for my peeps
(Where?) In the streets!
I make beats and kick facts over fat tracks
It's all of that from the Brakalak
Goin through problems as a adolescent
A lot of troubles and turmoils, there was persistence
And I know that I stutter
But it don't matter cause I'm a bad (muthafucka)
I flip a verse either backwards, sideways
I rocks my shit from here, Mondays, Fridays
Saturdays and I get a weekend off
My shit ain't soft
(Well, excuse me, baby)
You paid your dues cause I'm the boss
So muthafuck Bruce Springsteen and Diana Ross

Because they know what the time is
I rock shit for the fly kids, b-men, bouncin bass
bombastics
Shit could get drastic, you get tossed like an ash, kid
You know what I'm sayin?

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Ces]
Well I'm sleek and I freak a beat
For you and your peeps to bump inside your jeeps
Your Acuras, your Hondas or whatever
Pump it in the Benzi and get your head together
Strollin down the F.D.R
Playin the microphone star
Deep in your car
With the thump-diddy-thump-da-thump-da-thump-
thump
Pop up the trunk and let the bass bump
If you ain't got a ride, well that's alright
Let the U keep you company on your hike
Trekin down the ave with your headphones on
Take 'em off for a second and you still feel gone
You're pressin rewind, many, many times
I must rock the mic cause it's only right
Comin right up off of Eastern ground
This is how we get down, I hope you like the sound
Thermo offering number one
There's more in store, there's more to come
We far from done, no, the show ain't over
So when we comin through, don't say I never told ya
That

[CHORUS]

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