

## Brainers

### "K.I.S.S"

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Uh, going out to the Zulu Nation

You go out with the old and in with the new  
I'm well-situated cause I know what to do  
When the mic is in my hand see I just stand firm  
And wreck shit so the next man learns  
How do you flow? I never run out of breath  
So much sould I had to step to the left  
Because my style's Abstract  
See I form no definite picture but I get you anyway  
And I like to say  
You can play King Erisson and "Have A Nice Day"  
I go on and on like inflation  
Yeah, I shoot the gift on your radio station  
I walk around uptown with my Dalmation  
And when he's hungry he eats Kennel Rations  
Huh, I give good vibrations  
From the Rockies to the Appalachians  
Hit skins across the nation  
But I won't budge if she's on her menstration  
Yeah, I won't swim in the red sea  
Even if it's so Betsy  
Rode more saddles than Willie Shoemaker  
It doesn't take Diamond all day to make a  
Hype slammin track, but I won't never rush  
The proof is in the pudding so hush

Well don't smirk up your lips, where'd you get the  
audacity?  
Give me five minutes and I'll show you how it has to be  
Dun, don't front, you're not the first or the last to be  
Warned of the skills I possess the capacity  
I catch wreck just like Butch Cassidy  
So don't sleep, moneygrip, or that ass'll be  
Out of the frying pan, into the fire  
Now I'm dead on your ass like Spencer for Hire  
Word, but I'm not on the take  
Brothers start to shake when I dig in the crates  
And create a hype plate that rotates  
On 33, with the flavor of a hoe cake  
Yeah, I keep ticking like a Timex

I go the whole nine, so if you reach a climax  
Blame it on the boogie, blame it on the rhythm  
Blame it on the vibe that I give 'em

Yo, I used to smoke Newports, never toked on a  
Marlboro  
See I'm from the Boogie and I'm proud, cause our  
borough  
Was the first to take a five-second beat  
Make it repeat, then it spread across the tri-borough  
Living lovely, everything's terrific  
I get wicked just like Wilson Pickett  
So come again, come again my friend  
If you live by the pen then you'll die by the pen  
I'm gonna live to be a senior citizen  
Why? Because my shit is in  
So come along on my musical journey  
You don't need a ticket, cause Diamond can kick it  
Like Pele, way back in his heyday  
Going out to Butterball and my cousin Ray Ray  
Never did a bid, but I almost did  
I use my head cause I'm one smart kid  
I don't own a Rolex but I absorb beats like a Kotex  
And get funky just like Joe Tex  
Word, see my rhymes make your brain tick  
Brothers bump my tape because it's not the same shit  
That you heard last year or the past year  
I ring bells at the cashier  
Because I'm a fun going guy with the natty dreadlocks  
I once lost a bill betting on the Red Sox  
But that's another topic, I used to cut rocket in the  
pocket  
Three minutes and change, I'd better stop it

And I gotta give a shout out to G-Man, and Joe Control  
Peace, I'm out

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