

Harloff Kevin P

"The Rapsody"

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(The j)

[VERSE 1]

Bringin it, bringin it back to original Sever
Back to the roots, hip-hop double head-up
Red light, ride up the bass just a smidgen
Yo, get the speakers singin like a stool pigeon
[Sweeny tarts] slice up a slip throat
Livin in a castle, hoes swimmin in my moat
Masterful moves on a microphone endeavour
Prime Minister, Daddy Rich, Sam - ah em, S-S-Sever
Bless you [for the butter] tissue
Blowin like breeze [] on an iglu
President [] got the big bags
([]) do your head like a doo-rag
Clockin mad dough every time that you seen us
Go with the flow like [] penis
Peep your move, but that's no haps, bee
You're ridin on my dick in a rapsody

[VERSE 2]

Back in '86 Rakim hit The Melody
Ever since then shit jumped off steadily
Still counterfeits [] plus felony
When I'm on the pavement people are tellin me
Yo, you got the swollen up, mad man musical
Style, plus loops, loops quite suitable
Never half-step, neither semi-semi
I - I [] the professor, he's a swell guy
Wanna step to the drama over hit-and-run
Yo, you'd be out before I say Jack Robinson
Swig it, not a biggot like Archibald Bunker
Six pack of soul, there she blow, yo I sunk her
Dunk ya like a [] then my head got [foamy]
Took her like the Japanese took over Sony
'Lost in space' with the [] Dr. Smith
I got Lyor Cohen sayin (I smell a hit)
That's the record biz, yeah danger, danger
Fuck with me and Rich, and we might rearrange ya
Ain't a rapsody in blue, my crew is rollin deep
Constipated Monkeys odor hangin on 97th street

Got flavor, ill behaviour
Rich won't spin till the dough man pays ya
Hittin up hits like a symphony
The melody flows, rise to the rapsody

[VERSE 3]

The name's Pete Nice - what, go twice
Like the 49er [] eatin Uncle Ben's rice
Stuck together like a Siamese twin
Won't get jerked, just fill it to the rim
The R-i-c-h Daddy []
If I [] chicken, then you call me the Colonel
How many beats could the Richie Rich chop
If the Daddy Rich could chop percussion?
Better call 911, get an ambulance, first aid kit for a
cushion
So hop along, hop-hop-hop-hop-oh
Squeel like a pig for the mafia capo
Someone said I'm a son of a gun
But hold upM hold up, who you're callin son?
I got a drum on my side, so I swagger
Smokin boots, see a plum, yo, I bag her
High on a fly, yo, I caught a [] buzz
Amnesia - forgot where I was
So bring it on back for the Minister Prime Time
Like [ernest and] Julio I sip wine
Brewin up the tracks [have ya] like John Madden
Psychopathic, movin in a pattern
Like a serial killer on a move, see
It's time to move hips to the rapsody

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