

B.W. Stevenson

"Play it Again, Polo"

Visit "[Play it Again, Polo](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Play it again Polo, cause I just can't stand still
I burn while the tables turn like windmills
A swift reactor rap, to impact up the track ?
I flow like a sailor
Rhymes remain hittin hard like Nightrain
With lyrics that came from the brain of Mark Twain
So if you can't handle the man please go and change
the channel
Rappers are gettin smoked like Camels
To weather the brainstorm, fellas better grab your
umbrellas
People run inside the cellars
As I teach you're attached to my rhyme like a leash
Takin the S off my speech to fight peach
Take the P off the peach because now you want each
and every rhyme to teach and reach
You need a fixin, for your fake rhymes lyrics and weak
mixin
You robbin em blind like Nixon
Some got shook when they took a look
I'm burnin you up, like the lyrics that are pages of a
cookbook
I attract more kids than Wonderama
Rhymes got more drama, than black momma white
momma
You get defeated decapitated captivated
Cause you hated the fact G. Rap made it
So if you slow you blow like a hoe, so here's a solo
Ayyo, play it again Polo

Here's a fellow, sayin hello, Polo, mellow
P-O-L-O, shake em like Jell-o
Sonny you're funny like Johnny Carson
So I'ma enjoy, watchin your butt burn up just like an
arson
These rhymes here can kill son
You try to rips it just call me the ? Flip Wilson
And rhymes I got em down pat
Release this hit like the Superfly soundtrack
Too dope of a type windpipe full of hype
and I sideswipe the suckers I snipe

The mic so hot, it can weld when it's hell
and assassinate, like Lee Harvey Oswald
Rough on the radio, Sony or Sanyo
Rappers get slayed and played like a banjo
When I illustrate, stiller rhymers is iller
Battle me, you better swallow a bottle of painkillers
I go faster and faster, skills of a Grandmaster
Makin you fall like plaster
Amazed, grammar plays like gamma rays
Chumps are caught in the blaze and dumped in
ashtrays
You pussy willow, I can see your silhouette
You're scared, and tears of fear made your pillow wet
You wanna tic-tac-toe with a big rap pro?
Yo, play it again Polo

Guys are weary, eyes be teary, survived and leary
Your rhymes are eerie, that's my theory
I'm here to jam and slam like Bam-Bam
Damn, Polo play it again like Sam
Cuts in harmony, you ain't harmin me
Your beats are moist and your sweet voice is charmin
me
Not flexible, your style needs to be twisted
Plus your name's unlisted
Rhymes are tough like gristle, watch the boy sizzle
Your brainstorm don't even drizzle
But my brainstorm gives lots of pain, lots of rain
Long spins, the strong winds of a hurricane
You get sunken when I hit a punk and
rag a fag, makin him stagger like he drunken
You can't stop treatin my hip-hop
like a Blo Pop, chew up the slop like a gumdrop
Makin you sweat like a death threat, slow when I flow
I'ma let, Polo wet up the whole set
Yes the final, death wish to sucker MC's
gets granted, with rhymes makin em stand planted
I start blowin blows, and my rhymes are like a bolo
So hey, play it again Polo

Visit [B.W. Stevenson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.