

## Joe Nichols

### "Spoken Word"

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Da poetry  
By now you should know it's me  
The brother of word  
Giving thanks and praises  
To so many names and faces  
In different places  
From '84 to '99  
It's been a very long time  
Since the movement called hip-hop arrived  
To this cold country of mine  
Seen the old, the new  
And now the true school  
And for once I can say  
Something has changed  
Or is it just me  
In the place to be (hardcore)  
Am I about to take it in my face  
Question, where were you at at the time of the fat  
shoelaces  
When the hell was really raised, huh  
I know every face  
Writers, breakers, DJ's, MC's, Fly girls  
Representing, respecting, unwritten laws  
Rules, star wars  
But even though  
There's one thing I know  
And it's been said before  
Eliminate the distance  
It's not where you're from, it's where you at  
Mentally  
The poetry  
Enough love, peace and respect  
Come correct  
You gotta pay your dues  
If you've got something to prove  
It is a competition  
Cause the business side can't see the mission  
a-k-a the B-boy vision  
Two thousand and still counting  
  
Yo it S-U-C-K-S

And I gotta run but come for the Bomfunk crew  
So you'd better listen if you don't wanna be missing  
The perfect combination on a mission to rock the  
dancefloor  
To hit you right where it hurts, I'll leave you begging for  
more  
Like Roger, but this is not a story of a rabbit  
Gismo and B-O-W just got a habit  
Of speeding up your heartbeat  
Moving you no doubt, so Bomfunk MC's do it to the  
crowd  
What up looking good, catch me cooking food

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