

## **Johnny Philko**

### **"Here it Comes Again"**

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[MC Serch]

Here it comes! Yo here it is or there it was  
But where was it when you need it? Because  
You fall to the waistline when you waste rhymes  
Serch got a flow when it comes to fat beats and  
basslines  
I heard the rumors and the fables  
Remove them like the tumors on tables  
Boomers for the willing and the able  
So turn to the next page in your manual  
and flim-flam, all over the jam  
Chill, lounge - kick your ten little toes up  
at the edge of this razor blade and save your spade  
As the groove plummets you to another dimension  
May I just mention  
This is a map, it's for all made for climbin  
And you're stuck to your crib like aluminum sidin  
Hidin in the back is for crumbs..  
And here it comes!

[Chorus]

Here it comes, HERE IT COMES? (repeat 8X)

[MC Serch]

B-boy decoys will try to destroy  
Deploy the truth in black hoods and black boots  
Caps get rocked only when they're fitted  
Lyrics get dropped only when they're lifted  
So swing to the swell of the vo-chords run amuck  
Whatup? Whatup? I got mine and you got yours  
Paws are backed up with perspire  
And someone in the crowd yells, "Fire fire!"  
(We don't need no water, let it burn yo, burn yo  
We don't need no water let it burn...) so it burnt  
Learn your lesson well, if I don't then I guess you get  
jelled  
Swell, heads go down like the sun..  
And here it comes!

[Chorus]

[MC Serch]

Here it.. comes, here it.. comes  
Here it.. comes, here it.. comes  
Here it.. comes, here it.. comes  
Here it.. comes, here it.. comes!

Fiddle-fee, fiddle-fie, fiddle-foe, fiddle-fum  
I smell the blood of an English.. muffin  
Huffin and puffin, sellin his soul  
J-E-L-L-O, y'know?  
Roll with the squad who makes backflips stack  
Hits upon disc, so play at your own risk  
Tisk, tisk, tisk, shoulda used Wisk  
So now you sit and appeal to the Abyss  
Insist that your motor's on scramble  
Enter the beats and enter the sample  
Ample flow is created by the years and the peers  
of crews and boos, perched on the front stoop  
Checkin for the bass loop  
So the troops roll out and the tolls are paid, said and  
done  
And here it comes...  
I said here it comes!

[Chorus]

Hit it off, kick it off.. hit it off, kick it off  
Hit of off, kick it off.. here it - comes!  
Hit it off.. kick it off..  
Hit it off.. here it - comes!

[MC Serch]

Aiyyo dumb shoutouts on the remix tip to my man T-Ray  
Once again comin up with the fla-VOR!  
Anton Koschanski, on the drums (word)  
On the guitar (word) on the two-four (WORD!)  
With his feet on the floor (WHAT?!)  
Givin mad shout outs out to my peoples in Brooklyn  
(Brooklyn)  
To my peoples in Queens (Queens)  
To my peoples in the South Bronx (South Bronx)  
To all my peoples in Brooklyn (Crooklyn)  
To all my peoples in L.A. (L.A.)  
To all my peoples in Canada.. (Canada)  
To all my peoples in Europe.. (Europe)  
To all my peoples in Sweden.. (Sweden!)  
To all my peoples in Israel (Is-ra-el)  
To my peoples on the moon (On the moon?)  
To all my peoples on the sun (Yo, you're buggin)  
To my peoples with the weebles, that don't fall down,  
ha ha ha!

(You're buggin kid!) Peace!  
Here it comes, here it comes?  
Here it comes, here it comes?  
Here it comes, here it comes?  
Here it comes, here it comes? {\*fades out..\*}

I'm in a funky way, I'm in a funky way!  
{\*laughter as song ends\*}

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