

King Of Swing "Swing Fever"

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[Mike Master]

Catch a fever, I'm sweatin' cause I'm eager
To grab the microphone and relieve the
Pain that you sustain, feels like a migraine
Entering your body, wrecking nerves in your membrane
Bust out my seam, what you're feelin is torture
You waited for the Kings Of Swing, so we brought ya
Something to amaze you in disbelief
S-w-i-n-g - yo, spells relief
And I'm the Chief Mack Daddy, almighty Mike Master
Givin' you more than you could possibly ask for
Readin' suckers like a book, they can't understand
The way I motivate the crowd to make em clap their
hands
I'm makin waves like a ocean, flowin like a river
Make you drunk like a skunk cause I'm hard like liquor
So take a plunge and let your mind explore
You experience trauma like never before
It's an open invitation for you and your crew
Most exciting epidemic since the boogaloo flu
It'll burn ya hot but it'll please ya
Coast to coast you get a dose of the most, so catch a
Swing Fever

[Sugar Kay]

Check your temperature, 212 degrees
You feel your forehead, you feel fatigue
I never seen a group like this since the Beatles
People goin crazy when the wax hit the needle
See us on your TV, pumpin out your box
The Kings Of Swing spreadin' like the chicken pox
Cocoa Channelle controls the intro
Crippin' DJ's like disease called polio
That's my DJ, she's rockin, you're not
She's on the 1200 and the girl can jock
Sugar Kay and Mike Master - contagious
See us on the stage, girlies goin outrageous
We ain't souped, you know the scoop
We got to pump the lines with the funky loop
You put this all together, you see what you got
You make an appointment to see the doc
You walk in the office, he knows this for sure

You bought the Swing album, so there ain't no cure
You got a taste of the King syndrome
You get hype every time we touch the microphone
You ain't a believer, step to your receiver
Turn up the radio - huh, catch a Swing Fever

(*DJ Cocoa Channelle cuts up*)
(You'll feel it, you'll hear it)

(Feel the music)

[Both]
Catch a swing fever, catch it while it's hot
The Kings are smokin and we rock non-stop
We said it before, we'll say it once more
The Kings Of Swing is def, dope, hype and raw
Smooth and poetic, get rough and energetic
In a sticky situation I'm not the one to sweat it
Got the mind of a scientist, skill of a surgeon
Cocoa rubs her fingertips as I'm submergin'
Out of the crowd, gettin witty and slick
Playin the hitman role like in a gangster flick
Suckers run for the door but it's locked, they're trapped
Now I'm beatin em down (yo, they shoulda came strapped)
Fully prepared to cause a third world war
Like the battles that we had at the old black door
I kept MC's in fear while I guzzled my beer
Now I got the punks runnin like diarrhea
So join the fan club, sucker, relax and catch a breather
There is no escape from my wrath - huh, catch a Swing Fever

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