

Kj-52

"We Rock The Mic"

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Intro:

SOI

Beat mot

Game on it

Where ya at

Old school

I'ma take you way back

Waaaay back

Yo Yo

As it goes a little something like this

Verse One:

Yo it's the K to the J, J to the five

five to the two, it's time to get live

party people in the house if you're feeling all right

throw your hands in the air wave them side to side

you can dip dip dive you can socialize

you can lime to the lemon, you can lemon to the lime

but nine years ago a friend of mine

hit me up just to ask the time

I'm looking at my watch it said quarter to twelve

he shook his head, he had something to tell

he said "Check it my brother now it's plain to see

I'm going to make it plain just as plain can be"

'cause you her and you there

but a life without Christ ain't going nowhere

and I was just like you I was jamming on it

then he sang a little song a little something like this hit

it...

Chorus:

We rock the mic in a different way

just two turntables and a fresh DJ

party people in the house are you feeling OK

then let the record play all night all day (repeat)

Verse Two:

Stop a second I need to hear more

he said "I came through the door and I said it before"

but you didn't listen to me this first time

so open your mind and let me open your eyes

'cause the blind lead the blind can't you see that my

brother
it's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder
you going under and you blind to the facts
it ain't where you from and it ain't where you at

it ain't the radio, Cazals or Kangol hat
now you be illing and it's like that
your life's wack just broken pieces
you got Adidas but you ain't got Jesus
and a hotel, a motel or a holiday inn
now it don't mean nothing 'cause your life keeps
fronting
and you still lost in sin
I said a hotel, a motel, or a holiday inn
now it don't mean nothing 'cause your life keeps
fronting
and you still lost in sin help me say it like...

Chorus: 4x

Verse Three:

I aint no joke 'cause your life's broke
but now I'm glad that we spoke,
'cause pretty soon you choke
and everything you see is goin' up in smoke
so what's your hope you gonna sink or float
one day you croke and one thing I'll tell
you goanna rock the bells all the way to hell
and all the ball is shot
God is making paper
all the players you goanna catch babies
La-de da-de, who likes to party
you think you the man but you really aint nobody
(what?)
it was the lamb who was led to the slaughter
rolls beneath me the planet rock like bam-botta
the one who owns the play just like the car-da
the one who is the spirit, son and the father
the one who's eyes last sea and the water
God's son we welcome back like carter

Chorus: 4x

Outtro:

All night all day, all night all day,
yeah, fresh, for 2000
you sucker (Hah)

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