# Kool Keith

# ''I'm Blowin' Up''

I'm t-n-t
And I just can't lose
An emcee with a fuse
When it's lit I hit
With the lyrical wit
Of a scientist
Tryin' this
Sugar coated
Rhyme loaded
With gunpowder
Now see how the
Crowd will yell louder
Now the
Rhyme is dropped
You hear a pop
You think it's a shot
But you just can't stop
Your heart vibrates
At my rate
So why wait
I hate to be irate
Anger causes rhyme combustion
Like a tornado winds start gustin'
Rhymes unload reload and explode
Riding on the same wave malcolm x rode
On a higher level cause I left the rest
Outcast outlast f- the press
When I hit it's like a bulldozer
Boom and there goes ya
Whole world up in smoke
Cause when I go I go for broke
Yo I'm on the hyped tip
I get on the mic with
Tunnel vision
Cause I'm mic whipped
Strung from the lung to tongue
I breathe rhymes
That come from
A zone that's hidden
And forbidden
If any man enters

Good riddance
Cause a mortal mind
Is just no contest
The rhyme zone
Is my conquest
The twilight zone
Will seem like child's play
Am I a genius
I'll say
I'm so cool
And yet so hyped
When I'm on the mic
It's something like
World war ii
Remember pearl harbor
Fireworks
But don't bother
To run for cover
You don't escape
On record
Compact disc or tape
Once you play it
The fuse is lit
An explosion
You gettin' hit
Rhythmic prophecies
Visions visions I forsee
Me blowin' up in your face
Now stop to see
Smoke fumes
In the shape of a mushroom
Cloud the room
Cause I went boom
I'll light the sky
Like halley's comet
When it comes to rap
I'm it
I'm blowin' up
I'm blowin' up
For the fans that crave
Hip hop with relevance
I'm here to save
Rap from an early grave
Like a God I gave
Life to the mic
As I watch it enslave
All the sellouts
Who yell out
Obscenities and spell out
Money to propell out
Of the ghetto

But like othello
You kill the mic
A cappella
You're in the rap cellar
You rap like
Rap is a dash for cash
You'll run out of gas
It's a marathon
How long can you last
With repetitious nothing
Renditions of something
You can't create
So you imitate the pumpin'
Only the strongest
Can last the longest
I last
My reign is the longest
In hip-hop history
Check the book
Victory after victory
Man look
Rappin' is a science
The mic is an appliance
So I applied it
To an alliance of words
Put 'em in a rhyme zone
Blow 'em up
Like a time bomb
Other emcees
Caugt the debris
Little bits and pieces of me
Put my ideas on
A track you laid
Is like pulling my pen
Like a grenade
I'm blowin' up
Clap
Your hands to that
Old track that brought back
The man that rap
Better than the next man
I take an ex-fan
And make 'em rock harder than any other can
Whoever didn't understand
My game plan
Should feel ashamed
Like a lame
Cause I'm the same man
That ran the rap yard for years
Worked hard for years
Never got paid slaved and starved for years

Then other rappers came off
With rhymes that were soft
I went with the flow
And you said that I fell off
Don't be bogus
Where's your focus
Did what I had to do to make you take notice
Now the dollar's rolling
No more holding
Back the rap attack I'm back on top controlling
The whole rap game again
Like I did way back when
Def jam was a dream I mean
I was slaying men
I opened my eyes realized and revised
How to get paid
Money was made
Cause I'm wise
Enough to do anything
So I did it
Weak rappers forget it
We've passed the time
Of the nickel and dime rhyme
The proof is in the pudding that's
Why I'm blowin' up
I'm blowin' up
Whoever thinks he wants some
He don't want none
He's got to be insane
Or plain dumb
But if you think
You got something to prove
Jump make your move
But come in a tank
And ten suits of armor
I won't whip ya
I'll bomb ya
When you're on fire
It still ain't enough
Cause I won't just bury you boy
I'll blow ya up