

Kool Moe Dee "I'm Blowin' Up"

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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

Caught 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

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