

## Les Humphries Singers

### "Under the Sun"

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Intro:

Da-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under  
the sun  
Wa-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under  
the sun  
Da-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under  
the sun  
Wa-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under  
the sun

Verse One:

All of that fuss was as my raps crushed  
niggaz to slush I bust rhymes to Ice like Just  
I spark thoughts, I get Biz to go off and  
smoke rappers, who can't blow up July 4th  
Jam, it runs in the fam when I slam  
Shaq-Attack, I Ja-pan like Ro-dan  
I rip sets and wreck and get lifted like a gym set  
Hit the deck, I get more milk than Wheat Chex  
Who am I? Joe Sinistr, come on down now  
Ron but I G, when I rock like Me Phi  
Fire drill, I burn rappers like Marshall Bill  
Licensed to Ill, my crew gets fresh like Chill Will  
I'm shit hot, I drop like sex in my 'plex  
I'm in deep some say it's similar to Loch Ness  
When I draw with my funk niggaz from the Yard  
They hit em hard, so EN GUARDE!!

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the sun  
Wa-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under  
the sun  
Da-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under  
the sun  
Wa-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples...

Verse Two:

The Big Bang, my dick hangs like Klu Klux

I'm too much, I rap sick like... niggaz with the lupus  
I got wears to the gears looka here  
I got more skills than, Cheers have beers  
I shoot bop pops, we call his cough drops  
It's Tojo, some say I'm more evil than the walla  
I start fume, my rap packs more than carpools  
I crack heads, like the Dead when they spark fools  
Cough in the record, nasty foul like Patti Austin  
Wanna be startin, I lose more kids than the  
orphan-G from straight up like, if you want beef  
I socks punks and wreck it from the jump like fair beats  
Beats, instant replay  
I got Flavor like the Units who led, Mr. DJ  
Who split the loose ends, Off and On like Trendz  
My rap bends, my god, kids, how I accent!!

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the sun  
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the sun

Verse Three:

Hellelllell yeahhh I get, more Fresh than Bel-Air  
My rap triggers, that pack more niggaz then welfare  
I got Speech, a-aight, I hit the temple I rock chrome  
Some say I'm not home like Mr. Wendal  
My nine's gonna bring you more drama than Tawana  
My rap blasts'll run through more track than Jack  
Horner  
Joe struck the puff, more Mighty than the Duck  
to get props, when I Wreck Shop like A-Plus  
Cos that's how I feel, I'm real, let's not deal  
But I shoot em up, to slang on pop steals  
I kick diction, I'm more hot than Hell's Kitchen  
Gates, The Man Without Face like Mel Gibson  
Weed fair, hit the Phillies lit I rap like a grip  
so rough, I gets it up for that chilly bitch  
My style rips reals, here's the deal  
Get out or, get killed like a fuckin soldier in Israel  
BITCH!!

Da-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under  
the sun  
Wa-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under  
the sun (Repeat to end)

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