

Chris Rock

"Rhymes Galore"

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Rhymes galore, rhymes galore
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Rhymes galore, rhymes galore
This for the motherfuckers out there on some real hip-hop shit

Yo, yo yo, mayday mayday, mayday mayday
Walk barefoot on niggaz like Kunta Kinte
(So, what you say?) What is you doin you walkin this way
I burn you like I'm smokin a chalice with El Da Sensei
I be designin fashion like Mark Buchanan, yes I keep it slammin
Shit just be bangin just like a loose cannon!
BLAOW!! You better park, niggaz I spark
Niggaz like sharp niggaz I stay up rippin shit apart
Niggaz float over water like Noah's Ark, niggaz cover yo' face!
And don't get caught up in the scene when it get dark niggaz
UHH, excuses me Mrs.! Sure to hit you with the fitness
Give you niggaz the sickest, jumpin Jehovah Witness
Beamin in on niggaz plottin and schemin
And steady dreamin on how they gon' do they double-teamin..
Fuck the bullshit, my nigga it be best you know 'bout it
before you get secret indicted, make me SLAP a nigga lopsided!
Hold up, son listen it be so beautiful
when we catch you like a nigga sold us too much pharmaceuticals!
(Come and get it quick) When Busta Rhymes be up in the place
Those who don't like GO get the dick I'LL give you a taste!
Aiyyo you need to just focus on my earth tremblin rhymes
that got me fillin in by the million
Fucka yo' opinion! Dominatin like Kings Dominion
Leanin on niggaz like we on motorcycles pop a wheelie an'

Ay-aiyyo-yo, number one roman numeral
Completing the executorial shit is usual
I ain't scared of ya! Takin all of yo' paraphernalia
That's my words on Mrs. Mahalia
I hope you know yo' best bet, is to get the FUCK out of
my area
before I rip you from out yo' interior
And hope you know you got to keep a corny nigga
smothered
Grab the gat off the cupboard
You never know when shit is safe so keep yo' face
covered!
While I be scorchin it, a lot of niggaz be lookin for
alternates
And still just lose they life that's so unfortunate
Trailblazin me, since my mother started raisin me
Hit you with the powerful shit that sometimes amazes
me
I create junkies just like "12 Monkeys"
Spreadin right throughout yo' block
Catchin suspects who thinkin they SO lucky
Loud and clear for those who cannot properly hear
Frequency so loud shatter couple a pair in yo'
chandelier
Now when I'm in the place, give me my space!
Nothin left for me to do, my niggaz blew up the place!
What the fuck..

Ha ha, I got rhymes galore, rhymes galore
Y'all, I got rhymes galore, rhymes galore
My Flipmode niggaz got rhymes galore, rhymes galore
Busta Rhymes got rhymes galore, rhymes galore
Aiyyo yo, we got rhymes galore
Yo we got rhymes galore, rhymes galore
Rhymes galore, rhymes galore, rhymes galore
Me and my Squad got rhymes galore!

Fuck that..

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