

## **Chubb Rock "Bonus Beat"**

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Chubb Rock:

Back in the days we wished to be a star  
Rap in the street, bang the beat on a car  
Swany D banged the hood so hard it would dent  
While Dave and Rob just invents  
A style so smooth and unique  
But then Rob went to school, Dave's on Wall Street  
With a suit and a tie, Rob has a book bag  
But deep in their hearts I knew they wished they had  
A chance to rap on the record heard on the radio  
I was making my second album and said, "Yo"  
No time to rehearse  
Yo, Rob, you're first  
To kick your text  
Homeboy, you're next

Rob Swinga:

This is Rob, first to rock the microphone  
To see all the chromosomes  
The DNA structure  
Will make you pucker  
Up your lips  
And say, "Boy, he's a trip"  
To Africa  
People want to go and laugh at ya  
Up you mighty race, you can accomplish what you will  
Cause I will kill  
The beat not the person, cause I don't I'll like that  
I just rap and attack  
It ain't wack  
I love being black  
But you're scared cause society went boo  
Don't judge me as one of the many, but one of few  
That will do  
Anything I have to do  
To open your mind because you're numb  
This is serious, but I won't extract the fun  
So when I kick it like karate  
Bite you like arare  
If you kiss your teeth  
There's beef  
I have a shotty

That's home waiting  
There's no escaping  
Bum, don't you know the sum of the parts is equal to  
whole  
And if you've got heart  
Check out the roughest part  
It's part two  
Dave it's on you  
To kick the text  
Homeboy, you're next

Dave:  
My rap is synonymous with perfection  
Suckers try to play me then they run for protection  
Think about it when it comes to the rhyming  
Originality, that with all the great timing  
Cause rapping with authority is the style that I am using  
So when you're at a party and you get to choosing  
The best  
I mean compared to the rest  
For style and class there is no contest  
I'm not offended  
Or pretending  
I'm just lending  
A bit of my rhyme and then I am sending  
A musical note to whom it may concern  
You wanna battle me, then you'll have to get burned  
Cause I'll meet you  
Beat you  
Over again  
Send you to the bar for a Heineken  
And then you'll come back for a rematch  
Or some haps until we kick it  
I'll say a fresh rhyme  
Of course you'll vick it  
Then I'll have to just beat you again  
I'll have to slay you  
Burn, broil, fry, and saut you  
Cause taking out a punk like you is pure fun  
I'll stick you with a fork when I think you're done  
So savor  
Cause I will not do you any favors  
And all these suckers out there just Flava Flav imitators

Chubb Rock:  
Yeah y'all  
No time to fall  
I'm gonna go to the top  
But I won't crawl  
Gonna jump and leap  
Not walk I'm gonna run

My pops is forty-five and I'm a son of a gun  
It's Chubb Rock  
If you was wondering who  
It's a collaboration merely of the two  
With Rob and Dave  
They both had a page  
We was all down back in the days  
Doug, Martin, Gary, Johnny, Stan  
Jamey, Danny, Tony, Ezra, and  
Derrick, Joe, Russell, Kurt, Louis Roddle  
Gene, Malcolm, Sean Fisher, and Donald  
And the others that lived on Troy  
This record goes out to my homeboy...  
Donny Battle

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