

Robert Palmer**"I don't like rock and roll"**

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Yo yo, man, whassup, man?
Whassup man, you sayin' Prince? Say Prince?
It's Schoolly D., man, we rap!
Code Money man, so whassup man?
[Man, let them know what time it is.]

Microphone living is a thing of the past
and all you long haired faggots can kiss my ass.
Started out rhymin' with DJ Lynn,
you fucked it all up when you let Michael in.
I'd rather be a day in land of the dog
then with some long haired tutti frutti running a mock.
Because rock and roll is all illusion,
comes to no basic conclusion.
Rap like jazz is not all fusion,
DJ, 1200's you know he's using.
I don't.
I don't.

Looking at my Gucci if you looking at yours,
five two point size in my court of force.
Hang out all night, keep girls real tight,
sippin' coqui 900, make me feel allright.
Met my main man Ski, looking for a bike,
till I get on the mic, make everything right.
Girl in my face, boy giving me static,
sat by my side, 38 automatic.
B-boy stands, she lies on a beat,
hang downtown on a market street.
So when the B-boys comin', we're comin' hard,
so all you long haired freaks better be on guard.
All you rock and roll lovers, we're knocking you out,
because that is what rap's all about.
I don't.
I don't.

Say it loud: "I love rap and I'm proud!"
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Chillin' one day, I met a girl named Beaver,
took her on the Ave, conquered some cheever.
Got real high as you will know,
thinking to myself while I rocked her so.
Didn't like microphone, said she loved rap,
so I told her: "Fly freak, sit upon my lap".
But I went too fast, gave me a slap,
but I looked into her face, gave her this rap.
When I rock a party, there is still a microphone
you can call me MC, you can call me on the phone.
Came into the party, checked out my face,
but you rock and roll lovers, get a girl in your face.
Cause I came into the party with my sneakers on,
right microphones, all night long.
Dance to the beat, because you know who's in charge,
no other MC's got this kind of song.
I don't.
I don't.

Def been mighty, rap all nighty,
chill out hard with my homeboy Tidy.
The beat ain't righty, for you and ladi,
we mean you ladi will have to party.
Not a rock and roller, but a mic controller.
I get bad, watch her and bone her.
The bitch ain't stroller, chill right, roll her.
You left your girl, but you know I stole her.
I don't.
I don't.

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