MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Midtown

"Bust the Facts"

Visit "Bust the Facts" on MotoLyrics.com

{"Here's a little story that must be told.."} Ahh yes yes y'all, and you don't stop {"Here's a little story that must be told.."} You're listenin to the sounds, of the best MC, in the world..

Koooooooooool KEITH! {*echoes*} {"Go off, and go off.."}

[Kool Keith]

MotoLyrics

I got a flyer in my hand, Bambaataa with Cold Crush The place is packed, with Johnny Wa and Rayvon Lovely ladies smellin sweet, with a lot of Avon Jazzy Jay by my side, Charlie Chase behind me Flash and Theodore, super cuts that blind me "Catch a Groove" is the rhythm, spinnin back and forth From the East and the Valley, swingin back up North towards the South Bronx, Euceda Park and Webster The speakers are pumpin, power bass is thumpin with the Ultramega amp, keepin pep up, jumpin From side to side, the double meters'll peak They had some good MC's, a lot of them, they was weak

They no style with no metaphor, no voice to speak Melle Mel had the best rhymes, rankin with Caz Kool Moe tried to get down, but I made him sit down with that metaphor quickness, you bite and you bit this Stop and go turn, see the flame and go burn to ashes to ashes, dust to dust Seven years later toy you still crusty crust Your old rhymes are rust, very dirty and dusty And under your arms you're kickin power and musty Get out of my way, and let the rhythm path roll Let me run up the charts, freak a rhyme turn gold while you're listenin, I throw a buzz in your ear Bust the facts!

{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}
{"Let's rock, get bigger.."}
{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}
{"Let's rock, get bigger.."}
{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}

{"Let's rock, get bigger.."}

Now swing your partner around, dosey-dosey like musical chairs and ring around the rosie The party you pace see, Kool Herc with J.C. The Herculoids battle, The Disco Twins Funky rhymes with breakbeats, the DJ spins for the L Brothers, steppin right in the scene Mean Gene was maxin, Rockin Rob went to work While the tables would turn, the old needles used to jerk

with the belt drive, Technics and B-1's with the orange light shinin, the red on D-1's Direct drive and Nova, I'm chillin with G.L.O.B.E. Mr. Biggs and Pow-Wow, Monk and Superman Pullin out that Olde E, that funky funky 40 ounce Ikey C from Cosmic, the bass bottom bounce Red Alert in the booth, the T-Connection to mix Silly rabbit.. you know my style has Trix to go on, to the next line, to the break of dawn while I move up step, to the early early morn with a hip-hop drink and some rhyme popcorn Never smokin or sniffin or ever jokin or riffin because it's time to plex more, and rhyme fantastic Donald Rock and Whipper Whip, neither rapper was plastic

Back in the days, you had to be so sarcastic to stretch out a rhyme, and make it double elastic You learn new jack, step back and be wack You know what time it is boy, and every mic I smoke Bust the facts!

```
{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}
{"Let's rock, get bigger.."}
{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}
{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}
{"Let's rock, get bigger.."}
{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}
{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}
```

Later on at the Boys Club, while Tom excel I got a name for your brain that surely rings a bell Patti Duke had the nice hands, swift with Billy Boy Playin James Brown records, you stupid you silly boy Bongo Rockin, hard where the rhythm go You fake and pass, Busy Bee give and go to the AJ Scratch, a funky beat that matched with a two-second break, that was hard to catch DST was mixin, slicin with his elbows Freakin the wheels, loopin rhymes, here we go

to the master faster, speed up and go faster Turn my JVC to mega power and blast the Mario tape, yes The Disco King with the b-side The Funky Drums, no new jack swing Happy rappers with polka dots, were bound to get stuck You had the Zulus the Nine crew, you're pushin your luck The Casanovas was maxin all scheamin to duck You had The Black Spades, plus The Savage Skulls Gangbangin was over, neither crew is exist They got a job and a wife, a pretty woman to kiss So on the rhymes kept rollin, straight up into disco Eddie Cheeba was sweet G, and back up to Cisko And freaker Islam, with the Great Love Squids Spinnin high-top beats, can you check it, you dig Kool Keith out smokin, my lyrics are hot Bust the facts!

```
{"Innovative.."}
{"Let's rock, get bigger.."}
{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}
{"Let's rock, get bigger.."}
{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}
{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}
{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}
```

Visit <u>Midtown</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.