

## Midtown

### "Bust the Facts"

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

[Kool Keith]

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

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

