

Speech DeBelle

"Studio Backpack Rap"

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Wanna hear him rap, he do it drop of a hat
It's all in his bag, studio back pack rap
They, they call it, studio back pack rap
They, they call it, studio back pack
She can hear the beat from the sound of her feet
When she reach of the street
She plug it into it
they call it, they call it studio back pack rap
They, they, they call it, studio back pack rap

He rocking with the laptop, Macbook Pro
Cracked version of Logic but he soon Pro Tools
True, Cubase kinda old school
Although he got the kicks that are old school
I can see him, as he gaze at the ceiling
He got that sneaky feeling he's gone give it to the
nation
His biggest inspiration is his own imagination
'Cause when it comes to rules, he don't have the
patience
So he got the USB keyboard that's fresh a bigger man
woulda say
"hot of a de press"
He be bless, he does with finesse
he damn near molests, he should arrested
He rocking hard neck breaking to the beat
Head phones head down like a lesbian
He's on his wa wa ones having so much fun
He's a new age thespian

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Internal mixing desk, external hard drive, eternal

concept she bad
She got the bright colour high tops with the long bob
She got the future of the world on her iPod
Her plug-ins are good loving
That's why she got a banging ass beat in the oven, turn
it up
Can't get enough, cant, can't get enough
She knows the words to the world's best lyrics
"It was all a dream"
She used to read Smash Hits Magazine
But now she smashes crashes on the keys
Kicks on quantize just like woola
And mix that one time she is a star yea
She rocking hard neck breaking to the beat
headphones head down like a lesbian
She's on his wa wa ones, having so much fun she's a
new age thespian

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