

## DJ Format

### "The Hit Song feat. MC Abdominal"

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[Cut in Voice]

People always asking me, man how do you make a hit record, well heres what I do

[Abdominal]

Pulling the king and the seven and I'm feeling lucky, So I was like hit me

At which point my phone rang, and it hit me

That I had mentioned to format he should hit me

Off on the cell I put my cards down and hit the..talk button

"Andy, it's Matt, let me ask you something mate

I've just come from london you know we're meeting with the label

They seem to want another hit, are you available?"

I was like dude, you know what to do

Peruse through a few new beats and promptly hit me

Out with a beat tape or better yet a disc so when I'm writing I can swiftly

Rewind the hittin' drums, couple of weeks of hits I'll have written some

And I'll be kickin them, just as soon as I can hit eng-uh-land

I hope that my plane won't be swingin from, hittin turbulence

Or else I'll be hit with disturbances

Down in my gut, you know nervousness

But when we safely hit terra-firma it's

Only right the first thing we hit our palms together

Because that's been the hiphop greeting like for forever

After that I'll probably wanna hit the mic booth

Adjust the mic, so I don't hit my right tooth

Once I hit my comfort level, hit record

And soon enough we'll have another, hit record

In fact even though the song isn't done

By my count that was 18 hits alone

And it's only verse number one

[start chorus]

I use the word hit in many said senses

Listen how many hits I manage to condense in the first  
verse

In the second I'm trying to rhyme as many words I can  
find that sound like (hit!)

In the last third verse, titillating metpahors

example: I write more hits than mascot hit samples

[end chorus]

Abs and Format, not doing what others did, (step in  
studio, produce yet another hit)

[Same Cut In Voice]

Alright, I want you to listen to this next little verse  
and if you feel like it sing along

And if you don't wanna sing along, maybe you can clap  
your hands

[Abdominal]

As I sit, infinite scripts, like a list, it's from the tip of a  
bic

Much betwixt my digits less, strictly from the itty bit of  
sunlight

That manage to slip between the curtains thin slits,  
(hits)

Its illumination adequate, to the point that I can refrain  
from hitting electric switches

Which is a good thing, because it prevents my hydro  
bill from reaching up to fever pitches

I'll keep it simply lit, my raps exhibit wit, which would  
even shine through in egyptian crypts

Ill equipped, and resist that stupidly step to this,  
surrender forfeit

Shit nit wit quit twit pit sing first versus the verses that  
this kid spits

Insist to persist, you'll cease to exist

So cease and desist, or meet with my fist

Specifically your lips, because that's the gist when you  
enlist abs for hits

[chorus]

Abs and Format, musical brothers kid, (step in the  
studio, produce yet another hit)

See I got hits kid, so many hits, (how many hits ya  
got!?), lots

Exemplary metaphors, let me select a few

More hits than when you play blackjack with a deck of  
twos

More hits than latin percussionists administered to  
wood blocks

More hits than jimmy dropped at woodstock

I'm not kidding  
I'm responsible for more hits than workaholic mafia  
hitmen  
I need to make hits in the worst way  
Hitting harder than a family of starving, steroid-  
injected Mexican quintuplets  
Armed with crowbars smacking the shit out of a candy-  
filled piñata  
on their birthday - only hits when I write  
More hits than Germans surfing fetish websites  
Yo, that is a lot of hits.  
More hits than Barry Bonds playing slow pitch, in a  
disabled seniors league  
More hits than -goldoply?- the enforcer on a typical  
hockey team  
Instinctively you wince, from this flurry of hits  
But if your still unconvinced, a last example but then I'll  
be finished  
More hits than Roy Jones Junior in a ten-round bare-  
fisted cage match versus  
A sleep deprived, blindfolded richard simmons

[chorus]

Abs and Format, we hit you like your mother did  
(step in the studio, produce yet another hit)

[Cut In Voice]

That's all, c'mon, that's all, that's all, that's all  
that's allll, that's all, that's alllllll I need  
To make a hit record...  
Look at that money flowin' in....

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