

DJ Format

"The Hit Song"

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[Cut in Voice]

People always asking me, man how do you make a hit record, well here's 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 he put my cards down and hit these... hot buttons

'-Matty?-' it's matt let me ask you something mate

I 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 and 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 tempa 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

But just 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?- tenses

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, -hitilating?- metpahors

example: I write more hits than mascot hit samples

[end chorus]

Abs and Format, not doing what others did, (step in studio, it's just 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)

It's 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

I'll 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 just where -nicholas afra?- hits

[chorus]

Abs and format, musical brothers kid, (step in the studio, it's just 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 administer 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 pinata
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?- in force or 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 barefisted cage match versus

A sleep deprived, blindfolded richard simmons

[chorus]

Abs and format, we hit you like your mother did
(step in the studio, it's just 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...

They straight K-Tel wheras he be cold chilling
Steady knocking fillings outta mouths of super-villains
And then charging 'em for dental repairs
Lay em down gently in the dental chair
Fasten the bib, a real no-brainer

Next step in the procedure administer the novacaine
Or better yet a more effective anaesthetic

Like a pint of chilled rubbing alcohol for the vocally pathetic
Once theyre snorin the work commences by this
Blood-splattered, demented dentist

Dr. Abdominal extracting tongues, rendering wack rappers dumb

Some who look like they got a bit of endurance
Also get their lips sewn shut for assurance

I know it sounds harsh but he can't be sympathetic
In his war against the wackness it's an epidemic
Spreading over cities nations and continents

Abdominal heaven-sent antidote, through dopeness
With a 'M' on my chest, for microphonist

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