

Rahzel "Carbon Copy"

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I can't stop
(I really don't care about those other carbon copies)
(Don't stop, Bobby, don't stop)
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Yo, I'm the microphone champion
Any stage you get me on or let me on
My ambition is one step beyond
Then my song is a correspond with the audience

Experience the Renaissance, my resonance is really on
Wonder Twin, powers activate
Put the tape on, I can take on any shape, form
Size or weight, shape of Activation Voltron

Imagine all the microphones in the world, I spit it on
Imagine the next MC step to, me gettin' shitted on
You can even ask the girl about the bed we did it on
I hit it from the back to Marvin Gaye's, 'Let's Get it On'

Don't get it wrong, give it a thong, she put it on, in
uniform
Sippin' Don Perioigne, Shawn Don, fillet mignon
Long horns stick and move until the cameras come on
Until the cameras are gone, from there on, dusk till
dawn

Get your grind on, now put your panties back on
Thank you for your cooperation
Rahzel, on your Hot ninety-seven station

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Oh, what's wrong Rahzel?
You're trying to sing?
Don't worry baby, when you grow up
You're gonna be a star

Yo, I'm one of the illest vocalists to ever turn the mic on
Let me download my sound, catalog the microns
Turn your website on
W W W dot transmission d-d-dot sitcom

Got your girl, buck, naked on the cover, right on
3D, visually enhanced on your CDROM
EPROM, erasable, programmable and only
Memory accesible, when you're pc's on

We can battle for your soul like Ki Yong Song
We can battle for your girl like Rae Dawn Chong
Yo, you're mother's so fat, she wears a three piece
thong
Made of polyester cryllic, rip stop, nylon

With a skully cap that stretches three feet long
98 degrees outside, with a sheepskin on
I play you and your mom like Donkey Kong
Check this out

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Yo, we got the hottest, wildest fiber optic
Double O seven, James Bond, talkin' in your watch, shit
Watch this, Baywatch shit
Topless, there's no way you could stop this, spotless

Keep the flame up in the cockpit
[Incomprehensible] on some New Kids on the Block shit
My worse, man is nothin' but profit
While you keep secrets and gossip

The Officer, the Gentleman
Chiseled out, President, call me Lou Gosset
This is for the players who pop shit
Frontin' like you got shit

PHD, without the doctrate
If it wasn't for break beats, you'd be rhymin' over my
shit
Often transformin' on stage, the Super DJ
Two thousand beats per minute, with an arcade

Round one, fight, Street Fighter 3, pro tours with an
upgrade
Call the paramedics to Fedex some first aid
My cahlistenics, been magnetic since first grade
We can battle in the doorway or the hallway

We can take the shit to the street, off and on Broadway
We can battle where you buy your cheap ass clothes
In front of Comway
We can battle in the passenger seat of your
motherfuckin' Hyundai

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Keep it movin', what
(We're movin' on)
Keep it movin', what
(It's time to get down)

Keep it movin', what
(We're movin' on)
Keep it movin', what

(It's time to get down)

Keep it movin', keep it movin', come on
(We're movin' on)
(It's time to get down)

Keep it movin', keep it movin', come on
(We're movin' on)
(It's time to get down)

Rahzel, Roots crew, what, yeah
(We're movin' on)
(It's time to get down)
Uh huh, break it down what, Ice diggy
(We're movin' on)
(It's time to get down)
Hollis crew, Irv Gotti, what

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