

MC Hawking

"Bitchslap"

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Doomsday, bring the funk
Oh yeah
Yo
Ah
Check this shit out

I roll straight pimping to the room of my lecture
Prepared to enrapture students with a mixture
Of hard-ass science and smooth-ass rhyme
So fat you can't fit in my class sometimes
I'm early, popping wheelies in the hall
Showing off the hydraulics to the hotties enthralled
With the Hawk, and yo who can blame them
I only got one thing larger than my brainstem
One asks, How big are your rims?
The answer's in my lap, the girl hopped in
I cruise down to my appointed destination
Dropped the hottie in the front row, said be patient
Now I'm rolling the chair with the bass turned up
See my bitch T.A. got my latte in a cup
I'm like fuck, I said mocha only
I'll smack you so hard your ghost will be lonely

He says
No offense Doctor H but your keyboard challenges your
dexterity
And I think more challenging still would be your rising
to the occasion
Readying the back of your hand bent in swift
administration

Now I'm consumed with rage
I say, I oughta bitchslap every last T.A.

He says
Yeah you should
Wish you could
But the arms you got don't extend that good

I just smile as if all is forgiven
But the glint in my eye betrays he is living

On time that's borrowed that I'll soon collect
When I teach a hard lesson in cause and effect
Bitch thinks he's funny showing off for his peers
He's a newbie T.A. who does not know the fear
And respect that is due to the Hawk and his crew
But he'll learn that and more by the time I'm through

(Chorus)

He'll get a bitch slap
Oh snap
Punk motherfucker ain't worth a cap
And his ass flat
Proved that
No need for the gat or the baseball bat
Just a bitch slap
Oh snap
Punk motherfucker ain't worth a cap
And his ass flat
Proved that
How'd I ever get a bitch T.A. like that?
Bitch slap

Stayed up late that night yo very busy
Got shizzy to dizzy-dazzle in the laboratizzy
Servos, motors, chains and gears
Mechanisms the purpose of which is unclear
Got all I need - my brain and a screwdriver
The Hawk rocks inventing, fuck MacGyver
I got in mind a practical design
For a device to help keep T.A.s in line

Next day all is ready the punk is oblivious
No concept of how doomed he already is
Cup in hand again the wrong flavor
I pause as he smirks, so as I can savor
The moment then I say, bitch I said mocha
Now you get a slapping

T.A. said

No sir

I don't believe that I'll receive one of those from you
But if you posit otherwise let's see what you can do

I was cool, made sure he understood
Then hit the button labeled 'extend that good'
With a whiz and a whir, unfolding from the chair
Came the robot arm shooting up into the air
Wound back with a click then aimed at the bitch
Steel palm chrome knuckle on the back side switch
It connected with the T.A.s head velocity high yo
Kinetic transferred to his pie hole

His head snapped back
His neck went crack
He stood for a moment then his legs went slack
My other T.A.s who'd been grinning when he spoke
Got a serious expression on their faces so
I just rolled real slow on up to the lectern
The lesson today, the Hawk can wreck your
Whole shit so don't test
Or I'll put you on the list to get bitch slapped next

(Chorus)

Bitch slap
Ah yo
MC Hawking kicking it with MC Frontalot
Let this be a lesson to all you punk bitches out there
The Hawk can wreck your -- shit, so don't test
Aight we be --
Peace

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