

# Rhymefest "Dynomite"

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[scratched: "Dy-no-mite!"]  
Just Blaaaaze!

[Rhymefest]

Wait hold the phone, muh'fucker pass the mic  
Spread the word like Pastor Ike, this ain't mass but like  
We ain't congregatin, mashin tonight  
The boys in blue, I'll show you what the brass is like  
The perfect storm, like when disaster strike  
Or Knievel when he crashed his bike  
I'm the ashy type, like the knuckles on an inmate locked  
up  
'Cept I stay on the grind, my "Blue Collar" popped up  
Blue collar rap, why I call it that?  
Shit I know my real niggaz that U-Haul done hauled  
back  
You ain't a stand up man? Well you fall and crawl back  
You a long distance thug, the fuck you call that?  
See - this is how a track should pound  
And if King was alive this is how he would sound  
"You a soft-ass nigga, you a mark, you a gump  
Fuckin lame, you a coward, you a punk, you a  
chuuump"

[Chorus]

I'm the light, I'm the fuse, Rhyme-F-E-S-T  
I'm {"Dy-no-mite!"}  
Niggaz runnin for cover from the fallin debris  
I'm {"Dy-no-mite!"}  
Explosive, nigga blowin up the streets  
I'm {"Dy-no-mite!"}  
I'm the keg, I'm the powder, I'm the fuse, I'm the lighter  
If it look like a fire I'm {"Dy-no-mite!"}

[Rhymefest]

You would never stand the challenge  
What the preacher preachin what the teacher taught  
I dropped out of school, stayed on the street and  
fought  
Like Disciples! Jeffrey manner to be exact  
Where how you wear yo' hat made you prone to attack  
Made you, made you, made you go and get a strap

And keep you bustin 'til your enemies was gone from  
the map  
Like a killer or a man or a giant when I stand  
Open my palm bitch, I got the world in my hand  
Got a gun and a plan, I got the bible and the Qu'ran  
I got a bomb like I live in Iran  
I got niggaz to ride with me, hold me down in the street  
And deep down I wonder if they the beast, I mean  
I mean the police, the feds that police them street  
Get in the studio, then try to influence my speech  
Like a rat stool pidgeon or a mark or a gump  
Fuckin lame, you a coward, you a punk, you a chump

[Chorus]

[Rhymefest]

You would sell your own momma for a piece of a crumb  
A piece of the crunk, that ain't even where you from  
Youse a follower (what~!) that's right, a fuckin follower  
Probably wearin a wire, so I don't even talk to ya  
You think these niggaz is thugs, they officers  
Call the oficers, tell 'em get 'em officers, 'fore I show  
you  
'Bout a killer or a man or a giant when I stand  
Open my palm bitch, I got the world in my hand  
Got a gun and a plan, I got the Torah and the Qu'ran  
I got your toddler in the back of a van  
I got a hostage and a list of demands, I gotta gotta  
'bout a thousand dollars say you couldn't sit where I  
stand  
All these niggaz that spit threats, hoes that get wet  
My style's runnin to the toilet, you ain't seen shit yet  
Yet, yet and still I keep it hot like, Mexican meals  
I got a Cadillac stretch Deville  
I can show you how to flip for real  
Gangsters don't hold the rock, but they know how to  
flip it and chill  
Dime bag-ass niggaz ain't large  
When the Patriot Act come hit they ass with the terrorist  
charge  
And we, is what they made it fo'  
You think it's all about Arabs? It's a war on the po', we  
gotta go  
Like a killer or a man or a giant when he stand  
Open your palm bitch, we got the world in our hand

[Chorus]

[explosion]

