

{"Let's rock, get bigger.."} }

Now swing your partner around, dosey-dosey
like musical chairs and ring around the rosie
The party you pace see, Kool Herc with J.C.
The Herculooids battle, The Disco Twins
Funky rhymes with breakbeats, the DJ spins
for the L Brothers, steppin right in the scene
Mean Gene was maxin, Rockin Rob went to work
While the tables would turn, the old needles used to
jerk
with the belt drive, Technics and B-1's
with the orange light shinin, the red on D-1's
Direct drive and Nova, I'm chillin with G.L.O.B.E.
Mr. Biggs and Pow-Wow, Monk and Superman
Pullin out that Olde E, that funky funky 40 ounce
Ikey C from Cosmic, the bass bottom bounce
Red Alert in the booth, the T-Connection to mix
Silly rabbit.. you know my style has Trix
to go on, to the next line, to the break of dawn
while I move up step, to the early early morn
with a hip-hop drink and some rhyme popcorn
Never smokin or sniffin or ever jokin or riffin
because it's time to plex more, and rhyme fantastic
Donald Rock and Whipper Whip, neither rapper was
plastic
Back in the days, you had to be so sarcastic
to stretch out a rhyme, and make it double elastic
You learn new jack, step back and be wack
You know what time it is boy, and every mic I smoke
Bust the facts!

{"Yes yes y'all.."} {"Innovative.."}
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Later on at the Boys Club, while Tom excel
I got a name for your brain that surely rings a bell
Patti Duke had the nice hands, swift with Billy Boy
Playin James Brown records, you stupid you silly boy
Bongo Rockin, hard where the rhythm go
You fake and pass, Busy Bee give and go
to the AJ Scratch, a funky beat that matched
with a two-second break, that was hard to catch
DST was mixin, slicin with his elbows
Freakin the wheels, loopin rhymes, here we go

