

DMX F/ Drag-On, Swizz Beatz**"Chorus Line Pt. 2"**

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[Kool Keith]

Can you funk with it? (3X)

Rappers wanna step on the X, then go to shit
I got the mic in my hand and well equipped
Usin my style for a firm set of action
MC's beware, the club windows I'm bashin
Throwin rhymes and bombs and some cocktails
You better move quick, but not slow snails
I get smooth on daddy and granddaddy
Why? Cause I'm the great grandfather
MC in motion, G as in go left
Rhymin on off-beat, the X is so death-defyin
Super scrubs keep tryin
You wanna bite like a pit? I'll be the lion
I'll chew your ass like monkees on wild kingdom
And look at birds and bees that come sting them
Time after time, rhyme after rhyme
Cause you ain't jack shit, not even a dime
A nickel and penny, a one dollar bill
How can you break wild and tell brothers to chill
You ain't the man to move and stop the cannonball
No matter how you run hide, it's gonna land and fall
straight on your brain, the X'll drop rocks
Leave a rapper with mumps and chicken pox
Standin still and stiff like a mannequin
Bloody Kotex and sweat, and start panickin
I'm dissin rappers like Damon on Living Color
You need my help on the stage? I'm not your mother
father, son, your pissy little cousin
Suckers are crabs, I grab em all by the dozen
You think you're hard with them hats and all that black
on
You're not scarin the X, yo bring the wack on
I load the mic up and bust like a mack 10
while my DJ go wild, do a backspin
Kick em down, one two, flights of four stairs
This ain't no sample or break from Roy Ayers
I'm just a convict, skippin the prison line
Yo, I'm on the chorus line

[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] Flipmaster, bust your rhyme

Yeah.. my funkiest deep down from the underground
down in the Bronx, this is the FUNK

[Ced Gee]
Yo melody change up, grip on the beat right
I come correct hit hard like a fist fight
I thank God for pavin the ways
for writin these dope rhymes, and rappers I slaid
I'm kickin the rhymegram, as dope as I can and
to make you say god damn, Gee's got a hype jam
To crush a punk and make em beg for mercy
Because he's nothin, he can't touch me
The metaphor master, has to blast ya faster
You wanna step in my way, then I'll smash ya
You see you're a bit slow, your flow's out of sync bro
You rhyme like a weasel, my rhymes are cock diesel
So step if you really feel cocky
and I'll flip and bash your skull like Rocky
Call you Bullwinkle, snatch your gameplan
You played out son like Dudley Captain Caveman
Set you down, explain you can't go far
You rhyme kinda country like some shit out of Hee-Haw
Ced Gee and I'm flexin my wrath
Takin rappers by one, cold BUSTIN that ass
So now you know exactly what's the time
I'm cold illin on the new chorus line

[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[C.Gee] Yo Tim Dog, bust your rhyme

Yo, man it's the man himself
The motherfuckin illegal alien one
Yo comin up next is Tim Dog
Yo Dog, eat them motherfuckers

[Tim Dog]
Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh, comin at cha
with a funky rhyme that'll sure nuff catch ya

Get fat, get slow, get high, get LOW
but you still can't BLOW
Rhythm is smashin whippin ass is a passion
Suckers that keep clashin break em like glass and
{*crashing glass*} you just shatterin
Fuck with Tim Dog, well you know you're not badder
than
I'm rich and thick, you're "cup of noodles"
My rhymes are hardcore when you're rubber like doo
doo
Step back, ease back and just listen
I'm dissin, all suckers that keep wishin
Rhyme and rhyme, with the rhyme, bring another
rhyme
Get another rhyme, bring a rhyme, let your mother
rhyme
Steppin to the A.M., steppin to the P.M.
Steppin to the bus while I'm ridin in the B.M.
vrrroom vrrroom You see me jettin right by
with the fly latin girl in my ride
You gettin jealous? You shouldn't be jealous
Let me ask the fellas - hey fellas
why is he jealous, jockin me and my fly ride?
You really really really wanna get inside
You wanna riff but I got the gift that come swift
and ain't got time for that BULLSHIT
Pulsate devastate and innovate
Suckers that think they're great I just mutilate
Tim Dog, comin back with the rhyme
Fuckin up shit on the chorus line

[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] It's a chorus line
[Ultra] It's a chorus line!
[Tim D] T.R., yeah, bust your rhyme!

I think the track is very complicated
I don't know, any place that will accept the track like
this
We can't deal with that stuff, it's too tight

[T.R. Love]
Back again, comin off on a hype track
The man is back again, cause it's like that
BLACK, matter of fact, in death react
combat, motherfuckers don't want that
style, rip it up style, catch a fill it up style
Freestyle, so buckwild

I got the style you want to hear
Who's next? You better fear
T.R., the super S-T-A-R, like a Czar
In control, by far
Cruisin, like a Benz or a Jaguar
Boss your Audi, like John Gotti
So like my man whose name is..
Make a move? I'll make you famous
And if you choose to step to this, you get next to this?
Remember the Exorcist
I wrap rappers like my man named bolo
Take out a city, like Chernobyl
I'm greatly underrated, highly elevated
To serve and destroy, is how I demonstrate it
To keep grooves and move to soothe and prove
fans and guests performers I amuse
To teach and reach, anyone or anybody
A fan will grab my hand and wants to join the party
I got skills and style for each and every time..
.. on the chorus line!

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