

## Key Kool and Rhettmatic

### "Can U Hear It"

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Well so many people listen to rap nowadays

But so many people don't even know what the raps are saying

You say oh man this track is fat but when I ask

What do you think about my raps your reply is (huh? what?)

Cause all you hear is bluh bluh bluh bluh bluh bluh bluh

You don't check the lyrical flows you don't check the lyrical content

For all you care I could just be flowing nonsense

Over the beats cause they move you

You wanna groove but you don't even know what you're grooving to

Waving your hands back and forth, shouting the hook lines

But never really understanding my rhymes

Oblivious, even though I'm giving you this

Definition of how you shouldn't be missing this

Don't act like you know when you don't know the lyrics

So tell me one thing, can you hear it?

HOOK x 2:

Can you hear it? (huh?)

Can you hear it? (what?)

Can you hear it? (huh?)

Can you hear it? (what?)

Can you hear it? (huh?)

Can you hear it? (what?)

And if you can't hear it say (huh? what?)

Well so many suckers out there are too quick to diss

Cause everything they hear an automatic diss

Diss this diss that what's up with that

Why does everything you hear got to be wack, yup

How'd you like that rap (it's wack)

How'd you like that track (it's wack)

Well how about the scratch (wack wack wack)

You're calling me junk, before you even listen

Does it make you feel good cause you're dissin

You don't feel good bout yourself so you're puttin other  
people down

But you can't relate to the state of mind I'm in

You gotta begin to realize that

You gotta analyze before you criticize

So pour yourself a bowl of new material like cereal

Take a big spoonful and savor the flavor

And just digest and manifest what the group's about

And if you chuck, hock pooh! then spit it out

So unlock your brain til you have that spirit

Well tell me now yo, can you hear it?

HOOK x 2

So many people try to claim that rap is not music  
They say we take the notes and the chords and abuse it  
They always talking trash, dissin on a mission  
Just because we don't fit in the musical definition  
But we're constantly creating, putting beats together  
Thinking up more ways to make the music sound more  
clever  
Evolving and evolving every thing that we can think of  
And we're rising yes we're rising yes we're rising up  
above  
The limits and the walls where they said we would fall  
But now in the 90's, hiphop is standing tall  
But we gotta keep progressing, encourage innovation  
Strive for unity within the hiphop nation  
So play it loud and proud, you need to turn it up  
Or if you're in your ride, let it bump in your trunk  
And if you get a ticket, so what, you can clear it  
So if you see the man, say what up, can you hear it

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