

# Vanilla Ice

## "You've Got to Look Up"

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(performed by derek b)

To the people in the front  
And all the people in the back row  
Nice to see y'all jammin left to  
Right toe to toe

No more introductions you know  
Who I am  
If you don't I couldn't really  
Give a damm!  
So just slide to the glide of the  
Rhyme in motion  
Or rock to the rhythm of this magic potion

To have an opinion, not to follow a crowd,  
Brothers and sisters say it loud  
Not here to depress, only to stress  
Yes, we can all get out of this mess  
My license revoked, people think I choked,  
Try to hange me with the rope, but nope,  
See I'm too dope.

Chorus  
Everybody  
You've gotta look up  
You've gotta  
Everybody  
Don't ever look down  
Don't let them put you down

With a bang the bass kicks once again,  
I'll repeat myself try to tell you again  
No, not a politician or an  
Obstitrician  
Just a down young man who watches and  
Listens

Weary of the system tryin to rip us off  
So they let you use drugs so your mind goes soft  
Confused, amused at what the papers say  
Never get their facts straight anyway

'cos I've lived through the night of a 1000 knives  
Watched journalistic murder with  
My damn eyes  
Seen 'em make, take, break many peoples lives  
Fillin up the public with nothing but lies  
Livin in a class segregated nation  
Gutter press, comicbooks, mind information  
Try to keep me quiet just sittin in the corner  
But my name is derek b  
Not little jack horner.

Chorus x 2

The plot thickens as the rhyme goes on  
Can you hear "woo yea" anywhere  
In this song  
Let me take a breath, let me get some space  
Hold tight let's kick in the bass,  
Out of fourth gear rhyme in to cruise,  
Lyrical language, bring you more news

If you have no ambition, no heart, or gold  
No ambition no heart no soul  
Gotta play to win no second place  
Why do you think they call this the human race

Don't wanna be classified or be trendy  
Don't like junkfood especially wendy's  
No ad in no mag tells me what to wear  
Or for that matter what to do with my hair  
Not a hip house or hip hop just my kinda song  
Delivered by the young black capricorn.

Chorus

Life is much bigger than colour and greed  
So slow down and on't feed your greed  
Everyman for himself that's not the way to go  
Stick together then we'll all go  
One world one colour one people as we dance  
Get on the dancefloor  
Now is your chance to express yourself by the way you  
move  
The rhyme.... ambassador here's my groove

Chorus x 2

Written by d. boland  
Produced by: nyc & costello  
Programmed by: d. carter & nyc & costello  
Mixed and engineered by hot black four

Recorded at: matrix studios, uk  
Mixed by gail "sky" king at soundworks, new york  
Engineered by hugy dwyer at soundworks, new york

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