

Cult of SNAP!

Snap!

Groove is quick but thick no trick words manifest
Lyrics I lick (hype as hype and SNAP made it hyper)
 Beat to the brain like a bullet from a sniper
 When the loser smooth like a cruiser
 Beat the beat down I'm the big bruiser
 On to off to off on and on
 This is the new-new breed of rap song
 To the T.O.P tes the top I rock the spot hot
 To be or not to be yes it'll be MC Turbo B
 (yes to the groove yes it's party)
 Peace of mind
 Time to unwind
 Trip and dip slip the hip now grip
To the Techno house of hip'Cause this is the cult of SNAPHard to hold It's burning cold
 We make the jam broke the mold So it can't be sold
 Took the vic stolen taken
 Move to the groove dancefloor shakin'
 Up and down you're spinning around
 You check the sound ,hands in the air, feet on the ground.
 Party hard , hard not to party moving close (body to body)
 I for one the only son the only child
 Not mild but the kid is wild
 Code name is Turbo B
 Jam, jump, jump, jump, jump, and jam
 The cult of SNAP
 And SNAP is in command
 To the point correct and exact
 This is the cult of SNAP

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