

# (who Says) Rock Is Dead

## Presence

Enter my Delorean time machine  
back to the future we go  
to explore the rock scene  
all the while  
my style's McFly  
even when I die  
big props to L.I.  
South Bronx  
Bedstuy  
Bacdaf\*cup  
this ain't Onyx  
pave the way for Dr. Dre and his Chronic  
the Gravediggaz ebonically demonic  
Nasty Nas and his supersonic phonic  
K-R-S-One Attack  
with the Boom Bap  
on the scene in Queens with Kool G Rap  
LA back in the day  
a Hundred Miles And Runnin  
forever gunnin with NWA  
[Chorus]Who says rock is dead  
are you ready to bang your head  
c'mon yeah  
who says rock is dead  
bang your head  
enough said  
Imagination is the key to be  
I let my mind fly free  
the second coming of the white emcee  
settin forth a prerequisite  
I know you're tryin to get with this  
amazin caucasian persuasion  
always on some next shit  
perpetual rhyme delivery  
an enigmatic mystery  
you know I'm fit to be  
goin down in history  
Biggie Smalls and Tupac we mourn  
now behold Jay Slim

another legend is born

Headbangin and slangin as I enter the Wu-Tang

Hoo-Bangin with the Westside Connect gang

Respect is Hard To Earn like my paycheck

Protect Ya Neck

from the blast of the Tek & Steele

Bucktown

Duck Down

just tryin to B-Real like Cypress Hill

with my License To Ill

I Kill At Will

word to Rakim

yo it's Time To Build

[Chorus]I flow about what I know

in the process try to grow

no I've never been to the ghetto

and I'll probably never go

the wrath of an intelligent white kid with a mic gripped tight

a lyrical fight ensues

you lose

gave ya brain blacks & blues

knocked ya out

stole ya shoes

hit a spliff and took another sip of the booze

shut yer yapper

I'm the cracker rapper that's makin all the rules

refuse and I'll prepare your moms for the bad news

[Bridge]Some call it a fad

it's a natural evolution of music

a few abuse it

I refuse to lose it

it's part of my heart

it's for the kids

not the music critics to tear it apart

I'm calling it the Peter Pan Theory

you can keep that lo-fi throwback crap 'cause I don't want it near me

and if ya can't hear me/start a band with "t-h-e" and you too can be a flash in the pan ? can't forget the Outkast

Goodie Mo-B

the D-O-double-G

so shall I Proceed

to rock the mic like MOP

Run-DMC

a Tribe called Hip-Hop will always run through me

[Chorus]

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