Unite

Ann Scott

Goin' off the hook like Latrell Spreewell
I've got the ill technique so you know me fe well
We be kickin' bass all up in your face
And when it comes to beats, well, I'm the rhythm ace
Now if you check my pulse, it beats skull snaps
I keep all my rhymes in my Le Sportsac
So what if I'm a ham and cheese on rye
I got to do my thing and that's no lie
Well, ice is cold and fire is hot
And when it comes to competition
Well, we've got them locked
U.N.I.T.E a little shout to Ian and little Zoe
One can wonder why but can't deny
If we could work it out, it would be so fly
We'll never know unless we try
So tell me party people what's your zodiac sign
Break dancers of the world, unite
B Boys of the world, unite
I went inside the deli and my man's like, what
I write the songs that make the whole world suck
I need to break it down every chance I get
So, shh, we keep it raw on the set
Automation, circulation
Well, this is for the people all around the nation
I got books with hooks and it looks like rain
Would someone on the Knicks please drive the lane
Now rhymes are montaquilla on a track by us
I've got to keep my mind clear so I don't bust
If you got bad breath then maybe try scope
And if you wash your ass you best use soap

Now people of the world you realize
We got to get together and harmonize
I feel I'm comin' down with the bugallo flu
Explain to me really what doctors must do, I said
Ravers of the world, unite
We're the scientists of sound
We're mathematically puttin' it down
When lightning strikes, best grab a ground

Got to get up to get down
Well, I've got the terminator style with a touch of the tweak
Techniques 1200's, I'm known to freak
I don't like to fight, I don't carry a piece
I wear permanent press so I'm always creased
Mike D with the rump shakin' action
Do it like this for the intergalaction
Asana daily so I'm very flexible
I'm a Scorpio so you know I'm very sexual
Shouts to Rach and my brother Matthew
In money makin' it's how we do
I be smokin' roaches in the vestibule
In the next millennium I'll still be old school
High Roller Big Baller
I call 'em Crullers but you know they're called Crawlers
I keep it movin' to the broad daylight
B Girls of the world unite, alright
Keep it on and on
Keep it on and on
Keep it on and on
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