Hijack

Progressive Brothers

call it a rebound of a hip hop devout, got my heat out, feel alright like it is Friday night and pops says, "yo, let's eat it out." that's what I be 'bout. on the mike is where I be now, indeed now. good for you and easy to chew, like a big bowl of puppy chow. see how, I get up on the mike and I can excite. You may call it tripe, that's just spite, I know my shit's tight. psych, it's like, when I was just just a tyke on my trike and all the big kids would flip lids on their bmx bikes. go take a hike, and don't forget the trail mix bitch. beats I know come from a casio, so call me chris. as in mc, envy, I be on the top of the list. you try to diss I won't resist, you'll feel the kiss of my fist.
I never miss. You're gonna need a first aid kit, remove your whack ass rhymes like it be a cancerous cyst. you can't deny your tight ass behind be so movin' to this. mc chris hold down his shit like he was holding bong hits.
chorus - like mahatma gandhi followed by a horde of hotties or the feds on the trail of a mr. john gotti, I'm a sound wave tsunami, vocal origami, hijack the mike and it's not like anyone can stop me.

it's like arithmatic, the way I make it stick, some say it's gibberish, some say it's silly shit. but some people pay a cover charge to listen to it, some people take the path train to jersey for it. ladies! in the corner with your hand on your hip, make you jump so high that the record will skip. make you feel so good that the room starts to spin. my favorite kinda nut is a macadamian. come on all you honeys, I am beggin to begin, I say I gotta get the get the grand, gotta get within, gotta get more cream than wisconsin, honeyroom suite at the sheridan, bath tub full of expensive gin, lots of candles and violins, bikinis made of diamonds, honeys beggin' me to break their hymens.
repeat chorus

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