

Spoken Word

Bomfunk MC's

Da poetry
By now you should know it's me
 The brother of word
 Giving thanks and praises
 To so many names and faces
 In different places
 From '84 to '99
 It's been a very long time
Since the movement called hip-hop arrived
 To this cold country of mine
 Seen the old, the new
 And now the true school
 And for once I can say
 Something has changed
 Or is it just me
 In the place to be (hardcore)
 Am I about to take it in my face
Question, where were you at at the time of the fat shoelaces
 When the hell was really raised, huh
 I know every face
 Writers, breakers, DJ's, MC's, Fly girls
 Representing, respecting, unwritten laws
 Rules, star wars
 But even though
 There's one thing I know
 And it's been said before
 Eliminate the distance
 It's not where you're from, it's where you at
 Mentally
 The poetry
 Enough love, peace and respect
 Come correct
 You gotta pay your dues
 If you've got something to prove
 It is a competition
 Cause the business side can't see the mission
 a-k-a the be-boy vision
Two thousand and still counting Yo it S-you-see-K-S
 And I gotta run but come for the Bomfunk crew

So you'd better listen if you don't want to be missing
The perfect combination on a mission to rock the dancefloor
To hit you right where it hurts, I'll leave you begging for more
Like Roger, but this is not a story of a rabbit
Gismo and be-O-W just got a habit
Of speeding up your heartbeat
Moving you no doubt, so Bomfunk MC's do it to the crowd
What up looking good, catch me cooking food

Songwriters

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