

Zambony

K-OS

On the microphone like,
God bless this planet, planet
Took life for granted, granted
This mic, mechanical, panic
God hold it single handed
Times like a left handed bandit
When right handed man
Disband it, planned it
And propagandized it or Canada
It's so on ice and it's so raw
And yeah move yeah so power like thinking like a solider who
Would fall on his knees serve golden caps and such
To be esoteric to touch
But, atmospheric enough to grab like a pink cat,
Tag on a wall, b-boy at the park while DJ's rock the party
And mc's serve cooked food like mr. pound it back
In the days like when there were rights
Are we the wrongs,
Kid but, now the silly songs and electrical concerts,
Though leave a lupa ill drop 16 bars on it,
Life and death they roll in Siamese twins
So the day that hip-hop dies another life will begin
And we continue to. On the microphone like this, on the microphone like that
On the microphone like this, on the microphone like that
On the microphone like this, on the microphone like that
On the microphone like this, on the microphone like All around the world, we move it up
And yo we keep things striving
Soo high from heaven to the deep blue sea
Listen, I am not indie rock I was indeed hip-hop
With many styles I'm from the trine-ibal stop,
No comma I'm my fathers persona
I'm ready spin my beat and maybe one day meet my momma
Sides I'm slinging verbs my intent is not sinister son of a minister,
A bible thumping commissioner, finished an album,
Scrap and draped the nostalgia of a cafeteria title,
Battles just me and Nigel, now there spinning wax sticks, fixing the back seat crack,
I can't entertain us, like kevin can't relax,
Yell I'm spinning thoughts with anti gravital force
Shoot the monkey off my porch,

And pass myself the torch to light it up
On the microphone like this, on the microphone like that
On the microphone like this, on the microphone like that
On the microphone like this, on the microphone like that
On the microphone like this, on the microphone like that
All around the world, we move it up
And yo we keep things striving
Soo high from heaven to the deep blue sea
All I ever wanted to do
Was show you I had faith in you
But now I help you build your fire
Your so different baby
You always got something to say
But it's more about the things you do
Got me singing yeah eh yeah eh yeah
On the microphone like this, on the microphone like that
On the microphone like this, on the microphone like that
On the microphone like this, on the microphone like that
On the microphone like

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