

# Bossa Soundcheck

## Kero One

Chorus

Get down get down let it hit em'  
Move ya body just float to the rhythm  
get down get down to the mission  
Hey a ladi dadi move ya body to the rhythm Verse 1  
Give her guitar tune the strings up right  
Then, pass him the congas let him freak it through the night  
Next show me the Rhodes and I'll let my hands roam  
All across the keys till my fingers find home  
There's no place like it, the bass better mic it  
And make the lines funky, so kids wanna bite it  
Yo! I'll check the sound are the monitors clear?  
"Yo kero the statics hummin" quick, summon the engineer  
The lines getting longer, something we shouldn't fear  
Tonight let's do this right half steppers to the rear  
Sold out show, promotions on the roll,  
The bands set to go, one second are we clear?  
Word let's start the show, oh what happened to my beer?  
Damn some shyster snagged it like magic it disappeared  
Whatever, for the better, maybe I'll grab another  
Or not time to rock and get down mutha....Chorus Verse 2  
Aight. Hands up. No time for frontin'  
All you cool ass people drop your shades stop stuntin'  
Its Kero One with more flows than arrowhead  
Derelict, more slept on than Aero-bed  
Ignored by press and record label execs  
Cold shoulders from promoters with reps  
But check it, things progressing now magazines got a sec  
My demos on their desk when before there's no address  
Girls at my shows asking me to sign their breasts like  
Damn girl, let's back it up a sec  
I'm here to rock a show with a flow nothing less  
Connect with some people in an equal context  
With a mic check, a checka 1,2  
The parties in our hands band what you gonna do?

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