

Way Out West

Kurtis Blow

Way out west from way back east
Coming from a place you'd expect the least
There came a stranger, dressed in black
From a Harlem Town, a long way back
Had a Stetson hat with a band of gold
Eyes like steel, make your blood run cold
Had a microphone hanging by his side
Just ready to be amplified
Rode into town on a big black steed
Lookin' for a man named Ganamede
"I hear the dude just won't get down
If I rock this world I can rock this town!"
And when they asked him for his name
He said "Kurtis Blow, I play the rappin' game
I can do the do, I can do the deed
And tonight I'm gonna rock Ganamede!"
Now Ganamede thought he was cool
Wore Gucci shoes, had a fancy school
A fancy job in a big corporation
Fancy girls all across the nation
Fancy car, fancy clothes,
Fancy friends and fancy dough
Only one thing he wouldn't do
Is let himself get down with you
The stranger went to the old saloon
Grabbed his mike and spun a tune
And everyone in the whole darn place
Said "Do the rap and set that pace!"
He rapped 'em down and he rapped 'em out
He made 'em dance and he made 'em shout
He said "If you like Kurtis Blow
Then let me hear you all say...
A say ho-oo! Ho-oo!
Hi-yo! Hi-yo!
Say Kurtis! Kurtis!
Say Kurtis Blow! Kurtis Blow!
At midnight Ganamede came in
To watch the dancers move and spin
He took a seat over by the bar
And started smokin' a big cigar
"I admit the stranger is not bad
But tonight I'm gonna make him sad
'Cause I don't care about the groove
There ain't no dude gonna make me move!"
The joint was jumpin' hard at one
But Ganamede was havin' none
Things were really fly at two
The stranger rapped and the tension grew
But Ganamede maintained his cool

"I'll make the stranger play the fool
'Cause I don't care about the groove
There ain't no dude gonna make me move!"The showdown came at three o'clock
The stranger said, "I'm gonna make you rock
I'm gonna make you move, I'm gonna make you dance,
They're gonna take you out in an ambulanceNow everybody lend a hand
I'm gonna make you be the band
There ain't no jive, no superstition
We're gonna have a little demolition
Get down!Now stomp your feet
To the funky beat
Just clap your hands
And let the beat expand
Let me here the bass
Put it in my face
Let the guitar play
Just put it away
And now I think we've got the groove
So Ganamede, get up and move!"Now everyone looked at the bar
At the lonely man with the big cigar
He began to move, he began to shake
He'd had as much as he could takeHe took his body to the floor
And then the crowd began to roar
The stranger just had done the deed
And rocked the house with Ganamede.From three to four he couldn't stop
From four to five he just had to rock
From five to six he let it loose
At seven he still had the juiceAt eight o'clock he was goin' strong
Gettin' down with every song
At nine o'clock he couldn't dance
And someone called an ambulanceAs they put him in the back
Of that big white shiny Cadillac
He said "Please get me Kurtis Blow
There's something that he ought to know"He said "I thought I'd make my name
By beatin' you at the rappin' game
But you beat me fair and square
And anyway, I just don't care."The stranger asked him what he meant
Said Ganamede, "I am content
I never used to catch a groove
I never used to dance or moveBut it's more fun to play the fool
Than tryin' hard to be real cool
So anytime you're back in town
I'm gonna get up and I'm gonna get down!"The stranger watched him drive away
Knowing what he'd done that day
And then he went right back inside

To make the dancers slip and slide
To rock 'em out, to rock 'em in,
To make 'em rock it down again
And he said "If you like my sound
Let me hear you all say...Throw down! Throw down!
At the showdown! At the showdown!
Throw down! Throw down!
At the showdown! At the showdown!Now stomp your feet
To the funky beat
Just clap your hands
And let the beat expand
Let me here the bass
Put it in my face
Let the guitar play
Just put it away
A-rock on!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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