Rapper's Delight

Hits Etc.

I said a hip hop,
Hippie to the hippie,
The hip, hip a hop, and you don't stop, a rock it
To the bang bang boogie, say, up jump the boogie,
To the rhythm of the boogie, the beat.
Now, what you hear is not a test - I'm rappin' to the beat,
And me, the groove, and my friends are gonna try to move your feet.
See, I am Wonder Mike, and I'd like to say hello,
To the black, to the white, the red and the brown,
The purple and yellow. But first, I gotta
Bang bang, the boogie to the boogie,
Say up jump the boogie to the bang bang boogie,
Let's rock, you don't stop,
Rock the rhythm that'll make your body rock.
Well so far you've heard my voice but I brought two friends along,
And the next on the mic is my man Hank,
c'mon, Hank, sing that song!

Check it out, I'm the C-A-S-A, the N-O-V-A,
And the rest is F-L-Y,
You see I go by the code of the doctor of the mix,
And these reasons I'll tell you why.
You see, I'm six foot one, and I'm tons of fun
When I dress to a T,
You see, I got more clothes than Muhammad Ali
and I dress so viciously.
I got bodyguards, I got two big cars
That definitely ain't the wack,
I got a Lincoln Continental and a sunfoofed Cadillac.
So after school I take a dip in the pool,
Which is really on the wall,
I got a color TV, so I can see
The Knicks play basketball. Hear me talk about
Checkbooks, credit cards, mo' money
Than a sucker could ever spend,
But I wouldn't give a sucker or a bum form the Rucker
Not a dime 'til I made it again. Everybody go
Ho-tel, Mo-tel, Whatcha gonna do today? (Say what?)
'cause I'm a get a fly girl,

Gonna get some spank n' drive off in a def OJ.
Everybody go ho-tel, mo-tel, Holiday Inn,
Say if your girl starts actin' up, then you take her friend.
Master Gee! My mellow!
It's on to you, so whatcha gonna do?

Well, it's on'n'n'on'n'on on'n'on,
The beat don't stop until the break of dawn.
I said M-A-S, T-E-R, a G with a double E,
I said I go by the unforgettable name
Of the man they call the Master Gee.
Well, my name is known all over the world
By all the foxy ladies and the pretty girls.
I'm goin' down in history
As the baddest rapper there ever could be.
Now I'm feelin' the highs and you're feelin' the lows,
The beat starts gettin' into your toes
You start poppin' your fingers and stompin' your feet
And movin' your body while while you're sitting in your seat
And then damn! Ya start doin' the freak, I said
Damn! Right outta your seat
Then you throw your hands high in the air,
Ya rockin' to the rhythm, shake your derriere
Ya rockin' to the beat without a care,
With the sureshot MCs for the affair.
Now, I'm not as tall as the rest of the gang
But I rap to the beat just the same.
I got a little face, and a pair of brown eyes
All I'm here to do, ladies, is hypnotize
Singin' on'n'n'on'n'on on'n'on,
The beat don't stop until the break of dawn
Singin' on'n'n'on'n'on on'n'on,
Like a hot buttered pop da pop da pop dibbie dibbie
Pop da pop pop, don't you dare stop
Come alive y'all, gimme whatcha got
I guess by now you can take a hunch
And find that I am the baby of the bunch
But that's okay, I still keep in stride,
'Cause all I'm here to do is just wiggle your behind
Singin' on'n'n'on'n'on on'n'on,
The beat don't stop until the break of dawn.
Singin' on'n'n'on'n'on on'n'on,
Rock rock, y'all, throw it on the floor
I'm gonna freak you here, I'm gona freak you there,
I'm gonna move you outta this atmosphere.

'cause I'm one of a kind and I'll shock your mind
I'll put TNT in your behind. I said
One, two, three, four, come on, girls, get on the floor
A-come alive, y'all, a-gimme whatcha got
'Cause I'm guaranteed to make you rock
I said one, two, three, four, tell me, Wonder Mike
What are you waiting for?

I said a hip hop,
The hippie to the hippie
The hip hip a hop, and you don't stop, a rock it
To the bang bang boogie, say up jump the boogie,
To the rhythm of the boogie, the beat.
A Skiddleebebop, we rock, scooby doo,
And guess what, America, we love you
'cause you rocked and a rolled with so much soul,
You could rock 'til a hundred and one years old.
I don't mean to brag, I don't mean to boast,
But we like hot butter on our breakfast toast
Rock it up, Baby Bubba!
Baby Bubba to the boogie da bang bang da boogie
To the beat, beat, it's unique
Come on everybody and dance to the beat!

A hip hop
The hippie to the hippie the
Hip hip a hop and you don't stop, rock it
Rock it out, Baby Bubba to the boogie da bang bang
The boogie to the boogie, the beat.
I said, I can't wait 'til the end of the week
When I'm rappin' to the rhythm of a groovy beat
And I attempt to raise your body heat.
Just blow your mind, so you can't speak
And do a thing but a-rock and shuffle your feet
And let it change up to a dance called the freak
And when you finally do come into your rhythmic beat,
Reast a little while so you don't get weak.
I know a man named Hank
He has more rhymes than a serious bank
So come on Hank, sing that song,
To the rhythm of the boogie, the bang bang da bong!

Well, I'm Imp the Dimp, the ladies' pimp,
The women fight for my delight.
But I'm the grandmaster with the three MCs

That shock the house for the young ladies
And when you come inside, into the front,
You do the freak, spank, and do the bump
And when the sucker MC try to prove a point,
We're a treacherous trio, we're the serious joint!
a-From sun to sun and from time to time
I sit down and write a brand new rhyme
Because they say that miracles never cease
I've created a devastating masterpiece
I'm gonna rock the mic 'til you can't resist,
Everybody, I say it goes like this
Well, I was walking home late one afternoon
A reporter stopped me for an interview
She said she's heard stories and she's heard fables
That I'm vicious on the mic and the turntable
This young reporter I did adore,
So I rocked some vicious rhymes like I never did before
She said, "Damn, fly guy, I'm in love with you
The Casanova legend must have been true"
I said, "By the way, baby, what's your name?"
Said, "I go by name of Lois Lane
And you could be my boyfriend, you surely can,
Just let me quit my boyfriend called Superman."
I said, "He's a fairy, I do suppose
Flyin' through the air in pantyhose
He may be very sexy, or even cute,
But he looks like a sucker in a blue and red suit,"
I said, "You need a man man who's got finesse
And his whole name across his chest
He may be able to fly all through the night,
But can he rock a party 'til the early light?
He can't satisfy you with his little worm,
But I can bust you out with my super sperm!"
I go do it, I go do it, I go do it, do it, do it.
An' I'm here an' I'm there, I'm Big Ban Hank, I'm everywhere
Just throw your hands up in the air
And party hardy like you just don't care
Let's do it, don't stop, y'all, a tick tock, y'all, you don't stop!
Go ho-tel, mo-tel, whatcha gonna do today? (Say what?)
I'm gonna get a fly girl, gonna get some spank, drive off in a def OJ,
Everybody go, "Ho-tel, mo-tel, Holiday Inn"
You say if your girl starts actin' up, then you take her friend
I say skip, dive, what can I say?
I can't fit 'em all inside my OJ,
So I just tak half, and bust 'em out,

I give the rest to Master Gee so he can shock the house
It was twelve o'clock one Friday night
I was rockin' to the beat and feelin' all right
Everybody was dancin' on the floor
Doin' all the things they never did before
And then this fly girl with a sexy lean
She came into the bar, she came into the scene
She traveled deeper inside the room
All the fellas checked out her white Sassoons
She came up to the table, looked into my eyes
Then she turned around and shook her behind
So I said to myself, it's time for me to release
My vicious rhyme I call my masterpiece
And now people in the house, this is just for you
A little rap to make you boogaloo
Now the group you hear is called Phase Two
And let me tell you somethin', we're a helluva crew
Once a week, we're on the street
Just to cut in the jams and look at your feet
For you to party, you gotta have the moves,
So we'll get right down and get you a groove
For you to dance, you got to be hot
So we'll get right down and make you rock
Now the system's on and the girls are there
You definitely have a rockin' affair
But let me tell you somethin', there's still one fact
And to have a party, you got to have a rap
So when the party's over, you're makin' it home,
And tryin' to sleep before the break of dawn
And while you're sleepin', you start to dream,
And thinkin' how you danced on the disco scene
My name appears in your mind,
Yeah, a name you know that was right on time
It was Phase Two just doin' a do
Rockin' you down 'cause you knew we could
To the rhythm of the beat that makes you freak,
Come alive girls, get on your feet
To the rhythm of the beat to the beat the beat
To the double beat beat that makes you freak
To the rhythm of the beat that says you go on
On'n'on into the break of dawn
Now I got a man comin' on right now
He's garuanteed to throw down
He goes by the name of Wonder Mike

Come on, Wonder Mike, do what you like!

I say a can of beer that's sweeter than honey,
Like a millionaire that has no money
Like a rainy day that is not wet,
Like a gamblin' fiend that does not bet
Like Dracula without his fangs,
Like the boogie to the boogie without the boogie bang
Like collard greens that don't taste good,
Like a tree that's not made out of wood
Like goin' up and not comin' down,
Is just like the beat without the sound, no sound
To the beat beat, you do the freak
Everybody just rock and dance to the beat
Have you ever went over a friends house to eat
And the food just ain't no good?
The macaroni's soggy, the peas are mushed,
And the chicken tastes like wood
So you try to play it off like you think you can
By saying that you're full
And then your friend says, "Mama, he's just being polite
He ain't finished, uh-uh, that's bull!"
So your heart starts pumpin' and you think of a lie
And you say that you already ate
And your friend says "Man, there's plenty of food"
So you pile some more on your plate
While the stinky food's steamin', your mind starts to dreamin'
Of the moment that it's time to leave
And then you look at your plate and your chicken's slowly rottin'
Into something that looks like cheese
Oh so you say "That's it, I gotta leave this place
I don't care what these people think,
I'm just sittin' here makin' myself nauseous
With this ugly food that stinks"
So you bust out the door while it's still closed
Still sick from the food you ate
And then you run to the store for quick relief
From a bottle of Kaopectate
And then you call your friend two weeks later
To see how he has been
And he says, "I understand about the food,
Baby Bubba, but we're still friends"
With a hip hop the hippie to the hippie
The hip hip a hop, a you don't stop the rockin'
To the bang bang boogie

Say up jump the boogie to the rhythm of the boogie the beat
I say, "Hank, can ya rock?
Can ya rock to the rhythm that just don't stop?
Can ya hip me to the shoobie doo?"
I said, "Come on, make, make the people move!"

I go to the balls and then ring the bell
Because I am the man with the clientele
And if ya ask me why I rock so well,
A Big Bang, I got clientele
And from the time I was only six years old
I never forgot what I was told
It was the best advice I ever had
It came from my wise, dear old dad
He said, "Sit down, punk, I want to talk to you
And don't say a word until I'm through
Now there's a time to laugh, a time to cry
A time to live and a time to die
A time to break and a time to chill
To act civilized or act real ill
But whatever you do in your lifetime
You never let an MC steal your rhyme"
So from six to six 'til this very day
I'll always remember what he had to say
So when the sucker MCs try to chump my style
I let them know that I'm versatile
I got style, finesse, and a little black book
That's filled with rhymes and I know you want to look
But the thing that separates you from me
And that is called originality
Because my rhymes are on from what you heard
I didn't even bite, not a go, word
And I say a little more, later on tonight
So the sucker MCs can bite all night
A tick a tock, y'all, a beat beat, y'all
A let's rock, y'all, you don't stop
Ya go, "Ho-tel, mo-tel, whatcha gonna do today?" (Say what?)
Ya say, "I'm gonna get a fly girl, gonna get some spank and
Drive off in a def OJ"
Everybody go, "Ho-tel, mo-tel, Holiday Inn"
Ya say if your girl starts actin' up, then you take her friends
A like that, y'all, to the beat, y'all
Beat beat y'all, ya don't stop!
A Master Gee, my mellow

It's on to you so whatcha gonna do?

Well, like Johnny Carson on the Late Show
A like Frankie Crocker in stereo
Well like the Barkay's singin' "Holy Ghost"
The sounds to throw down, they're played the most
It's like my man Captain Sky
Whose name he earned with his super sperm
We rock and we don't stop
Get off, y'all, I'm here to give you whatcha got
To the beat that it makes you freak
And come alive, girl, get on your feet
A like a Perry Mason without a case
Like Farrah Fawcett without her face
Like the Barkays on the mic
Like gettin' down right for you tonight
Like movin' your body so you don't know how
Right to the rhythm and throw down
Like comin' alive to the Master Gee
The brother who rocks so viciously
I said the age of one, my life begun
At the age of two I was doin' the do
At the age of three, it was you and me
Rockin' to the sounds of the Master Gee
At the age of four, I was on the floor
Givin' all the freaks what they bargained for
At the age of five I didn't take no jive
With the Master Gee it's all the way live
At the age of six I was a-pickin' up sticks
Rappin' to the beat, my stick was fixed
At the age of seven, I was rockin' in heaven
Don'tcha know I went off
I gotta run on down to the beat you see
Gettin' right on down, makin' all the girls
Just take off their clothes to the beat the beat
To the double beat beat that makes you freak
At the age of eight, I was really great
'Cause every night, you see, I had a date
At the age of nine, I was right on time
'Cause every night I had a party rhyme
Going on'n'n'on'n' on on'n'on
The beat don't stop until the break of dawn
A sayin' on'n'n'on'n' on on'n'on
Like a hot buttered de pop pop de popcorn

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