

# 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 sunfooed 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 mashed,  
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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