

# No Kid

## Urban Dance Squad

This is all about music how to use it, they call it songs  
If a rapper doesn't sing, well they call it wrong  
While Remington raps on, coming on strong  
Critics let their face grow long  
Face my music for once I doubt if you can  
You've been brainwashed too much as a public man  
This is no kid  
T.V.'s your pet your radio set, I scan  
Popular music gives crap jams, you've been blinded, narrow minded  
You know rap is big with the crowds nothing's behind it  
They just dance if they like it, so they clock it  
Don't be misled by my size when I rock it  
This is no kid  
Mr. Top-50 Biznizman talking so slick  
Don't like our kinda music so he gives us the pip  
Why a lie rappers only flip their lip  
Both sides of the globe call this music hip  
Still knocking on doors of pop to make discs  
While big men fake it with crapoid artists  
Discotheques' answer ain't raps they ask for  
A quick jam, pay wannabees, a few plaster  
Just think you're a master with your ghetto blaster  
Pipedreams about gold, but big men go faster  
But you've hyped the type of music that holds you in a grip  
When you pay this critics give it a miss  
Dissin' the circuit, you say 'why, what this is !'  
'Cos you rock like a kid, I gotta do it right  
This is no kid  
Absorbing the words, it's absurd  
People go with the crowd like a herd  
The bits, the music, the whole words  
Copy the style without own effort  
If they are the herd, then I must be the herd man  
Inventing fresh jams firsthand  
You said it was nothing, not worth a damn  
Too hard, too noisy, my show a five or ten  
But the media men clap their hands  
Now you wonder, guess how we did the good hook  
It's the guitar, DJ, bass, the drummer's foot  
Crumb up y'all, you never get these roots  
This is no kid

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