

I'm Blowin' Up

Kool Moe Dee

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm T N T, and I just can't lose
An E M C E E, with a fuse
When it's lit I hit, with the lyrical wit
Of a scientist, tryin' thisSugar coated, rhyme loaded with gunpowder
Now see how the crowd will yell louder
Now the rhyme is dropped and you hear a pop
Think it's a shot, but you just can't stopYour heart vibrates, at my rate
So why wait, I hate to be irate
Anger causes rhyme combustion
Like a tornado with winds start gustin'Rhymes unload, reload and explode
Riding the same wave Malcolm X rode
On a higher level, 'cause I left the rest
Outcast, outlast F the pressWhen I hit it's like a bulldozer, boom
And there goes ya whole world up in smoke
When I go, I go for brokeYo, I'm on the hyped tip, I get on the mic with
Tunnel vision, 'cause I'm mic whipped
Strung from the lung to tongue
I breathe rhymes that come fromA zone that's hidden and forbidden
If any man enters good riddance
A mortal mind is just no contest
The rhyme zone is my conquestThe Twilight Zone will looks like child's play
Am I a genius? I'll say
I'm so cool and yet so hyped
When I'm on the mic, something likeHiroshima, remember Pearl Harbor
Feel fire, but don't bother
To run for cover, you can't escape
On record, compact disc or tape
Once you play it, fuse is lit
An explosion, you gettin' hitRhythmic prophecies, visions I forsee
Me blowin' up in your face, now stop to see
Smoke fumes in the shape of a mushroom
Cloud the room 'cause I went boom

I'll light the sky like Halley's Comet
When it comes to rap, I'm it
I'm blowin' up I'm blowin' up
For the fans that crave, hip hop with relevance
I'm here to save, rap from an early grave, like a God I gave
Life to the mic, as I watch it enslave
All the sellouts who yell out obscenities and spell out
M O N E Y to propell out of the ghetto but like Othello you kill the mic
A Cappella, you're in the cellar you rap like
Rap is a dash for cash you'll run out of gas
It's a marathon how long can you last? With repetitious nothing, renditions of something
You can't create so you imitate the pumpin'
Only the strongest can last as long as I last My reign is the longest in hip hop history
Check the book victory after victory
Man look rappin' is a science, the mic is an appliance
So I applied it to an alliance of words Put 'em in a rhyme zone, blow 'em up like a time bomb
Other emcees caught the debris, little bits and pieces of me
Put my ideas on a track you laid is like pulling my pen
Like a grenade I'm blowin' up
Clap your hands to that old track that brought back
The man that rap better than the next man
I take an ex fan and make 'em rock harder than any other can
Whoever didn't understand my game plan
Should feel ashamed like a lame, 'cause I'm the same man That ran the rap yard for years, worked hard for years
Never got paid slaved and starved for years
Then other rappers came off with rhymes that were soft
I went with the flow and you said that I fell off Don't be bogus where's your focus
Did what I had to do to make you take notice
Now the dollar's rolling no more holding
Back the rap attack, I'm back on top controlling The whole rap game again like I did way back when
Def Jam was a dream I mean I was slaying men
Whoever thinks he wants some, he don't want none
He's got to be insane or plain dumb But if you think you got something to prove
Jump, make your move
But come in a tank and ten suits of armor
I won't whip ya, I'll bomb ya, when you're on fire
It still ain't enough, 'cause I won't just bury you, boy
I'll blow ya up

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