

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' this Sugar 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 stop Your 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 press When I hit it's like a bulldozer, boom
And there goes ya whole world up in smoke
When I go, I go for broke Yo, 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 from A zone that's hidden and forbidden
If any man enters good riddance
A mortal mind is just no contest
The rhyme zone is my conquest The Twilight Zone will look 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 like Hiroshima, 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' hit Rhythmic 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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