

Rappa

Bumblebeez

I wanna be a rappa, not a checkout chick
Who goes on the mic to get a price check on fish
I wanna be a rappa, not a petropunk
Who walks around for months with all the stains on his jumper
I wanna be a rappa, not a ho backstage
At an Eminem show, earnin' minimum wage, I wanna be rap, rap, rap
I wanna be a rappa, don't wanna earn tips
I would've been a gettin' pirate and bombin' some ships
Droppin' some shells from this elicit spit
Precise in the moment and talkin' in the shit
I gotta secret but I don't wanna release the info
I heard that you're a slave of the tempo
Slow back home beats the hip-hop intro
Sink it with experimental rap flows
Freak it with how your body would go, then just
Tweak it and see how bright it would glow
Then just repeat it, so it will go in some more
Then just leave it and walk straight out the door
You see, I'm quick back in a faster attack
Takin' powerful whacks like I want to count back
I gotta check to see if I'm on the right track
Clickitty-clack, wiggitty-whack
You see, I wind the vine in mission of the rock rhyme
No-one mattered to my words, I find
Bumpin', grindin', soakin' the shock hip-hop's
Hittin' ya, lickin' you from the top
Vila's gonna shit ya in the crotch
Gonna cease the moment that won't let you drop
Rap, rap, rapping on stage with enormous applauses
Havin' the people chant at my chorus
Stop, yo, give her some air, pinnacle of stained poses
You call that cheap but I'm on horses
You could just hear, fuck the forces
Come hear 'cause I'm gonna enforce it
Go, go, go, gonna enforce it, go, go, go, go, gonna enforce it
Go, go, go, gonna enforce it, go, go, go, go, gonna enforce it
Force it, force it, force it
Go, go, go, go, gonna enforce it, go, go, go, go, gonna enforce it
Go, go, go, go, gonna enforce it, go, go, go, go, gonna enforce it

Songwriters

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