## **The Midway State**

Break it Bop it

Niggas beat-boxin'I do what I do like I do it for TV

I guess what I'm doin' I'm doin' to keep the

Shoes on my feet sweeter than sweet peas

So you sucker MC's really can't out-step me

I grab 'em like I rock 'em from 9-5

Self employed, kickin' pitch is my hobby and job

Easy rock be's with bass, ladies callin me Rob

Bass, bass, bass, bass

I'm on my '88 shit

Cuban link chains and Gezel frame lens

Guess Jeans, stone-washed

Rockin' top 10 beats

Flickin' on my fit

I got my foot lookin like a '88 draft pick

Is that sick? It gets sicker than the flu

-enza, you came to pretend I'm you sir

Attain you a class on how to be cool

And in fact, I'm the superintendent of the school

Uh, yeah and I'm back on my job

I press and twist knobs

Just to make your head nod

All you wack rappers need to keep your day job

And my work here is done, I'm a take the day offDo the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat

Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 back

Do the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat

Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 back

(Smurf it, Wop it, at the bus stop and)

(Break it, Bop it, Niggas beat-boxin)

Do the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat

Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 back

(Smurf it, Wop it, at the bus stop and)

(Break it, Bop it, Niggas beat-boxin)

Do the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat

Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 backWe know who this be, it's me, no secrets

Stuck to the beat and glued to the sequence

Igloos [?] than we is

You can catch us walkin on the weekend

While you awkwardly breathin

From all the second hand smoke

Nigga, you a square

Lit you at the tip, blow it in the air

We don't play fair

And that's a fact

Separate the people from the squares

Like a nicotine patch

Lookie here, quite honestly

You're gonna have to pardon me

I'm a modern day fly machine

Yes sir, that's absurd

But the best word to describe would be "ah"

Piffed, mad as me

Which hand is free?

Shake the one that is and I gotta handle my biz

Until I got the achein ribs

Salute to all them scally-wags and fresh kids, yesDo the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat

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We can dance if you wanna

We can leave your friends behind

Cause if your friends don't dance

And if they don't dance

Then they ain't no friends of mine

Yo, it just hit me

I'm the fresh prince

And that means I'm Will

And I chill with the chicks

In the week on the real

It might feel like a kick in the back

From gorillas, but chill that's the skill that I pack

Yes son, you need to rock while I do the wop

Old schoolers bop cooler while we movin through the spot

Dancin through the roof '88 frames on Adidas track suit

Ask who? Be quiet when the game's on

## Cause I'm in champion ship And I going through time in my championship We cannot fall

So I'm leaving you with these 3 words Yes, yes yallDo the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat

Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 back

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