

# Underwater Rimes

## Digital Underground

We'd like to ask now that all passengers please hold  
their breath, as we take you through an underwater hip hop extravaganza.

Now last night, underwater, I saw a French mermaid,  
Treated her to caviar and wine over shrimp brain,  
In the raw, on the ocean floor, need I say more?  
You never heard nobody kick it like this before,  
Pink champagne, octopus brains,  
Saw your DJ underwater through the window pane.  
That sucker tried to hit a mix, but the mix didn't happen,  
Records kept floatin' all the fish kept laughin'  
A blowfish blew my mind and started to rhyme,  
As the octopus cut nine records at a time.  
Your boy said, "Show me how to keep my records down,"  
But the shark ate his amp, your boy got clowned.

The rhymes he say have no particular order  
Un-derwater, Un-der-derwater,  
Go 'head bite his rhymes if you think that you oughtta  
Hold your breath, MC's, my rhyme's underwater.

I tried to mix a cut from a TV blooper,  
Got pulled by a deep sea state trooper,  
Told me that I didn't have the right to bite,  
I said, "Your wife looks just like a fat blue grouper."  
Sittin' in my aqua-blue jail cell, didn't have my bail,  
I had to break out with the rhyme,  
Shrimp scatter on a platter, I rock like a mobster,  
Told an MC, "Yo, you look like a lobster"  
Qualified to wreck your mind, I get busy one time,  
Like fish on a dish, you get served with the rhyme.  
...if you need a fo' instance,  
Watch the people stop, they don't want to miss this.  
I'm tweakin' your speakers, and I'm makin' no sense,  
'Cause on your turns, this record burns like incense.

The rhymes he say have no particular order  
Un-derwater, Un-der-derwater  
Go 'head bite his rhymes if you think that you oughtta  
Hold your breath, MC's, my rhyme's underwater.

Uh, 1, 2, 1, 2, Yo, this is MC Blowfish,  
And we're gonna do a little something like this:  
Well I'm a deep sea gangster, underwater prankster,  
Kissin' all the girl fish, dissin' all the...  
Because I blew your mind and started to rhyme,  
Doesn't mean that I'm cool, 'cause you'll be back next time,  
With a hook and a line, so you can hear that fryin' sound,  
I'm tellin' you I'm down,  
I'll spin your boat around, leave suckers lost in the bay.  
You wanna play? I'll hook your line to a stingray.  
Get out of here with that boat and a stick,  
Get out of line, I'll call my homey Moby Dick.  
I'm not thinkin' 'bout dyin', fool, stop tryin' to test me,  
People fishin' don't catch me.  
And when you get home, sad 'cause you missed,  
Just remember MC Blowfish

Keep on, you don't stop.

Uh oh, here comes that stupid shark again, I guess I better blow u