Da poetry By now you should know it's me The brother of word Giving thanks and praises To so many names and faces In different places From '84 to '99 It's been a very long time Since the movement called hip-hop arrived To this cold country of mine Seen the old, the new And now the true school And for once I can say Something has changed Or is it just me In the place to be (hardcore) Am I about to take it in my face Question, where were you at at the time of the fat shoelaces When the hell was really raised, huh I know every face Writers, breakers, DJ's, MC's, Fly girls Representing, respecting, unwritten laws Rules, star wars But even though There's one thing I know And it's been said before Eliminate the distance It's not where you're from, it's where you at Mentally The poetry Enough love, peace and respect Come correct You gotta pay your dues If you've got something to prove It is a competition Cause the business side can't see the mission a-k-a the be -boy vision Two thousand and still counting Yo it S-you-see-K-S And I gotta run but come for the Bomfunk crew So you'd better listen if you don't want to be missing The perfect combination on a mission to rock the dancefloor To hit you right where it hurts, I'll leave you begging for more Like Roger, but this is not a story of a rabbit Gismo and be -O-W just got a habit Of speeding up your heartbeat Moving you no doubt, so Bomfunk MC's do it to the crowd What up looking good, catch me cooking food