

1, 2, 3, 4

Bomfunk MC's

Mr. bu-bu back, back in the place
So hook up with the groove the fat, fat bass
Rougher than rough on the richter scale
place a map in hell
High way, our way hip-hop hurray
Say what for what, what the (ah) you say
Old school, so you know I don't play
Knock 'em out the box just like sugar ray

You don't like it? so what, I don't care
I wanna battle but it's not a fair play
I've got million styles, baby, baby
Schizophrenic? no! definitely! maybe!
You got static, the company tells me
Automatic is the key behind the game, see
But even if they'd know
Id still be the sure shot, master of the ceremony

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C'mon, c'mon whatcha waiting for?
Let me know if you want some more!
Bomfunk mcs gotta rhyme galore
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Flow, flow, flowin once again
Mr. funky rhyme throwing down so good, its bad!
Like a like a like a lake with a deck
So now you gots to get with an audio no new chapter
You trapped to the track, you want more?
Oh, shit! I got you knockin' on my door
Beam me up, beam me up, beam me up, scottie
Or I might get naughty and funk that body

Ah! ah! ah! holy hottie
Groupies, they're down with everybody!

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I'm like mad scientist on new territory
So never explored there, yeah just read stories
Homies surround the rough lyrical-terrorist
The b to the o
The w is watchin' for your bass
So I pass the test
In any old bad-ass MC contest
This is only scratch, so you know we come fresh

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