

# Don't Ya Wanna Rap

Bryan Duncan

Whoa!

It's 8:15 and 81's the gate

To catch United to Chicago for a concert date

Got my ticket, the baggage for an excess fee

I'm in a five mile line to face security

They grab my shoulder bag; I'm running short on time

And then they single me out to run a check for a crime

Then on the intercom, I hear this voice, too sweet

"We've been delayed, we're in a fog, why don't you take a seat?

"

So I sit around, and wastin' time is a sin

Here comes a beat box; got the volume at ten

And now he's thankin' me for savin' him a place

Look around the whole room, there ain't a single space

I said, "I don't mind a shuffle to a different beat

As long as I can hear it from across the street! Ok?"

Uh oh, now he's foldin' his arms

He's got this big ol' frown on his face, he says

"Baby, don't ya wanna rap with me?

Maybe, huh! Out of curiosity

Baby, ah hah, yeah, don't ya wanna rap with me?

Smilin', that's me, smilin' like I'm on TV"

I guess he's prob'ly callin' me baby, man, 'cause I'm a lot smaller than he is

Alright, I'll give it a shot!

My name is Bryan D and I'm a screamin' machine

I sing by tearin' it up; I like it loud if it's clean

A full-tilt rhythm you can understand

And I can tour the world with the econo band

On a mission from God; I like to call Him a Friend

I think that people are sick, and He's the med-o-cine

I'm sayin' love is the key, yea, not animosity

And I'm snatchin' all the children from the enemy

And if you get...

[Jazz interlude]

No, no wait guys! No. Ah man! This ain't it it! Ah, it's supposed to be a rap tune! Ah, man! Thanks a lot guys, that was perfect!

B