

Jambox

E-dubbe

Well- my- vocal chords are a bit strained from- singing soprano- AND
Making it SKRAIN
Scratch that, nix that that's insane, I never go to strip clubs they're too
plain
Boring like mormons, chillin' in the UTAH rather not pay a chick to like thi
s goofball
Rather find a lady, who likes her dudes tall, loves hip-
hop and got back like Ru-Paul
Not that one
I'm talkin' bout the one from round my way, it's spelled a lil' different bu
t it sounds the same
And you can talk shit but that would be ashamed cuz' I could serve you up lik
e ham and eggs
Hollandaise and english muffin's, ca ll you benedict arnold when you get to
huffin'
Cuz' you left your crew lookin' like some artic puffin's, with their chests
stuck out can't speak or nothin'
Enough of that dumb shit, I'm on my juice and gin, I got my cup and I just c
hipped in
Tip a cup to the sky and toast my jambox
Cuz' we all got an urge to get jammed up

80's babies, join me in celebration
No exclusions, excuses or genres to shun
We're inclusive, elusive but still remain one
And I'mma do my damn best to make sure you have fun
With a mic and beat we get hype on our feet
Dance all you want fuck what's gangster or chic
I got a mean pop-lock and I love to perform
Sweat out the details on the damm dance floor
Cold blooded, low budget but we still get flooded
Rail drinkers, non -thinkers but we seem star studded
This life just ain't enough so we keep on dreamin'
My thoughts and my people are the things that I believe in
No- god, no prob find me looking for a job
Stop prayin' on the day when they called the lynch mob
Huh' what you know about a dude from the burbs
Put it down harder than your favorite hip-hop nerd
Little friendly competition for the people that be wishin'
For a battle emcee I freestyle in my kitchen
And walt's inn when the mics are free I might be
Spittin' sixteen's with mister salvador denali
Straight wowin' foul shit apologize now
For some shit I'll say later cuz' I'm on the rebound
So kid sister if you're listening, dump A-Trak
He's too short for you and I'm the dude that you should smash

It was the days of cassette tapes and SK-8's
The casio keyboard with the sampler my faith was shaped
Aethesist as shit, and when you get me in the booth
Give me five good minutes convince ya' god is a fluke
And sinners are cool, winners are too, but life's alot more fun
When sometimes you don't follow the rules
When you a lil' tike, fisher price, farting in the mic
For a kick drum like, that "toot, toot's" tight
I been nice for minutes, but now I'm ready to kick it
My shell's been broken, look at those empty cans of spinach

I'm popeye, you not fly and even if you were it wouldn't matter
You're white noise, just another herb
So many blurs in my vision they're starting to seem artistic
Colors mixing together, ink falling off of my shit list
People starting to get it, words starting to spread it's
Miraculous apparently rap ain't dead
Gotta laugh when I hear that phrase uttered
Cuz it's utterly retarded to think hip-hop was dearly departed
It merely didn't show up on the Billboard charts in 2007
And to me, that was a blessing it gave these independent acts
A chance to shine, and let these mainstream rappers start clothing lines
Diversify, and hope to god that their ugly ass jeans hit bargain bins, natio
nwide
And with that being said, respect, it's all love, hip-hop finally fell off
Now back to square one like...