

# Mix-Master Suite

George Clinton

That's so hot...

There is a D.J. in your town  
Who calls himself Mix Master  
He says there is none as great as he  
There'll be none in the hereafter  
He spins, he scratch, he mixes the sounds  
We all wanna hear  
Spyro-gyro type of sound  
That's strange to the ear

And then he goes downtown and get down with it  
He be throwin' down, but you gotta be down to get it  
He mix 'em up and turns them out

There is a D.J. in your town  
Who calls himself Sir Rapper  
He rap about this, and rap about that  
That's why he's called The Rapper  
He's all rapped up into his rap  
That's all we ever hear  
Spyro-gyro kind of sound  
That's strange to the ear

And then he goes downtown and get down with it  
He be throwin' down, but you gotta be down to get it  
He runs his rap and raps it up

There is a D.J. on the air  
We all know his location  
He plays a tune, and says "stay tuned"  
Right here on this station  
He spins, he scratch, he mixes the sounds  
We all love to hear  
Spyro-gyro type of sound  
That's strange to the ear

And then he goes downtown and get down with it  
He be throwin' down, but you gotta be down to get it  
He mixes down and raps it up  
He runs his rap and raps it up

The roof, the roof, the roof ain't on fire!  
You don't need no water, there'll be nothin' left to burn!

Step to decide...  
Step to decide...

Downtown and get down with it  
He be throwin' down, but you gotta be down to get it  
He mixes down and raps it up  
He runs his rap and raps it up

The roof, the roof, the roof ain't on fire!  
You don't need no water, there'll be nothin' left to burn!

Step to decide...

That's so hot...  
Step to decide...

The roof, the roof, the roof ain't on fire!  
You don't need no water, there'll be nothin' left to burn!

Step to decide...  
That's so hot...  
That's so hot...

The roof, the roof, the roof ain't on fire!  
You don't need no water, there'll be nothin' left to burn!  
One nation under a groove...

The roach, the roach, the roach is on the wall  
You don't need no Raid, let the mother funkler crawl!  
Crawl, mother funkler!

That's so hot...  
Eh dirty fish, you're on!  
Step to decide...  
Step to decide...  
Hot, that's so hot...