

# Rhymes I Express

Kool G Rap

Bass, snare drum in your eardrum  
Musical outcome, lyrical tantrum  
Energy enters me, power absorbed  
Phonograph arts and crafts mic warlord  
Kool G Rap the lyric dictator  
DJ Polo the fader operator  
Will crush, squash, rhymes are harsh  
All spectators will be brainwashed  
Sons, daughters, paper reporters  
Receive my command and follow our orders  
Poetry slavery biters observe  
This is hip-hop your optical nerve  
Deserves no need to explain  
Plain simple, created by the temple, the brain  
Maintain order with pain, well  
Only a lamebrain will be expelled  
Big boss, swift with force  
And of course, you'll be driven off-course  
Banded, musically blended  
Complete the beat and end it, splendid

Put you in a (trance)  
With the rhymes that I (express)  
Yo I'mma put you in a (trance)  
With the rhymes that I (express)

Words I chant my competitors can't  
Physical structure is of a power plant  
Mic master interpreting faster  
Than any perpetrating fraud broadcaster  
I display and MC's pray  
Cause under x-ray they are Parkay  
And artificial down to their initial  
In no position to be official  
In hip-hop not the surface or the median  
I'm at the top you're a clown and a comedian  
A big waste of wax plus tax  
Your royalties couldn't buy a can of Ajax  
Not energetic rhymes are pathetic  
My beat is so sweet you'll become a diabetic  
Fascinating revolving and rotating  
That's how the record starts motivating

Vocally discharging lyrics like magic  
Poetical recital is vital and tragic  
Strikes are fatal on the mic I label  
Me Kool G Rap and Polo on the table  
Violators and intruders  
I'll exile barbarian style like an executor  
Then muta-late later  
Copicatters I batter, G Rap impersonators  
Brains scatter my rhyme is the solution  
Record rotation forms a revolution  
The spin extends another plate blends and  
It corresponds to the message I've sent  
Even destroy boys with a safety pen  
Men who try to dis I discipline

Then I'll diminish, cities I conquer  
If I'm a toy boy, I'm tough as Tonka  
Visualize me on your MTV  
These rhymes I design is called poetry