

Here We Go Again

Kool Moe Dee

Here we go
Come on

Yeah yeah
The word is out
Kool Moe Dee's in the house again
And Here We Go Again
And word has it the brother's esoteric knowledge
Is a little too deep for the fans
So he gon' come this time with a simplyfied rhyme
Check it out

[Verse 1:]
Around and around and around we go
People comin to the jam to hear me flow
The live lyricist is here and it's so
I got a funky beat to let you know
Only real brothers wanna hear real rhymes
All the soft suckers want the nickel-and-dime
Candy-coated, sugar-coated bubblegum rap
Long as it's movin on a funky track
My vocabulary's over their head
They can't understand a word I said
So I gotta come with the watered-down sound
With mediocre adjectives, verbs and nouns
Party people in the party only wanna dance
It's hard to rock a party when you're lyrically advanced
I tone down the lyrics, suppressed ego
Got a funky rhythm, now watch me go

[Chorus:]
Here we go
Come On
(Go go go go...)
(Here We Go Again)
(Yeah y'all come on)
(Here We Go Again)

[Verse 2:]
Go with the flow? no, no, no
I am the brother that sets tempo
Intelligent, relevant, eloquent speakin
You do the dancin, I'll do the freakin
Some people wanna dance, some people wanna listen
Some people at the party only wanna hear the dissin
My versatile styles, I'm able to adapt
You know I'm talkin shit cause I'm all that
I drop science for the brothers on the street
Intellects get it, and others want the beat
The way they feel I could be erased
All they want is you to pump that bass
Rather than tryin to change the times
They would rather me change my rhymes
A positive brother? yeah, yeah, we know
But they would rather just watch me go

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I am a brother, young, gifted and black
There's no need for the profane rap
I'm lyrically potent, very well versed
Some rappers can't rap and try to hide it with a curse
Money in the pocket, gold around the neck
Rings on every finger, boomin system in effect
Tryin to imitate, or better emulate
I can relate, but I rather innovate
Like the creator I love to create
Peace and love, conquerin hate
I got a date with faith
To be known as the great
So all you sissy-soft suckers gainin weight
Become irate, while the ladies girate
Infatuate, lust and mate
Mental state, compensate
If I get too deep, then you won't relate
So now I gotta tone down the sound
Cos I can pick the beat up and turn it around
Turn any jam to a political party
Raise your conscience and rock your body
If you can't relate, just clap your hands
Listen to the rhythm and do your dance
And I'll just party with the alter ego
Rock-the-body-body-body-body, here we go

[Chorus