

# Rock You

Kool Moe Dee

("Oh yeah") ("Rock you")  
("Rock you") ("Rock you") ("Rock you") ("Rock you")

Boy, you're going crazy, really getting lazy  
Rhymes as weak as water, even shorter than the days be  
So you on the pop charts, got off to a fast start  
Now it's slowing down, homie, show me where is your heart  
I want you to battle me but all you do is saddle me  
Ride on my bone, and you won't 'cause you know that'll be  
Your crucifixion, my resurrection  
Here's my prediction: you need protection

("Rock you") ("Rock you") ("Rock you")

On and on 'til your rhymes are gone  
We could battle head up without singing a song  
We'll just go rhyme for rhyme, you'll run out in due time  
And I'll keep going while I'm blowing you, I'm showing you I'm  
Your superior 'cause you're inferior  
Jump out of line one more time and I'll bury ya  
Say something, I dare ya—matter fact, where are your homeboys?  
Bring 'em on, the more the merrier  
I know how to put an end to all of this  
Is battle, winner take the money and the loser's gotta quit

("Rock you") ("Rock you") ("Rock you")

Like you've never been rocked before, I'll make ya sore  
Freeze up like an ice cube and never thaw  
Until I turn the heat on and once the heat is felt  
Like ice, you'll burn twice, you'll do more than melt  
Because I'll evaporate you, and consolidate you  
With the air, you'll disappear, I'll annihilate you  
You might still be living but you feel deceased  
You oughta name your next record "Rest in Peace"

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I got a rhythm to ride, I can feel it inside  
Of my bones, I got a jones, I'm the microphone pride of New York

When I talk, other emcees walk  
Street critics rave and the ladies hawk  
Complements are given 'cause my rhymes are driven  
By a ego that prevents me to bite 'cause I'm not living like that  
I am authentic, like the Titanic  
But I'm unsinkable, believe it and then accept that  
It's reality, you have no choice  
No screaming or yelling, I got a real voice  
I'm badder than bad, no reason to get mad  
When I pick up the mic, the young boys are had  
And I can say what I want 'cause nothing can be done  
'Cause I don't fear none 'cause not near one of you  
p\*ssycat candy rap, need to get a jap slap  
For saying that bullcrap and trying to call it real rap

Sorry chap, you're just a new jack  
Line up at rhyme prison, get in the back  
Because I am the leader, the rhyme breather  
And, and, you know you need a real leader  
To, to, to help you see the way to be the  
Man that you really think you are, a superstar  
You fall short of that status, and by far  
Because supers call me super, and that means superb  
Not a nerd using verbs, and I ain't the herb  
That's gonna sit back and relax and backtrack while you wack  
Boys get paid and parade around stage 'cause you made  
A few hits, now you get do shit like your hits  
Forget it! I ain't wit' it  
You know I'm the best so admit it  
And any rappers out there that don't like what I said  
Step forward and I'll put that head to bed

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