

# Rock Is Dead

Presence

Enter my Delorean time machine  
Back to the future we go  
To explore the rock scene  
All the while  
My style's McFly  
Even when I die  
Big props to L.I.  
South Bronx  
Bedstuy

Bacdaf\*cup  
This ain't Onyx  
Pave the way for Dr. Dre and his Chronic  
The Gravediggaz ebonically demonic  
Nasty Nas and his supersonic phonic  
K-R-S-One Attack  
With the Boom Bap  
On the scene in Queens with Kool G Rap  
LA back in the day  
A Hundred Miles And Runnin  
Forever gunnin with NWA  
Chorus  
Who says rock is dead  
Are you ready to bang your head  
C'mon yeah  
Who says rock is dead  
Bang your head  
Enough said

Imagination is the key to be  
I let my mind fly free  
The second coming of the white emcee  
Settin forth a prerequisite  
I know you're tryin to get with this  
Amazin caucasian persuasion  
Always on some next shit  
Perpetual rhyme delivery  
An enigmatic mystery  
You know I'm fit to be  
Goin down in history  
Biggie Smalls and Tupac we mourn  
Now behold Jay Slim  
Another legend is born

Headbangin and slangin as I enter the Wu-Tang  
Hoo-Bangin with the Westside Connect gang  
Respect is Hard To Earn like my paycheck  
Protect Ya Neck  
From the blast of the Tek & Steele  
Bucktown  
Duck Down  
Just tryin to B-Real like Cypress Hill  
With my License To Ill  
I Kill At Will  
Word to Rakim  
Yo it's Time To Build

(Chorus)

I flow about what I know  
In the process try to grow  
No I've never been to the ghetto  
And I'll probably never go  
The wrath of an intelligent white kid with a mic gripped tight  
A lyrical fight ensues  
You lose  
Gave ya brain blacks & blues  
Knocked ya out  
Stole ya shoes  
Hit a spliff and took another sip of the booze  
Shut yer yapper  
I'm the cracker rapper that's makin all the rules  
Refuse and I'll prepare your moms for the bad news

Bridge

Some call it a fad  
It's a natural evolution of music  
A few abuse it  
I refuse to lose it  
It's part of my heart  
It's for the kids  
Not the music critics to tear it apart  
I'm calling it the Peter Pan Theory  
You can keep that lo-fi throwback crap 'cause I don't want it near me  
And if ya can't hear me/start a band with "t-h-  
e" and you too can be a flash in the pan ... can't forget the Outkast  
Goodie Mo-B  
The D-O-double-G  
So shall I Proceed  
To rock the mic like MOP  
Run-DMC  
A Tribe called Hip-Hop will always run through me

(Chorus)