

Mo' Bass

UTFO

We slay
Put the Mix-Master on the fader
And the rhythm of the cuts are always up to data
Boy, it means nothin if we're rockin the place
Without the tremble of the tweeter and the presence of the bass
Mo' bass!

No-now-now-now-now...

N-n-n-now when I say bass, not the base of the pipe
(You mean the bass of a drum?) Yo, that type of bass drum
Will make the people feel it, can you feel it? (We feel it, Doc)
Now that that's straight it's my turn to rock
Listen to the lyrics that the Doc expresses on the wax
You can't compare cause I'll (wax) and (tax), so max
If for some reason I lose my space
That's cause I can't (feel the bass)
Understand?

Walk this way cause here's the way we'll be walkin
Brooklyn style is the way we'll be talkin
And if you ain't with it, without a doubt
By some (brothers) from (Brooklyn) you'll (get) stomped (out)
(That's right)

It's time to get stupid and cold serve the place
B-Fine.. (What's up, Doc?) Mo' bass! (Okay)
As I was writin this rhyme I had to make it worth while
For my brother Jalil Whodini style
Servin left to (right) right to (left)
And it's mandatory the Doc must be (def)
As I swing my rhythm to the beat of the drum
If you can't catch my lyrics, just hum
And yo, if you can't feel the bass don't jump on my case
Full Force.. (What Doc?) On bass more bass

(Bass)

It's a concentrated bass that's heavy and poundin
Covered with a blanket of vocals that are astoundin
Receivin strenght for my medulla oblangata
Injected in a circular platter
Resent about a feeling, a deja-vu
It's the untouchable Force (cold) comin at you
With a quantity of bass that will make your box boom
Make your heart pump, make you tremble and zoom
And you couldn't replicate it even if you were us
It's the Educated Rapper M.D. plus
(And the girl that bobs her knobs, you'll get a bonus)
After you been taken you might wanna phone us
And give us your opinion of this hellafied medley
With interlude and -mission it's twice as deadly
The people love the menu revolvin in my head
Somehow I feel it's up to me to keep em well fed
(What's your name?) D.M. Reppar Detacude
(Yo, what's that?) That's my name spelled backwards
I'm buggin (you be illin)
Back to boggle, baffle, bewilder, beat
Any opposition that would like to compete
Time has gone by and it's become repetitive

Most records I hear are competative
But it's time to put the ball into swing
And present you with a sample of a different thing
A drum track that's as hard as the ghetto
Makes you wanna frolic like sheep in the meadow
Jump back kick, back and relax
The perpetuity of my voice is reachin the max
Combined with the rhythm that's truly volcanic
No need to worry, no need to panic
Cause we possess the element to put a smile on your face
And it's free imports with bass

(Bass)

No matter how good you are, there is someone greater
And since I'm greater you'll become my spectator
You'll watch my every motion
You're nothin but a fish inside my ocean
When it come to swimmin I'm a deep sea diver
Some are live but I am liver
I hate to see anyone expressin doubt
He who speaks first will first find out
Those that have ruled in the past are gone
I am now your leader, lord Djengis Khan
Demandin more bass, why? Because you said you would
I'm a vicious and delicious individual
Ladies compare me to a lollypop
I'm not a sucker, I'm a suckee but let me stop
If you're anything like me, then you got taste
So what are you looking for? (More bass, more bass)
So don't let no one say nothing wrong in your face
There's more of us than of them and we demand more bass
It has nothing to do with you, it's just that we call the shots
If you want a explanation of the women I got
Is that a rapper is supposed to be a person that rhyme
(When he's rhymin) you're supposed to have a really good time
(And if you're not) it mean that you're not really havin a ball
Then the rapper probably wasn't really a rapper at all
(More bass) nothin primitive, I mean recent
In other words I mean, raps flowin decent
The beat has got to be the best, it can't be nothin shady
The bigger the beat, the better the bass, baby

Yo man
Do somethin

(The Mix-Master)

More bass, more bass