

Kwan, Padam

Padam padam! Where's the track of the drum?
So you say you're the king, but where's your kingdom?
This is my first album of the millennium
I got to work some to sell it platinum
Daisies are bright yellow... I'm talking like Othello
Open up the microphone
'Cause you don't wanna miss this, check the statistics
This might be a mystical lyrical bliss
Hulabaloo, peekaboo, you! What can you do?
I'm using my microphone voodoo
When I hit the mic you feel pain
Pump up the volume and go insane
Hey, I don't wanna raise no war senior,
except the Karate plus on the Commodore 64
You wanna try my rhyme galore?
I give you metaphor from Helsinki to Singapore
Chorus:
If you think that getting' this easy, fly away, fly away
If you think that getting' this easy, fly away 'cause I can't help you
So you say you're the king
You pick the mic but you don't say nothing
Back, back to the track yo combaya, my lord
I'm using my word as a sword
Hold my mic like a torch in the dark
And out come the wolves, like dogs they bark
If the locomotion makes you sway like the ocean
and you need some more, ask from the TJ's promotion
S.O.S., I come from Loch Ness
and you'd rather be at home with your mom playing chess
Hip-hop hurricane ready for the campaign
to break the chains of your brains in this last red minute
Show me are you in it, are you part of the crew?
One, two, a pump it up, one, two
911 a mayday, a mayday!
I think this game was too hard for you to play
Say what? So you think you deserve another chance?
Fine by me, but one condition: you got to dance
One, two, a pump it up, one, two