

# 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  
Hiphop 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