

Rhymefest, Dynamite (Going Postal)

(scratched: "Dy-no-mite!")
Just Blaaaaze!

(Rhymefest)

Wait hold the phone, muh'fucker pass the mic
Spread the word like Pastor Ike, this ain't mass but like
We ain't congregatin, mashin tonight
The boys in blue, I'll show you what the brass is like
The perfect storm, like when disaster strike
Or Knievel when he crashed his bike
I'm the ashy type, like the knuckles on an inmate locked up
'Cept I stay on the grind, my "Blue Collar" popped up
Blue collar rap, why I call it that?
Shit I know my real niggaz that U-Haul done hauled back
You ain't a stand up man? Well you fall and crawl back
You a long distance thug, the fuck you call that?
See - this is how a track should pound
And if King was alive this is how he would sound
"You a soft-ass nigga, you a mark, you a gump
Fuckin lame, you a coward, you a punk, you a chuuump"

(Chorus)

I'm the light, I'm the fuse, Rhyme-F-E-S-T
I'm {"Dy-no-mite!"}
Niggaz runnin for cover from the fallin debris
I'm {"Dy-no-mite!"}
Explosive, nigga blowin up the streets
I'm {"Dy-no-mite!"}
I'm the keg, I'm the powder, I'm the fuse, I'm the lighter
If it look like a fire I'm {"Dy-no-mite!"}

(Rhymefest)

You would never stand the challenge
What the preacher preachin what the teacher taught
I dropped out of school, stayed on the street and fought
Like Disciples! Jeffrey manner to be exact
Where how you wear yo' hat made you prone to attack
Made you, made you, made you go and get a strap
And keep you bustin 'til your enemies was gone from the map
Like a killer or a man or a giant when I stand
Open my palm bitch, I got the world in my hand
Got a gun and a plan, I got the bible and the Qu'ran
I got a bomb like I live in Iran
I got niggaz to ride with me, hold me down in the street
And deep down I wonder if they the beast, I mean
I mean the police, the feds that police them street
Get in the studio, then try to influence my speech
Like a rat stool pidgeon or a mark or a gump
Fuckin lame, you a coward, you a punk, you a chump

(Chorus)

(Rhymefest)

You would sell your own momma for a piece of a crumb
A piece of the crunk, that ain't even where you from
Youse a follower (what~!) that's right, a fuckin follower
Probably wearin a wire, so I don't even talk to ya
You think these niggaz is thugs, they officers
Call the oficers, tell 'em get 'em officers, 'fore I show you
'Bout a killer or a man or a giant when I stand
Open my palm bitch, I got the world in my hand
Got a gun and a plan, I got the Torah and the Qu'ran
I got your toddler in the back of a van
I got a hostage and a list of demands, I gotta gotta

'bout a thousand dollars say you couldn't sit where I stand
All these niggaz that spit threats, hoes that get wet
My style's runnin to the toilet, you ain't seen shit yet
Yet, yet and still I keep it hot like, Mexican meals
I got a Cadillac stretch Deville
I can show you how to flip for real
Gangsters don't hold the rock, but they know how to flip it and chill
Dime bag-ass niggaz ain't large
When the Patriot Act come hit they ass with the terrorist charge
And we, is what they made it fo'
You think it's all about Arabs? It's a war on the po', we gotta go
Like a killer or a man or a giant when he stand
Open your palm bitch, we got the world in our hand

(Chorus)

(explosion)