

Beats And Styles, Dynamite

Tell a friend to tell a friend
Beats and Styles back at it again
Like this

Blowing up like dynamite,
Blowing up like dynamite,
Blowing up like dynamite,
dah dah dah dynamite!

You might have ammo, you might spark
but you don't send a boy to do a dirty man's job
So I put on my shades, put on my alligator,
pack my shit, kiss my kids, see you later
Rolling in the scene lika a disco dream
everything's smooth, if you know what I mean
Zooming the babes, you know they start screamin'
I haven't got nothing but I'm gonna lift the ceiling

Blowing up like dynamite...

Hot 'demma, I'm a superslamma
when I rock the mic right
It's like dynamite, dynamite
dah dah (tic tic yo) dynamite
Hot 'demma, I'm a superslamma
when I rock the mic right
It's like dynamite, dynamite
dah dah (tic tic yo) dynamite

Blowing up like dynamite...

Dj gave the tune, now everybody's hummin'
I grab the mic, they knew that was comin'
Bang 'til you bang, you got the funky drummer drummin'
and all the fly hotties, we got a little something
So I put on the show, pull a cologne
the old school shit you can't leave it alone
B-boys in the ring, fly girls are like the bomb
'cause I'm the superman who rocks the microphone

Blowing up like dynamite...

Hot 'demma, I'm a superslamma...

Blowing up like dynamite...

Put your hands together,
dah dah dynamite!
Put your hands together,
dah dah dynamite!
Put your hands together,
dah dah dynamite!
Put your hands together,
dah dah dynamite!

Hot 'demma, I'm a superslamma...

Blowing up like dynamite...