

Don Johnson Big Band, Jesus Adidas

the name is TMC and I rap like a criminal
fresh like stimorol, my style is subliminal
the best damn rapper Helsinki ever saw
not a single flaw, I only cook it if it's raw
got rhymes galore, too many rhymes in store
and every time I score I'm slick like Roger Moore
I take the ball to the basket, nail it like a casket
make it all mysterious and then I unmask it
took a rhyme, laced it, thought I misplaced it
but cats who disgraced it better get wasted
I tasted success and I'm already drunk
J. Paul Getty funk, stinkin like a skunk
Anansie, but I'm not a bald pansy
my mind is in a frenzy and my mouth is like a gun
verbal ammunition on a mission of fun
wishing it would rain cause I'm hotter than the sun
my style is the toast and my voice is the butter
I'm soft and hard, never st-stutter
raised by the suburbs in city asylum
graffiti painted proverbs of the fire island
I'm dialing the numbers to reach your brain
0057 is the code I maintain
crossed bridges and tracks to make 14 my game
connect the whole city like a metro train
never resting, clever microphone testing
the rhymes I create are like funds I'm investing
began with a dime, became a millionaire
now it's a thrill to share, so I fill the air
with a fat beat, a retreat on the backbeat
rappin to the rhythm in the rhythm of a rap beat
back on the street I never boast my style
rappin coast-to-coast, I'm always worth your while
acting like a master, nobody rappin faster
I'm bringing you the news like a local broadcaster
a brother who likes to take it slow
polish the flow I'mma make it glow, let it go

set the show, we entertain you head-to-toe
creating beats to detain you, then let you go
we let you know we make the flow electrical
technical, precise and perceptible

check the flow, we entertain you head-to-toe
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verse two, I get it together like super glue
skip, hip, the be-bop, a doo-wop a doo-ba-doo
I do my talking in bubbles like a scuba-duba-diver
every time I see a fish I throw a high fiver
smart like MacGyver, no vagina
spit saliva on the mic, I'm fucking hard like a penis
stupid like Beavis, no matter where the scene is
rap believers, I'm the Jesus in Adidas
the hip hop dictator dictating the data
rappin fast and taking deep breaths like Darth Vader
I silence my critics like Sani Abacha
la cucaracha, like a Russian without a dacha
I gotcha and made you dance to the lambada
in my Lada, chilling with Afrika Bambaata
Zulu nation, I made it continental
mental like a car rental and dental floss
I burn your flag and your cross

I cook the sauce I'm the boss like Hugo
my face is calm but I'm crazy like judo
pseudo-scientific and terrific like pluto
who's the man of all Scan-dinavia
spreading the mania Helsinki to Saudi Arabia
planned the whole thing like the lord and saviour
MC Jerusalem rap human behaviour
hip hop messiah with divine vocabulary
healing the sick who spit rhymes in a hurry
I'm raw like Keith Murray, funny like Bill Murray
a ghostbuster on your ass from here to Surrey
sub z-e-r-o degrees penetrate the cranium
the brain subterranean, hot like uranium
I'm caught where a thought takes a second to freeze
dreaming of the warm mediterranean breeze

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