

# K-OS, AquaCityBoy

It's over here!

It's over here!

Check it

We ice cold, rap Siberia North Pole

"This ain't rock'n roll, cause the rapper's in control"

I'm like a blacksmith, forgin' the mic into gold

The game gets old, when the game gets sold

I spent alot of time, perusin' the T. Dot

Maybe a beats hot, but syllables bleeped out

Many men turn to mice when searchin' for cheese, auk

Pick up these guitars, not negative heat knocks, now

I'm like an Rangular angular rhyme strangular

Bangin' the beats from here to Hallie

And I'm manning a "Microphone"

You best respect Canada

In this musical famine

so here's some manna you can't examine

I'm staggerin'

Drunk amongst style

"Offishal" like "Kardinal"

Big up to Red Won

Misfit, they put me up in the mix

Zeb Rock's ghetto's comin' with a bag of tricks

SICK!

YO

It's over here!

It's over here!

And we blow the spot

Put ya' city on the map and it's called the T Dot

Here

It's over here!

And we blow the spot

Put ya' city on the map and it's called the T Dot

Oh oh oh

Ya don' know?

Grew up in Whitby, that's East of Toronto

Used to take the Jetta downtown to check the sound

Of DJ X and Mastermindin' the underground

Now I'm grown up but I feel stuck

Hip-hop head forever, tryin' to keep it together

Sometimes I think I'm goin' insane

Pressure bring, pressure flowin' on my head like rain

But fame can bring pain

That's why I got game and a rude attitude

that I call Emily \*hay\*

So you can get the Prozak if you claim to know that

What I'm livin', I break it down like long division

A mathematician, with inner vision like Stevie

No Wonder, I make a move-a from one street to

Vancouver

Lookin' for philosopher stone

It's over there-no? It's over here-what?

IT'S OVER HERE!

YO

It's over here!

It's over here!

And we blow the spot

Put ya' city on the map and it's called the T Dot

Here

It's over here!

It's over here!

And we blow the spot

Put ya' city on the map and it's called the T Dot

Ohhh ohhh ohhh ohhhhhhh