

Kool G Rap & DJ Polo, Rhymes I Express

Bass, snare drum in your eardrum
Musical outcome, lyrical tantrum
Energy enters me, power absorbed
Phonograph arts and crafts mic warlord
Kool G Rap the lyric dictator
DJ Polo the fader operator
Will crush, squash, rhymes are harsh
All spectators will be brainwashed
Sons, daughters, paper reporters
Receive my command and follow our orders
Poetry slavery biters observe
This is hip-hop your optical nerve
Deserves no need to explain
Plain simple, created by the temple, the brain
Maintain order with pain, well
Only a lamebrain will be expelled
Big boss, swift with force
And of course, you'll be driven off-course
Banded, musically blended
Complete the beat and end it, splendid

Put you in a (trance)
With the rhymes that I (express)
Yo I'mma put you in a (trance)
With the rhymes that I (express)

Words I chant my competitors can't
Physical structure is of a power plant
Mic master interpreting faster
Than any perpetrating fraud broadcaster
I display and MC's pray
Cause under x-ray they are Parkay
And artificial down to their initial
In no position to be official
In hip-hop not the surface or the median
I'm at the top you're a clown and a comedian
A big waste of wax plus tax
Your royalties couldn't buy a can of Ajax
Not energetic rhymes are pathetic
My beat is so sweet you'll become a diabetic
Fascinating revolving and rotating
That's how the record starts motivating

Vocally discharging lyrics like magic
Poetical recital is vital and tragic
Strikes are fatal on the mic I label
Me Kool G Rap and Polo on the table
Violators and intruders
I'll exile barbarian style like an executor
Then muta-late later
Copicatters I batter, G Rap impersonators
Brains scatter my rhyme is the solution
Record rotation forms a revolution
The spin extends another plate blends and
It corresponds to the message I've sent
Even destroy boys with a safety pen
Men who try to dis I discipline
Then I'll diminish, cities I conquer
If I'm a toy boy, I'm tough as Tonka
Visualize me on your MTV
These rhymes I design is called poetry

