

Kwan, Rock Da House

I used to rock rough rhymes alone to the break of dawn
A lonely rider on the storm I was a fighter by a microphone
A bonebreaker verbal acrobatics to the fat beat
I'm a black man sitting on the backseat
with the freestyle mode bebe form one
You might get the mic maybe - don't stun
I practice my shit daily unison
with Mary rappin' melody of oblivion
It's so mystic how I got in this business
I'm melodic miss diss, like it or not I'm gonna kick this
This thick beatbox beat pushing forward like a train
Brain activating game
By the way: I'm Mariko from Helsinki / Finland
And I ain't cold though Scandinavian
First girl of Dynasty under the sun
I take pride in my rappin' session
Chorus:
Rock the house!
With a true hip hop
Rock the house!
With Mary and Tidjn
Rock the house!
It's the ultimate bond
Rock the house!
To the sound of the Kwan
Writing rhymes to me is like the Crashbandicota
Dope, like dope what they smokers smoking all day long
without doing anything, all I hear is big talk from the
mouths that should be rappin', ring the bell "ring ring"
Rock the house with the sound you can't miss
I'm MC Tidjn and that's my main girl miss
Mary, queen of la dinasti Kwan
Avec nos soldats rythmiques c'est la force octagone
By an accident I'm getting sentimental
Be aware, my experiment could be bad for your mental
But feelings we have for this hiphop
Always been rocking from the bottom to the top
When ever it comes to debation
You got me up on the stand, no question
I gotta clear view of our destination
Rock the house with the energy phenomenon