

# 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