

# Rahzel, All I Know

[Chorus:] X 4

I can't stop

I really don't care about those other carbon copies

Don't stop Bobby don't stop

[Verse 1]

Yo I'm the microphone champi on

Any stage you get me on or let me on

My ambi once is one step beyond

Then my song is a correspond with the audi once

Experi once the Renaiss once my reson once is really on

Wonder Twin powers activate

Put the tape on I can take on any shape, form

Size or weight, shape of Activation Voltron

Imagine all the microphones in the world I spit it on

Imagine the next MC step to me gettin' shifted on

You can even ask the girl about the bed we did it on

I hit it from the back to Marvin Gaye's Let's Get it On

Don't get it wrong, give it a thong, she put it on, in uniform

Sippin Don Periogne, Shawn Don, fillet mignon

Long horns stick and move until the cameras come on

Until the cameras are gone from there on, dusk till dawn

Get your grind on, now put your panties back on

Thank you for your cooperation

Rahzel, on your Hot 97 station

[Chorus] X 2

(Baby crying)

[Woman]

Oh what's wrong Rahzel?

You're trying to sing?

Don't worry baby, when you grow up you're gonna be a star!

[Verse 2]

Yo, I'm one of the illest vocalists to ever turn the mic on

Let me download my sound, catalog the microns

(Computer noises) Turn your website on

WWW dot transmission d-d-d-d-d-dot sitcom

Got your girl buck naked on the cover, right on

3-d visually enhanced on your cd-rom

EP-rom, erasable, programmable and only

Memory accesible when you're pc's on

We can battle for your soul like Ki Yong Song

We can battle for your girl like Rae Dawn Chong

Yo you're mother's so fat she wears a three piece thong

Made of polyester-cryllic, rip stop nylon

With a skully cap that stretches three feet long

98 degrees outside, with a sheepskin on

I play you and your mom like Donkey Kong

Check this out

(Videogame noises)

[Chorus] X 4

[Verse 3]

Yo we got the hottest, wildest fiber optic

Double O 7 James Bond, talkin in your watch shit

Watch this, Baywatch shit

Topless, there's no way you could stop this, spotless

Keep the flame up in the cockpit

(?) on some New Kids on the Block shit

My worse man is nothin' but profit

While you keep secrets and gossip

The Officer, the Gentleman

Chiseled out, President, call me Lou Gosset

This is for the players who pop shit

Frontin like you got shit

PHD, without the doctrate

If it wasn't for break beats, you'd be rhymin over my shit

Often transformin on stage, the Super DJ  
2000 beats per minute, with an arcade  
Round 1 fight, Street Fighter 3, pro tours with an upgrade  
Call the paramedics to fed-ex some first aid  
My cahlistenics been magnetic since first grade  
We can battle in the doorway or the hallway  
We can take the shit to the street, off and on Broadway  
We can battle where you buy your cheap ass clothes in front of  
Comway  
We can battle in the passenger seat of your motherfuckin Hyundai  
[Chorus] X 4  
[Chorus2 with variations til fade:]  
Doo doo doodoo dooooo  
Doo doo doodoo dooooo  
Keep it movin'  
We're movin' on  
It's time to get down  
Rahzel, Roots crew, what, yeah  
Uh huh, break it down what, Ice diggy  
Hollis crew, Irv Gotti, what