Ren, What You Want

Oh my god, music these days is like... so lame
I can't listen to the radio without cringing my big tits off
I wish someone would take it back to the old school

Boom like dynamite, yes I get wild
Blowing up the scene like a frickin' missile
Quick hit the deck sir, here comes the pressure
Sound so ill, better call the health inspector

People of the world, people all over the nation
This is my jam, yes I bring the good vibration
Lyric education, I'm elevating the ratings
It's blatant, I'm painting the shape of this great innovation I'm making

When I step up on the scene
Fresh like grass when the grass is green
Style that can blast ya, I'll be the master
Sword in the stone, I'm the new King Arthur

Could I get a minute to finish this pinnacle of music
Fuse it with blues and then use it carefully, please don't abuse it
Lose it like a mental patient, schizophrenic conversation
"Hi, Ren! My name is Ren! Nice to meet you! Oh, that's great man..."

I got what you want
I got what you need
Old-school kicks with a new school twist
Banging on my mp3
I got what you need
I got what you want
A vintage classic, bounce like elastic
Old-school song

Devastating worlds like a whirlpool, tough like a turtle
I rock a whole room without a single rehearsal
Face turned purple blowing off steam
I glow like Christmas, watch me gleam

Come out the blue like a shark attack
I got you in my jaws, how you gonna react
When I snap my trap, I crack your back flat
When I wiggidy wiggidy wiggidy snap my trap

Jump in, jump out, shake it all about
Move to the sound now sit the fuck down
Sit the fuck down? Sit the fuck down!
I'm King like Kong, so pass me the crown

I'm warrior like Xena, Julius like Caesar
Cooler than an ice cube sitting in your freezer
I'm Rocky but I'm meaner, I'll turn you like I'm Tina
Flow could turn and atheist into a believer

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Flipping sick kick flips, I'm wicked, tricky I'm lippy I'm sick
Ripping, your tripping no kidding, dip in, then rip up the set

Quick with the rhythm I give 'em shivers, I'm triggering kids
Syllables Biblical, mythical, critical, hold my breath

Hold my breath, nothing more nothing less
Puffing draw, passing left, busting raw on her chest
I digress, I'm a menace, I'm a mess
I'm the baker make the bread, undertaker raise the dead

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