

Snap, Cult Of Snap

Groove is quick but thick no trick words manifest
Lyrics I lick (hype as hype and SNAP made it hyper)
Beat to the brain like a bullet from a sniper
When the loser smooth like a cruiser
Beat the beat down
I'm the big bruiser
On to off to off on and on
This is the new-new breed of rap song
to the T.O.P yes the top
I rock the spot hot
To be or not to be yes it'll be
M.C. Turbo B
(yes to the groove yes it's party)
Peace of mind
Time to unwind
Trip and dip slip the hip now grip
To the Techno House of hip
(cause this is the cult of SNAP)
Hard to hold
It's burning cold
We make the jam broke the mold
so it can't be sold
Took the vic
Stolen taken
Move to the groove
Dancefloor shakin'
Up and down you're spinning around
You check the sound, hands in the air
Party Hard, Hard not to party moving close
(body to body)
I for one the only son the only child
Not mild but the kid is wild
Code name is Turbo
Jam,jump,jump,jump,jump and jam
The cult of SNAP
And snap is in command
To the point correct and exact
THIS IS THE CULT OF SNAP