Hip-hop do that body-rock

Jam on and keep smokin

Hip-hop do that body rock

I've been gone for a while but I'm still in style (2x)

Yea, come on now get on down Can-I-Bus, back with the hip-hop sound Twenty years deep in this culture, compulsive Every day, this was the dream that I wrote with Outside chillin, b-boys spinnin Pretending not to notice the supreme choice women I rep the rude boy, not the dread posse I a bugsy ride with zombies behind me Turns the lighs up, pick the mic up Get 'em hyped up lookin for the right cut I don't write much, but I love to bust At the crowd 'cause they love the rush The mark is on my arm, was drawn To symbolize the art of hip-hop in its rawest form We could take it to the stage like we goin to war Both fallin through the crowd, we perform on tour Come correct with the rhyme, they remember the flow I was "Gone Til November" six Decembers ago

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(2x)

Every day is a piece of enernity to weed control That's why rap music feeds the soul DJ drop needle, I shock people There's mic doc in the house and he's not legal Canibis just entered the building yo If you lookin for the illest, start filming yo I get a call, slide to Diego Hit the bay off with something less than a day old Here's a hot one for you to hold The super MC, Superbowl, winner takes all The Fahrenheit, nine eleven, rhyme weapon The underground give me credit when I'm sound checkin I feel like it's now or never, the rhyme state clever When the wisdom teeth grind together (Go to sleep) I cant go to sleep unless I write something (Then stay awake) I can't stay awake unless I recite something I can't recite something without tight substance When I bust and I leave mothafuckin mics busted

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