

Microphoneaye

Kwan

Beatbox and
Turntables,
Few tracks and
Microphoneaye!

I say I'm back dakety digedy daca like a sacka
Black blacety hakety haca daca wacka
Play with your tongue diga daga waga say, yo
I gotta lyrics like bullets in the AK
So ready or not, I'm coming to ya
What you gonna do now? Step in to the party of mine
All I neeeeeed is a rhythm divine
So I can put the words on beat and drop it on the line
Hippy hippy shake hippy lo hippy hi
Bigedy back to trackmasters slam ziggy I
Hiphop is my ambition, so I settle the score
I'll be one step ahead with my sniper on your backdoor
Yeah I got a message in the bottle take it from the water
Read it to your sister and your brother
Step inside the perfect dark of this new lifeform tonight
Put the uniform on tonight

Gimme room, gimme room now, back up son
You won't get the mic yo 'til I get done
I warn you: do don't talk, I say say
Come on baby light my fire, purple haze
Higher mathematics, 106,
No tricks, just a pure hiphop addictics
Don't ever underestimate your enemy like Kennedy
They got the poison, you don't got to remedy
What's the melody coming from the temple of the Kwan dynasty?
Sweet melancholy rhapsody
His Infernal Majesty has arrived
And I'll testify when the love and death embrace tonight
Oh my godda, oh my goddess
that I don't live in fucking Åmal, god bless
Yo, should I wear a pink dress, should I go at all
Knock the wood, knock knock a dål dål

Engine, engine number 9
Across the fader on the transit line
Back little at the front - that's fine
Is everybody ready for the chorus?

It goes something like this!