

Rock Da House

Kwan

I used to rock rough rhymes alone to the break of dawn
A lonely rider on the storm I was a fighter by a microphone
A bonebreaker verbal acrobatics to the fat beat
I'm a black man sitting on the backseat
with the freestyle mode bebe form one
You might get the mic maybe - don't stun
I practice my shit daily unison
with Mary rappin' melody of oblivion

It's so mystic how I got in this business
I'm melodic miss diss, like it or not I'm gonna kick this
This thick beatbox beat pushing forward like a train
Brain activating game
By the way: I'm Mariko from Helsinki Finland
And I ain't cold though Scandinavian
First girl of Dynasty under the sun
I take pride in my rappin' session

Rock the house!
With a true hip hop
Rock the house!
With Mary and Tidjn
Rock the house!
It's the ultimate bond
Rock the house!
To the sound of the Kwan

Writing rhymes to me is like the Crashbandicota
Dope, like dope what they smokers smoking all day long
without doing anything, all I hear is big talk from the
mouths that should be rappin', ring the bell