

## 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 thicky 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