

## Rap It Up

Tyler, the Creator

Y'all better watch out  
Cause big trouble's on the mic now  
I knock all of your lights out  
With my verse, y'all be cursed, explodin' like some fireworks  
Bow!

Blitz Comet on the scene  
You step to me and you're gonna get creamed  
Corn all up in your teeth, you reek  
You're the opposite of chiq ya freak  
Your rhymes are like antiques, nobody wants 'em  
They throw 'em all away  
Right from the get go like your brain is on delay  
Matter of fact, yo, you better get a checkup  
Go ask your doctor, why you be so ugly from the neck up?

Excuse me  
A hug can be the most wonderful thing  
Two arms wrapped around you like a mother's wing  
But we're so selfish when we are blue  
Doesn't a hug deserve a hug too?  
Thank you

Yeah, Crew Crew's comin' at ya  
Say it twice, don't forget it, y'all better catch up  
To where we're at  
You're behind the times, can't compete without your rhymes  
So you better say your goodbyes  
We got Francois, Blitz Comet, B-Tron the Jersey kid on the beats  
You know we rocks it, Demolition, the dopest girl on the mic  
And Alpha Dog, I bark the truth, my verses be all nice and tight  
So now you know who we are  
Crew Crew is the crew shining brighter than a Quasar  
But you're bizarre  
Yes you sir, are a loser  
So cover up that freakish dome and head back home and take your poems

Hey Mordecry, or I mean Mordecai  
Didn't mean to diss you, please don't run away and hide  
Saw you sobbin' at that movie A Very Happy Bride  
Here, I'll pass you a tissue, try and have some male pride  
Cause the ladies don't like your sensitive side  
Like Margaret, for example, but I guess that's implied  
She won't get with you, she just won't get with you  
Never gonna get with you

What is this place, this magical field  
It's wide and it's open, nothing's concealed  
It's scenic and peaceful for us to enjoy  
Why, this is the park! Good show, old boy!  
A place of great [beauty] (undefined) for plenty to use  
It inspires us all, so go spread the news  
To man, woman, child, or begging cowboy  
This is the park! Good show, old boy!  
The key to this place puts a smile on your face  
It is the people that it does employ  
Why, this is the park! Good show, old boy!

Mordecai Rigby  
Friends don't let down other friends  
You guys are losers

Your attitude is unappealing, some would say quite rude  
Your shoes are... colorful

Come on tough guy, why are you tongue-tied  
Watch out everybody, looks like grandpa's 'bout to cry

Weathering a righteous storm, the rainiest of days  
Friends stick together through thick and thin, always  
We're sorry Pops, we were acting like fools  
We hope you can forgive us for being complete tools  
Your poems aren't lame, they're really works of art  
If we're gonna win this battle, we gotta do it from the heart

Let's do this!  
Beauty is in the center of all that you see  
Simple, yet complex and fully textured  
And beauty be a part of all that you be  
For you are the best rhymers that I've ever heard!

Why you talkin' 'bout beauty man  
Don't understand what that's got to do with you, fool  
You guys are like spoiled hams in a can  
Super bland, expiration date's overdue

The canning of meat is quite a sweet treat  
So thanks for comparing us so  
Your words are inspiring, ideas so concrete  
You really put on quite a show!

Okay, hold up, you wanna talk words and verbs?  
But your face is distracting, so ugly it bugs me  
Take care of that mess and sweep it under the rug please  
So trust me, you're only taking matters from bad to worse  
Only solution is to turn around and reverse

A gift to us, new perspective on things  
Life looking different from where you stand true  
So much to discover, so spread your wings  
And take flight for a birds-eye view

Okay, this be gettin' serious  
You guys are delirious, are you hearin' this?  
Talkin' 'bout positive things, but you ain't got no game  
And it's plain to see, your strange to me, cause we be  
Shining like diamonds, y'all be petty cash  
Nice mustache, conquistadors be wanting it back  
In fact, what are you?  
A rat, a squirrel, some kind of fat meercat who thinks he's rad  
Your bird friend's dropping words absurd again  
Useless rhymes that expose the nerd in him  
You think Alpha Dog is gonna lay down and let you win?  
Head be all inflated, I guess, just like a giant blimp

It's been some time since I felt this way  
Challenged by such worthy opponents  
Your rhyme-scheme is good, but you're missing a few components  
You may say things that hurt, or some that will sting  
But for you, it's all just posturing

Look inside and be true to some real feelings  
And the world will be yours, I'm assuring  
So I thank you, good sirs, for this great contest  
It's certainly been lots of fun  
But there's nothing you can say to put me to rest  
So really, I've already won