

No Kid

Urban Dance Squad

This is all about music how to use it, they call it songs
If a rapper doesn't sing, well they call it wrong
While Remington raps on, coming on strong
Critics let their face grow long
Face my music for once I doubt if you can
You've been brainwashed too much as a public man

This is no kid

T.V.'s your pet your radio set, I scan
Popular music gives crap jams, you've been blinded, narrow minded
You know rap is big with the crowds nothing's behind it
They just dance if they like it, so they clock it
Don't be misled by my size when I rock it

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Mr. Top-50 Biznizman talking so slick
Don't like our kinda music so he gives us the pip
Why a lie rappers only flip their lip
Both sides of the globe call this music hip

Still knocking on doors of pop to make discs
While big men fake it with crapoid artists
Discotheques' answer ain't raps they ask for
A quick jam, pay wannabees, a few plaster

Just think you're a master with your ghetto blaster
Pipedreams about gold, but big men go faster
But you've hyped the type of music that holds you in a grip
When you pay this critics give it a miss
Dissin' the circuit, you say 'why, what this is !'
'Cos you rock like a kid, I gotta do it right

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Absorbing the words, it's absurd
People go with the crowd like a herd
The bits, the music, the whole words
Copy the style without own effort

If they are the herd, then I must be the herd man
Inventing fresh jams firsthand
You said it was nothing, not worth a damn
Too hard, too noisy, my show a five or ten

But the media men clap their hands
Now you wonder, guess how we did the good hook
It's the guitar, DJ, bass, the drummer's foot
Crumb up y'all, you never get these roots

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