

Hey yo check it out I got a hype rhyme for ya  
That I'll rock from London England to the boondocks of  
Georgia  
Intelligent, benevolent, super, all the qualities of H-  
I-C the alley-ooper  
My main man and me we've been cool since day one  
Scoopin' all the fly girls, havin' all the fun  
Sport the dope threads and the hundred dollar kicks  
Makin' power moves so get off my  
Nah I won't say it, cos it's crystal, it's clear  
I get the job done each and every year  
Back in school I used to act the fool  
But I rocked an A average so everything's cool  
Tool, my pencil, the mic's my utensil  
I wreck the mic check and you can write that in stencil  
So you wonder why I made it and your shit is goin'  
wrong  
Hey yo troop, I got it goin' on!  
I'm like a mad man when I get the mic in my hand  
I run loose at the mouth 'cos I really don't give a  
damn  
I'm on a mission, chasin' a dream  
When I hear the beats thump I shake like a fiend  
And when the notes are blue I do the do with the Us3  
crew  
Right in the back log, Geoff and Melle Mel y'all  
Chillin' on the track boy, mixin' up the schizmo,  
keepin' shit in fit form  
They got it goin' on  
Patterns in the poems get you open like a spliff  
If you take a sniff you might end up like a stiff  
'Cos it's funky, a hip-hop junkie is what I am  
Straight from Brooklyn with a gun in my hand  
I'm just kiddin', or should I say fibbin' or bare faced  
lyin'  
It doesn't matter, you know what I'm implyin'  
And if you still don't know what's goin' on  
Yo G I got it goin' on!  
Zoom-ga-zoom zoom-ga-zoom-ga-zay  
Sit back relax and I'll make your day  
Radical concepts that's my choice  
Freak it to the music and flow through my voice  
So let's face it, it's time to get back to the basics  
Sing a simple song that goes on and on and on  
I'm climbin' to the top just like King Kong  
And guess what? I got it goin' on!