

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
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!