“Rapper’s Delight”

by Sugar Hill Gang

I said a hip hop,

Hippie to the hippie,

The hip, hip a hop, and you don't stop, a rock it

To the bang bang boogie, say, up jump the boogie,

To the rhythm of the boogie, the beat.

Now, what you hear is not a test - I'm rappin' to the beat,

And me, the groove, and my friends are gonna try to move your feet.

See, I am Wonder Mike, and I'd like to say hello,

To the black, to the white, the red and the brown,

The purple and yellow. But first, I gotta

Bang bang, the boogie to the boogie,

Say up jump the boogie to the bang bang boogie,

Let's rock, you don't stop,

Rock the rhythm that'll make your body rock.

Well so far you've heard my voice but I brought two friends along,

And the next on the mic is my man Hank,

C'mon, Hank, sing that song!

Check it out, I'm the C-A-S-A, the N-O-V-A,

And the rest is F-L-Y,

You see I go by the code of the doctor of the mix,

And these reasons I'll tell you why.

You see, I'm six foot one, and I'm tons of fun

When I dress to a T,

You see, I got more clothes than Muhammad Ali

and I dress so viciously.

I got bodyguards, I got two big cars

That definitely ain't the wack,

I got a Lincoln Continental and a sunfoofed Cadillac.

So after school I take a dip in the pool,

Which is really on the wall,

I got a colour TV, so I can see

The Knicks play basketball. Hear me talk about

Checkbooks, credit cards, mo' money

Than a sucker could ever spend,

But I wouldn't give a sucker or a bum form the Rucker

Not a dime 'til I made it again. Everybody go

Ho-tel, Mo-tel, Whatcha gonna do today? (Say what?)

'Cos I'm a get a fly girl,

Gonna get some spank n' drive off in a def OJ. Everybody go

Ho-tel, Mo-tel, Holiday Inn,

Say if your girl starts actin' up, then you take her friend.

Master Gee! My mellow!

It's on to you, so whatcha gonna do?

Well, it's on'n'n'on'n'on on'n'on,

The beat don't stop until the break of dawn.

I said M-A-S, T-E-R, a G with a double E,

I said I go by the unforgettable name

Of the man they call the Master Gee.

Well, my name is known all over the world

By all the foxy ladies and the pretty girls.

I'm goin' down in history

As the baddest rapper there ever could be.

Now I'm feelin' the highs and you're feelin' the lows,

The beat starts gettin' into your toes

You start poppin' your fingers and stompin' your feet

And movin' your body while while you're sitting in your seat

And then damn! Ya start doin' the freak, I said

Damn! Right outta your seat

Then you throw your hands high in the air,

Ya rockin' to the rhythm, shake your derriere

Ya rockin' to the beat without a care,

With the sureshot MCs for the affair.

Now, I'm not as tall as the rest of the gang

But I rap to the beat just the same.

I got a little face, and a pair of brown eyes

All I'm here to do, ladies, is hypnotize

Singin' on'n'n'on'n'on on'n'on,

The beat don't stop until the break of dawn

Singin' on'n'n'on'n'on on'n'on,

Like a hot buttered pop da pop da pop dibbie dibbie

Pop da pop pop, don't you dare stop

Come alive y'all, gimme whatcha got

I guess by now you can take a hunch

And find that I am the baby of the bunch

But that's okay, I still keep in stride,

'Cos all I'm here to do is just wiggle your behind