

It was the (beatboxing) that got me (beatboxing)  
It was the (beatboxing) break (beatboxing)  
Deflate cuz i was gassed  
Head over heels in love with the electric drums  
And spoken vocals which was the joke of locals  
And laughing stock of my rock and roll ass town  
But the rhythmic acupuncture pierced my skin  
Pinning the butterflies to my stomach  
Which would flutter everytime i heard the (beatboxing)  
More than the (beatboxing)  
I was no devil worshiper  
Higher level interpreter  
I refuse to lose focus and recite satanic verses  
With curses  
Drug induced worst i know they were saying  
Kill your mother cuz it paid them well  
Yet it my flashback i see the foreshadow  
Irony twist my first purchase was a hip hop record  
Called raising hell  
I should have run when i had the chance but dmc's  
Made me wanna breakdance, made me wanna spin vinyl,  
Made me wanna graph right, made me want to not act white  
And not to perpetuate any stereotype but  
I was not about the mullet icehockey haircut  
You know the mullet, short on top for the fellas  
Long in back for the ladies, yea!  
I was not about stonewash nuthuggies with the french  
Rolls on the bottom so tight that it turned my toes purple  
Nor was i about the ripped jean jacket with the megadeath,  
Metallic, and slayer patch  
I had an internal itch for the (beatboxing) and never  
Could i get with I had wild style wars, i rented (blue) street every week  
As i rocked steady wearing out the play rewind and slow mo  
Buttons on my vcr  
I did the pause-play, pause-play, pause-play, pause-play  
All day forcing my wage comprehension of inner city invention for me  
Was in the expression which would eventually win the exception  
(what exception) those around me couldn't give me affection  
But i played and paid that video attention till i eventually i  
Completely bit the (beatboxing)  
And found my new religion, born again b-boy, born to destroy  
Decoys and be the real mccoys, yea boy!  
I wore the clock so you could know the time  
Chuck d told me to keep a sober mind, and even though his  
Sidekick liked the flavor of booze, i swear to god  
Hip hop was about being drug free  
I swear to god hip hop is about the upliftment of humanity  
And i swear to god hip hop was what rock was not was what bach  
Was not was not pop, (pop! pshhhh)  
Guess i was gassed!, see i remember when dr. dre use to express  
Himself about hating the chronic, a few years later he's  
Endorsing it while drinking gin and tonic  
Suburbanites that blast mace learn their mad face from onyx  
It was a rat race the first to properly use ebonics  
Dynamite like jj, but it was a fad like super sonic  
Hip hop flipped from being artistic to a pop hit  
Mainstream took control and we cannot stop it

Its a black art, being manipulated by white controllers  
Just like rock and roll is ... we took the (beatboxing)  
We took the (beatboxing) ...