

**Note:** Lyrics are presented for informational purposes only. No endorsement of their sentiments, attitudes, etc. is necessarily intended!

### RAPPER'S DELIGHT

Written by Sylvia Robinson, Big Bank Hank, Wonder Mike, Master Gee, Bernard Edwards, Nile Rodgers, Grandmaster Caz, and Alan Hawkshaw  
Performed by The Sugarhill 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 sunfooted 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'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'on'n'on on'n'on,  
The beat don't stop until the break of dawn  
Singin' on'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  
Singin' on'n'on'n'on on'n'on,  
The beat don't stop until the break of dawn.  
Singin' on'n'on'n'on on'n'on,  
Rock rock, y'all, throw it on the floor  
I'm gonna freak you here, I'm gona freak you there,  
I'm gonna move you outta this atmosphere.  
'Cos I'm one of a kind and I'll shock your mind  
I'll put TNT in your behind. I said  
One, two, three, four, come on, girls, get on the floor  
A-come alive, y'all, a-gimme whatcha got  
'Cos I'm guaranteed to make you rock  
I said one, two, three, four, tell me, Wonder Mike  
What are you waiting for?

### WALK THIS WAY

Written by Steven Tyler and Joe Perry  
Performed by Run-D.M.C.

Backstroke lover always hidin' 'neath the cover  
'Till I talked to my daddy he say  
He said, You ain't seen nothing  
'Till you're down on a muffin  
Then you're sure to be a-changin' your ways

I met a cheerleader, was a real young bleeder  
All the times I can reminisce  
Ah the best thing lovin'  
With her sister and her cousin  
Started with a little kiss, like this

See-saw swingin' with the boys in the school  
With your feet flyin' up in the air  
Singin' hey diddle-diddle with the kitty in the middle  
You be swingin' like you just didn't care

So I took a big chance at the high school dance  
With a missy who was ready to play  
Was it me she was foolin'?  
'Cause she knew what she was doin'  
Taught me how to walk this way  
She told me to

Walk this way, talk this way  
 Ah, just give me a kiss  
 Gimme some, gimme some, gimme some, yeah

School girl sadie with the classy kinda sassy  
 Little skirt climbing way up her knees  
 There was three young ladies in the school gym locker  
 When I noticed they was lookin' at me

I was a high school loser  
 Never made it with a lady  
 Till the boys told me something I missed  
 Then my next door neighbour  
 With a daughter had a favour  
 Took me just a little kiss, like this

See-saw swingin' with the boys in the school  
 With your feet flyin' up in the air  
 Singin' hey diddle-diddle with the kitty in the middle  
 You be swingin' like you just didn't care

So I took a big chance at the high school dance  
 With a missy who was ready to play  
 Was it me she was foolin'?  
 'Cause she knew what she was doin'  
 Told me how to walk this way  
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Walk this way, talk this way  
 Just give me a kiss

#### WHO AM I? (WHAT'S MY NAME?)

Written by Andre Young, George Clinton, Gary Shider, Calvin Broadus, and David Spradley  
 Performed by Snoop Doggy Dogg

Eee-yi-yi-yi-yi-yah  
 The Dogg Pound's in the house (The bomb)  
 Eee-yi-yi-yi-yi-yah  
 The Dogg Pound's in the house (The bomb)

Snoop Doggy  
 Dogg  
 Snoop Doggy  
 Dogg

#### [Verse 1:]

From the depths of the sea, back to the block  
 Snoop Doggy Dogg, funky as the, the  
 The D.O.C.  
 Went solo on that a\*\*, but it's still the same  
 Long Beach is the spot where I served my cane  
 Follow me  
 Follow me, follow me, follow me, but you bet not slip  
 Cause nine-trizzay's the yizzear for me to fizzup my grip  
 So I ain't holdin' nothin' back  
 And once again, I got five on the twenty sack  
 It's like that and as a matter of fact  
 Rat-tat-tat-tat

Cause I never hesitate to put a fool on his back

Yeah  
 So peep out the manuscript  
 You see that it's a must we drop gangsta ssshhh  
 Hold up  
 What's my name?

Da-da-da-da, da-dah  
 Do, do, do, do  
 De, de  
 Da-dah (DOGG)

#### [Verse 2:]

It's the bow to the wow, creepin' and crawlin'  
 Yiggy, yes y'all'in, Snoop Doggy Dogg in  
 The house, with the Pound, like everyday  
 And I'm right back up in ya with Dr. Dre  
 And like I said  
 None of y'all can't GET with this  
 And none of y'all can't GET with that  
 Hit I just drop, cause you know it don't stop  
 Mr. 187 on a undercover cop  
 Tick, tock  
 Never the glock  
 Just some nuts and a c\*\*\*  
 Rob you for your ears, then I kill you blood clots  
 And I step through the fog, and I creep through the smog  
 Cause I'm Snoop Doggy (Who?)  
 Doggy (What?)  
 Doggy {DOGG}

Bow-wow-wow, yippy-yo, yippy-yay  
 Bow-wow-wow, yippy-yo (The bomb)  
 Bow-wow-wow, yippy-yo, yippy-yay  
 Bow-wow-wow, yippy-yo-yo-yo-yo-yo-yo-yo-yo (DOGG)

#### [Verse 3:]

Now just  
 Throw your hands way up in the air  
 And wave them all around like you just don't care {DOGG}  
 Yeah, roll up the dank, and pour the drank  
 And watch your step (Why?)  
 Cause Doggy's on the gank  
 My bank roll's on swoll  
 I'm still on hit, legit, now I'm on parole, stroll  
 With Tha Dogg Pound, right behind me  
 And rollin' with my b\*\*\*\*, that's where you might find me  
 Layin' that, playin' that G Thang  
 She want the G with the biggest sack  
 And who's that?  
 He is I, and I am him  
 Slim with the tilted brim  
 What's your name, fool?

Da-da-da-da, da-dah  
 Do, do, do, do  
 De, de  
 Da-dah  
 The bomb  
 Da-da-da-da, da-dah  
 Do, do, do, do  
 De, de

[etc.]