

# Im Chillin

## Kurtis Blow

Chill out, transformers, born to meet the skies  
Transformers, more than meet the eyes  
T-Bone, go, go, Kurtis blow y'all  
Gimme the bomb, I'm chillin'  
Go through it, dance  
Now the next little item that I wanna discuss  
Is the body-suckin' rappers that must be smokin' dust  
When you make the kinda records that diss females  
Frontin' on a story when it's just a tall tale  
To diss a female is a lowdown shame  
But you suckers make the records 'cause you wanna get fame  
All you radio cats, don't play that crap  
Can't you see they're messin' up in all the name of the rap  
Now all these years rappers worked so hard  
To give rappin' a name and all you rappers a job  
But now you peasy-head B-boys get me upset  
When you diss around and cut and then you just defect  
Don't forget LaToya and the real Roxanne  
Can't you think of somethin' else, you know what I'm sayin'?  
But all you MC's just keep on illin', that's okay, 'cause I'm chillin'  
Transformers, dance, born to meet the skies  
I'm chillin', gimme the bomb  
Now wherever you go I just want you to know  
That I'm runnin' the show at twenty below  
So let me tell you what it takes 'cause the others fake  
It must've been imitate but those are the breaks  
I'm a Leo the Lion, the lion with desire  
When I'm rappin' on the mic, I set the world on fire  
Devastatin', motivatin', complicatin', perpatratin'  
Rappers who want to be on top  
Stop, can't you see me in trouble, bo? It's rockin' the spot, yeah  
And don't you ever forget it, trooper, workin' all day  
It's time for Superman just to give you a break  
Along with a go-go band, yes, yes, y'all  
Can't you understand? What's the name of this jam?  
I'm chillin', get funky, to the bridge  
Get ready for it, y'all, get ready, baby  
Alright, y'all, alright, here we go, y'all  
Here I go, here I go, y'all, say what?  
I said dance, I'm chillin'

