The Sugarhill Gang, “Rapper’s Delight” (Sugar Hill 1979)

I said a hip hop  
Hippie to the hippie  
The hip, hip a hop, and you don't stop, a rock it out  
Bubba to the bang bang boogie, boobie to 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

Well, I'm Imp the Dimp, the ladies' pimp  
The women fight for my delight  
But I'm the grandmaster with the three MCs  
That shock the house for the young ladies  
And when you come inside, into the front  
You do the Freak, Spank, and do the Bump  
And when the sucker MC's try to prove a point  
We're Treacherous Trio, we're the serious joint

A from sun to sun and day to day  
I sit down and write a brand new rhyme  
Because they say that miracles never cease  
I've created a devastating masterpiece  
I'm gonna rock the mic 'til you can't resist  
Everybody, I say it goes like this  
Well, I was coming home late one dark afternoon  
A reporter stopped me for an interview  
She said she's heard stories and she's heard fables  
That I'm vicious on the mic and the turntable  
This young reporter I did adore  
So I rocked some vicious rhymes like I never did before  
She said, "damn, fly guy, I'm in love with you  
The Casanova legend must have been true"  
I said, "by the way, baby, what's your name?"  
Said, "I go by name of Lois Lane"

"And you could be my boyfriend, you surely can  
Just let me quit my boyfriend called Superman"  
I said, "he's a fairy, I do suppose  
Flyin' through the air in pantyhose  
He may be very sexy, or even cute  
But he looks like a sucker in a blue and red suit"  
I said, "you need a man man who's got finesse  
And his whole name across his chest  
He may be able to fly all through the night  
But can he rock a party 'til the early light?  
He can't satisfy you with his little worm  
But I can bust you out with my super sperm!"  
I go do it, I go do it, I go do it, do it, do it  
An' I'm here an' I'm there, I'm Big Ban Hank, I'm everywhere

Just throw your hands up in the air  
And party hardy like you just don't care  
Let's do it, don't stop, y'all, a tick tock, y'all, you don't stop!  
Go ho-tel, mo-tel, whatcha gonna do today? (say what?)  
I'm gonna get a fly girl, gonna get some spank, drive off in a def OJ

Everybody go, "ho-tel, mo-tel, Holiday Inn"  
You say if your girl starts actin' up, then you take her friend  
I say skip, dive, what can I say?  
I can't fit 'em all inside my OJ  
So I just take half, and bust 'em out  
I give the rest to Master Gee so he can shock the house

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  
'Cause all I'm here to do is just wiggle your behind  
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  
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  
'Cause 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  
'Cause I'm guaranteed to make you rock  
I said one, two, three, four, tell me, Wonder Mike  
What are you waiting for?

I said a hip hop  
The 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  
A skiddleebebop, we rock, scooby doo  
And guess what, America, we love you

'Cause you rocked and a rolled with so much soul  
You could rock 'til a hundred and one years old  
I don't mean to brag, I don't mean to boast  
But we like hot butter on our breakfast toast  
Rock it up, Baby Bubba!  
Baby Bubba to the boogie da bang bang da boogie  
To the beat, beat, it's unique  
Come on everybody and dance to the beat!

Have you ever went over a friends house to eat  
And the food just ain't no good?  
I mean the macaroni's soggy, the peas are mushed  
And the chicken tastes like wood  
So you try to play it off like you think you can  
By saying that you're full  
And then your friend says, "mama, he's just being polite  
He ain't finished, uh-uh, that's bull!"

So your heart starts pumpin' and you think of a lie  
And you say that you already ate  
And your friend says "man, there's plenty of food"  
So you pile some more on your plate  
While the stinky food's steamin', your mind starts to dreamin'  
Of the moment that it's time to leave  
And then you look at your plate and your chicken's slowly rottin'  
Into something that looks like cheese

Oh so you say "that's it, I gotta leave this place  
I don't care what these people think  
I'm just sittin' here makin' myself nauseous  
With this ugly food that stinks"  
So you bust out the door while it's still closed  
Still sick from the food you ate  
And then you run to the store for quick relief  
From a bottle of Kaopectate  
And then you call your friend two weeks later  
To see how he has been  
And he says, "I understand about the food  
Baby Bubba, but we're still friends"  
With a hip hop the hippie to the hippie  
The hip hip a hop, a you don't stop the rockin'  
To the bang bang boogie  
Say up jump the boogie to the rhythm of the boogie the beat