**“Teacher’s Delight”
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I said a hip hop the hippie the hippie
To the hip hip hop, you don’t stop
The rock it to the bang bang boogie
say up jumped 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 math, and my friends

Are gonna try to move your feet

You see, I am Mr. K and I’d like to say hello

I speak the math, do the math, live the math-

I write in blue, red, and yellow

But first I gotta-

Bang bang

The boogie to the boogie

Say up jumped the boogie

To the bang bang boogie
Let’s rock-

Ya don’t stop

Rock the rhythm that’ll make your body rock

Now so far you’ve heard my voice

But I brought two friends along

And next on the mic is my man \_\_\_\_\_
Cmon \_\_\_\_\_\_ sing that song-

I got words for nerds

News for yous

I do the math

And take a bath
I solve all problem with the greatest of ease
Cuz don’t you know, I speak math-ese!

When I want to **add**, I find the **sum**

**Combine** **and** see what I’ve become

Cuz the **total** is the answer that I will find

**Altogether** I’m addin’, I hope you don’t mind-

I **subtract** the best, I ace the test

How will ya know that I’m better than the rest?

I’ll see **less** **than** and **more** **than** too

The **difference** is what I get to-

I might just say who’s **greater** **than** me?

When I subtract you away there’s nobody!
And if ya come back, better bring a clover

Cuz when I’m done withcha they’ll be no **left** **over**!

\_\_\_\_\_, am I mellow?

It’s on you, so whatcha gonna do?

Well its on and on and on and on

The math don’t stop til the break of dawn

I’m the T-E-A-C-H-E-R and the rest is F-L-Y
You see I go by the code of the math in these books

And the reasons- I’ll tell ya why

I’m gonna **multiply** all over the room

Findin’ **products** all day and spellin’ your doom
How many **times** must I tell you

That **half** **of** 44 is always 22?
Gonna **triple** my pay, I can’t go **halfway**
**Doublin’** my efforts to make straight A’s

When I make some dough, I **divide** my bank
**Half** of that money goes to the gas tank

I **split** up the rest, to clothes and food

So I’m lookin’ and eatin’ like one cool dude!

And since I’m done tellin’ my math rhyme

Take the mic Mr. K just one more time!

Let me rock this mic so can’t resist-

Everybody!

You see it goes like this…

Well I was comin’ 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 with pencil and the times tables

This young reporter I did adore

So I rocked it to this rhyme like I never did before

She said “man, Mr K, I’m in love with you

The mathematics legend must have been true”

I said “by the way, baby what’s your name”

She said, “I go by the name of Lois Lane

And you could be my boyfriend, you surely can

Just let me quit my boyfriend called Superman.”
I said, “he don’t know math, I do suppose,

Flyin’ through the air, in pantyhose

He may have big muscles and push some weight

But can he **simplify**, **approximate**, and **estimate**?”

I go to the halls and then ring the bell

Because I am the man with the clientele!

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To the hip hip hop, you dont stop
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