

(People people people people  
People people people people)

Shippity bop, well hot diggity, where's the iggity? The bum siggity  
Niggas want to know but check the flow my little trickity  
I'm comin' with the Books so kid, it looks like it's a winner  
Ya better get ya plate because I'm servin' raps for dinner  
See I freak it from the sewer plus I'm quick to do ya posse  
I'm swoopin' on the note just like I was a kamikaze  
See they thought I lost my spot so they went and got real comfy  
So now I gotta hit me hard and Bogart like Humphrey  
Ya hypocrite, I'm rippin' it because I'm flyer  
Ya phony, full of bologna like Oscar Meyer  
See I attack a pack of rappers just for practice  
I bust my tactics, I'm sharper than a fucking axis

(Set it off!) One two (Set it off!)  
Yeah it's the Books in reverse, the next cap sendin' a big-up to my borough  
I'm thorough, wetter than a ghetto from Medini-Bop  
Takin' lessons, swayin' niggas on graffiti  
Rockin' other slang ranger, bring a banger occasion  
My nerves is achin', see I'm sick of niggas perpetratin'  
But can't see this, I'm screamin' on they records like Beavis  
Or Butthead, I bust heads like Amy  
Fisher isser, blisser, hit you like an accident  
And if I'm in your town you might meet me at the Radisson  
Or splatterin', batterin' crews for lip chatterin'  
It ain't nuttin' new, that's how we do, my crew is back again

[Chorus: x3]  
Bak 'n' affek, how's that?  
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Well here I go again, so dig the flow again, try not to bite  
A bigger nigga with my left and then I flick em with my right  
I'm outta sight, look how I do it, ya blew it if you missed a  
Nigga on the microphone 'cause I can roll a sister  
Word is bond, I'm on some nuke shit, new shit like this  
Grab a piece of steel and shoot the Giff like Chris  
Kringles, lost my jingle, don't it make ya shiver  
Give a nigga what he needs so he can bleed when I deliver  
Aah microphone check, what the heck?  
I do that then because I used to catch a wreck  
Wit it, that's the time I hot talk, spit it  
For Christ's sake I'm in to hit the brakes and you're skiddin'  
You nigga in, messiah did it, but y'all can keep that  
'Cause now I'm on some other type of flow and best believe that

And all that, small cat, my format, deranged  
Honey I'm back to run things 'cause some things is never changed, punk!  
So if you're drunk, I freak the funk until you're sober  
But still be gettin' chills when niggas know that winter's over  
Kickin' the flam yo it's the man, tick tock, I jam like gridlock  
My style is fender bendin' sendin' rappers to the pit stop  
Good lord o' mercy, hit reverse if you missed it  
And busboy give the speech 'cause like a preacher, baby I'm twisted  
Kid I swing a dome-buster light, bone crush a smith

Bust up your lips then puff up a spliff  
So yo, who be dat? Dat want to do me like this to get  
booby trapped jack, 'cause my crew be strapped fat like dat

[Chorus: x3]

Bust a flavor  
Word up uh, yeah, uh, yeah  
Check it out