

# Krazy Wit Da Books

Das EFX

Now ya got the Krazy, Krazy wit da Books  
Yes yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all  
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(Fire em up higher on some new rhyme flow)

Verse 1: Dray, Skoob

Well comin to school ya it's the hooligan, I'm in the mood again so watch me do this

I'm out to do these rappers just like Popeye did Brutus  
The super dooper trooper, oops I'm no beginner  
So watch me get loose and run [shit] like Bill Skinner  
I formulate my raps, perhaps you want to kick it  
There's niggas down my slack, yes I'm the baddest when I wreck it  
See I'm nicer than the rest, I guess I gots ta prove it  
Ya cruisin for a bruise if ya bite it when I use it  
See I'm quick to shoot the giff, and if ya tryin ta stop it  
I got mad skills like loose change in my pocket  
I drop it from the East, at least I'm gettin mine in  
Some niggas gettin jealous 'cause of the way that I be rhymin  
Ooh, hello there, how the hell are ya? Sorry to keep you waitin  
It's like nuttin when I'm throwin somethin rougher than menstruation  
Crabs, I'm followed by a camp like John Cougar  
Mellen, tell them punks I put a swellin, for the lords split'cha  
I kick tails that tips scales on the rictor  
I dip-dip-dob wit more drive than the Harlem River  
Oh what the hell, I smoked a half a el then ????  
Pick up my grip then spark the clip and get puffin see  
It's back to basics if you're wacked then niggas hate we  
got the knack to freak a track like I was printin in some nations  
Boy, I'm slipper than soap-on-a-rope  
I'm madder than the Mad Hatter and Yabber Dabber Dope and you can quote...

Chorus

Verse 2: Dray, Books

Well once again it's the spectacular, I checkin the back and ya [fuckin] face it  
Terrorisin MC's as if my name was Jason  
I crash 'n' clash em, monster mash em til they suckle  
I'm quick to switch up and kick ass like Mr. Jekyll  
I bring it from the guts, my DJ got the cuts  
The [shit] that I bringin got'cha swingin on my nuts  
I'm not the typical lyrical guy that be a miracle  
Drop the type of [shit] that make ya flip and get'cha swivacle  
I'm nasty with the verbs, kid, I serve ya, rip the faucet  
My raps they never collapse 'cause on the tracks, see I be bustin like fireworks, I fire jerks scullin then I step  
I'm back from hibernation and I'm ween to keep a rep  
Give it a rest fool, straight balls of fire, boy I'm flyer than a cockpit  
Hah I rocks [shit] and knock niggas out the blocks wit  
Uncontrollable lyrical motions from my larynx  
I'm slick, watch your tip 'cause my clique might slam ya next  
like BOOYAA, no ya not true, don't mean illusion  
Kickin a styles til '96, taking backs to the future  
Plus I'm cool to fuck the brain, I drain a 40 for the belly  
I'm aimin for the charts just like this was a game of scelli

Plus I'm sinkin ships, doin whatever makes the blow rock  
My crew is givin nothin, stuffin chicks without the showtime  
When I groove up put your dukes up or catch a oops-up  
Sad ya sleazy heart 'cause this the piece beneath the steps, boy  
Chorus to fade