

Rap Scholar

Das EFX

Yeah yeah
Who it is Son?

[Chorus]
It's the rap scholar here to make a dollar
Try an' follow guaranteed to make ya holler
Check it out, everybody everybody

Aiyyo my dogs hold heat control the whole street
And when it's time to bust they don't get cold feet
You know it's me cause some say the boat rocker
Big Mac not the Whopper peace to Big Poppa
The Showstopper, like Salt-N-Pepa, rhyme wrecka
Friggidy-front on this, I won't letcha
I better catch ya, stiggidy-straight out the blue
Diggidy Das EFX, Redman, comin through
We biggidy bubblin, like some bubb-ly, love-ly
But what, trouble be, findin me, kid he cover me
I, represent my ground, so yo what up now?
Non-believers hatin what the fuck now?
Bucktown kid, you can get struck down for that shit
The mack spit, accurate, make your back split
Sewer rats get a lotta, cheese like Ricotta
The three man team, the rap scholars
New York, everybody; Cali, everybody, c'mon

[Chorus]

D.C., everybody; overseas, everybody, c'mon

[Chorus]

Aiyyo, it's the rap scholar, hot around the collar
Pack a blaka-blaka, since I was a toddler
Drama, the nine-seven nigga Madonna
Reptile texture be the blood of an iguana
Sick, dick about nine inch thick
I make a fo'-twenty Benz-o look like a six
First of the month I got the bundles for the wick
My hands big as a catcher's mitt when I brick
Sucker MC's who did not learn
If you don't this time, from coast to coast I'm
The Dark Ranger, call me Don Punanna
So hot, my chewing gum flavor's enchiladas
You can tell, I don't give a fuck
Deliver the cold to the place that shiver the erictor
Fuck you and the ship you came on
While you sit around bitchin I get my bangs on
East coast, everybody; West coast, everybody, c'mon

[Chorus]

Up North, everybody; down South, everybody, c'mon

[Chorus]

Biggidy-Bingo, bangle, bust how the slang go

Change up the angle, now who want to tangle?
Click-clack, get back, Dunn let me rip that
Spit that, flip that, shit to push your wig back
You showboatin, get your whole frame broken
Found floatin, somewhere in Hoboken
No jokin, jump out the Benz bubble
Pull out the pound and bust a round in your huddle
Spent a lot of ghetto days learnin ghetto ways; learn the ins
And outs of ghetto trades still searchin for a better way
Niggidy-never stress it though, keep it come and go
Trust me if it's runnin low, my mic still the gunner yo
Facin towards what's mine, so throw your hands in the air
Cause of the rhyme, auto-nine, up against your spine
Blow your spot up, cause yo I gotta, get this Ricotta
The three man team, the rap scholars
New York, everybody; Cali, everybody, c'mon

[Chorus]

D.C., everybody; overseas, everybody, c'mon

[Chorus]