

## Verse 1: Dray

I gotta suprise uh I is a bit wiser oh yes I gets biz G  
I mention I sling the slang wit me and my man just like it's a frisbee  
Ya flimsy my thinga majig is the illest I throw it like Willis  
Heiman when I'm rhymin I'm makin the pape's like Simon  
says ta my stick it ta master I still be the best a  
I figgity [fuck] the flame but in the sun now time for Esther  
So hi ho I'm Silver I'm makin the pape's when I kicks  
the [shit] that'll make you muck when I lose his fleas, lice and his  
ticks

For the chicks, I be on my good foot, check it, that ass kicks  
So yibbida yabber yoozy, [fuck] that floozy Suzy Chapstick  
So here boy, here boy, come get some, it's Krazy  
I'm swingin my Dukes of Hazard just like ???? on Daisy  
I'm swayze

Hook (x8):

(\*Rappaz just ain't what they used to be\*)

## Verse 2: Books

I hears ya snorin, you niggas is sleepin, nighty nighty  
Lord almighty, I'm bringin it live G, see I be  
rippin and flippin a tongue but some niggas don't seems to digs me  
so I switch, B, like Billy Bigsby cos I'm the [shit], G  
U hoo Dixie, they dribblin in they Timberlands  
I criminal mix styles, oh I flow like adrenaline  
Yikes man, the nigga is nice man so thinkin I lost it  
but I hypin crews wit the bass then they crossed it  
So hip hip hooray, wantin me while I do a  
new way to school a new jay, you say  
"Holy Shamrocks, the man rocks with no beat or ham hocks"  
Oh yes-in, send the rest in, peace to grandpops

Hook (x8)

## Verse 3: Dray

Well um, knock knock, who's that? Guess what? My crew's back  
rippin the hip-hop, Penelope pitstop  
Doin the bitin, the shit I be writin, you're givin me rabies  
They oughta be usin my trims for sperm and makin babies  
Hey ladies, I know A-B's, I'm makin CD's  
I heard you was eatin your spinach kid, you better be eatin your  
Weeties

Comprendo, so let your friends know I'm losin my noodle  
cos when it be time to doodle, I lose my scruples, ask my pupils  
I'm the slippery slang slipper, quick tp rip a QB  
Shooby dooby dooby, I do that new G

So you be Kool & The Gang and I puts my slang in  
Hangin loosely, oh yes G, niggas be tryin to test me

Hook (x8)

## Verse 4: Books

Hear ye, don't look any further G, see he here is  
Still mic checkin [shit], still Dead Serious  
Hello there, I didn't go nowhere, whatup with the static G?  
I be damagin niggas' fronts like them creases in your cavity  
For real though, jumpin jallopy's huh, I'm robbin that hockey huh  
I drop these bumpy cos my style is knock-kneed  
So me and my-a, I's flyer then the witches sweeper  
Deep, as keep ya's drunk, jump into it like Aretha  
I Boogie Bang bang the thang like a cramp style slant  
Niggas be tryin to hang but they can't G

Will agains, I'm gettin elegant with the skill again  
It don't mean a thang if I ain't got my philly friend  
Hook (x8)