I'll just sway... This's the way it goes down Def squad Nine-pound Check this here The e gets wicked, no need for the biscuit The green-eyed funkdafied brother coming wicked I sets the party off just like tanqueray The funk lord, nobody else could swing this way I put the loc to the motion, drop the funk coast to coast and I buck like shot, 'cause I know I got cha opin Check the soup, I dogg the mic like snoop I get swift like h-town, when I knock da boots (daaat's right) I'm dynamite with this mic I show like doug e. and I rock the mic lovely The afrodesiac, bringin the do-wah-diddy To your city, on the zapp side with the vibe I'm stone cold like bobby and ralph t I come with the game of death, without bruce lee The irregular speakin, for those mc's who be tweakin Catch me at the beacon just freakin Brothers can't see me 'cause my style's the bom-digi-bom-uh-dang-a-dang-digi / repeat 2x Brothers can't see me It goes one for the trouble, two for the show Aiyyo, I'm gettin airplay like the most beautiful I'm the mack, I made goldy turn chrome When I induce my styles upon the microphone (yeah) I goes down for y'all in broad daylight Weeded, rockin the mic like ta-dow and psych Today is a green day, so it's blazin To specify it, I get big-up from jamaicans Hey, the e-r-i-c-k gets down for the public More doper than janet jackson's stomach Ask anybody, who's the dopest producer? I think of cruise, I'm never too much like I'm luther My style is the craziest No crew is fadin us You got beef with my squad you better dare that The shit I kick make rappers say, "i should snared that" Complete this puzzle, what squad beat up like russell simmons And more flyer than robin givens Cosmic slop, from the darkside Basically, I can't wait, songs from the redman tape (and make much sense when he's kickin fool) cause I constantly keep shitting And y'all constantly keep listening

Yeah, who can it be now, watch out

Flying through the air with wings e double doing my thing