

# New Crack

Wax

(Intro)

Pawm pawn pawn pa pa pa pa  
Happy New Year biatch!

(1st Verse)

Yo coming to you live and direct from the Bella de Centro  
It's big Wax, Dunny, and I'm at it again, bro  
I park when I spit not to press my luck  
'Cause I ain't go no insurance and if I wreck I'm f\*\*ked  
But when I ride beats, you couldn't deny that  
'Cause you could use every syllable as a high hat  
Rewind that  
And you'll find out  
The rhymed that  
I just spit was perfect,  
Reverse it, half it double, time that  
Anyway you want it, fam  
Ask my momma, man  
You could see a Mic in my sonogram  
I got my first soof in the booth  
And I wrote my first hook in a coloring book  
And back then, my rhymes was outside the line  
And still are- phones loose reception when I kill bars  
I heard your sh\*t, my ear's still scarred  
Should've turned it down like opening a pill jar  
F\*\*k Jake, We gon' wake and bake  
I make paste when I battle all you fakes for cake  
But now it's time for a station break...  
We whiling out!

(Chorus)

Intrumental

(2nd Verse)

Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo eh yo  
Hey yo, spitting lyrics over this music, that is my calling  
Rappers stepping to me eventually they be falling  
East coast, to the West coast, you hauling  
King of San Diego, last name should be Stahlman  
Balling!  
Now I reside in Hollywood  
Your girl called me milk cause your boy did her body good  
Yeah, she got the calcium  
But she really couldn't tell 'cause her mouth be numb  
She like:

(Instrumental)

She's always down  
She reminds me of the teacher from Charlie Brown  
I'm just a musical genius  
With a beautiful penis  
And magical balls  
Tickle in them vaginal walls  
Ladies sit back and applause  
Right after you cum I spit tight, lick right  
Call me Dracula tongue  
A yo, it's mind blowing when I'm flowing  
You couldn't find

No one who be showing the skills that I'm showing  
Mike throw it like a boomerang  
Come back with stupid slang  
If that, you couldn't understand  
Call me Pootie Tang  
Yeah, I might as well say sadate  
Mexicans give me props I'm like:  
De nada, guey  
Youtube search, when you come across Wax  
You'll see that I'm viral like Taco Bell sauce packs  
I glose tracks with high frequency audio polishing  
When you hear it you will all be astonished  
And your thoughts of what an MC should be  
They will all be demolished  
And from then on you will call me the hottest  
Motherf\*\*ker that you've seen at a show perform  
And I'm the  
Sole cause of global warming  
My sh\*t is like Oh ish, Oh ish  
You're sh\*t is just (snores)  
For real,  
The crowd's getting sleepy, B  
But when I'm on stage is like they're on PCP  
They like: Do that thing, do that thing  
My favorite genre of music is New Jack Swing, f\*\*ka'  
Whatever happen to that?  
I used to like hearing motherf\*\*kers rapping to that  
You know,  
I'll take you little fools way back to middle school  
Science class  
Bunsen burners blow'll fry your ass  
Do not try to pass me like monopoly go  
I'll show cats how to properly flow  
A yo, let me explain:  
Wax is the nickname  
Back with the spit game  
Classic as Rick James  
Back when he sniffed cane  
Smacking the sh\*t stained  
'Til the mid frame  
Of you bastards that spit lame  
Mother f\*\*ker

(Chorus)

Instrumental

Yea, I want to send a shout out to my man Herbal T  
Doing it real big in Brazil.  
This next sh\*t's for him

(3rd Verse)

Yo yo

The way that we be packaging this flavor and bars  
You'd be like, "Wax, do you work for either Quaker or Mars?"  
I work the bass and the treble like the faders in cars  
And won't stop spitting sick until ya'll haters get sarce (bitach)  
You think I'm dumb and sh\*t  
Just 'cause I spit shriek leaf for the love of it  
I already gave up on the government  
Not trying to change the world, just making fun of it  
And I ain't scared of the terrorists  
F\*\*k all that, illegal immigrants?  
I love ya'll cats, come on over  
Take a plane, walk, take a boat

What the f\*\*k do I care, fam, I don't vote  
There's two things that I care about: love and rhythm  
And the people that I meet and the love within them  
And the beat goes off from the winter to the summer  
'Cause time, it ain't nothing, but a go, go drummer  
And the filing in his writs make you nod your fist  
Make you realize God exists  
'Cause if he didn't then how would we have this rhythm  
It don't make no sense to me  
The way that we spit time up so exactly  
Without some time of stop watch technology  
And I'm just saying, fam  
The sh\*t that I vow for  
F\*\*k Iraq, hip hop I die now for  
So if you mad that I'm stalling on you,  
Be glad if the Cal is on you  
'Cause you gon' have to kill be before I stop whiling on you  
Like this

(Chorus)

Instrumental