[Books] Gimme gimme dat microphone "One wrecks, the other destroys" --> Erick Sermon (repeat 2X) *repeat all 4X*

Oahh-kay, oahh-kay; as we go and do it, do it like this It's like this and you don't stop Word is bond when we kick
So I'ma get on, and swing it somethin like this

Verse One: Books, Drayz

You punk niggaz gel up, when I swell up, spark the el up By the way troop -- oops, I feel a new style developing So safety stellar, I'm not the Baby Bubba on the level I crush shins, the roughest hardrocks to Fruity Pebbles

Well nigga, boo hops, you know my crew rocks, who wanna test me? I'm next G, heavens to Betsy, I sting like Pepsi or Coca, Cola-swola, niggaz higher when I fly up these niggaz bitch-ups, but y'all can dry up

I be the jibber-jabber, quick to make a nigga stagger like some rocka, Blanka, I bake that ass like Betty Crocker, momma You need to stop in-filling your pockets off that pop *shit* Ai yi yi my dreads, I think I'm toxic

Well yo I'm cuckoo but not for Cocoa, some say I'm loco *Fuck* around and catch a cap like Mary Buttafuoco So you know, that I'ma follow you wit the drama Slice em, dice em, and ice that ass like Jeffrey Dahmer

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Verse 2: Books, Dray

Tick tock, can I slide that cock up in your tummy dear?
I drop a ounce and then I bounce just like a Gummy Bear
Be kickin it like the rapper kicks the bucket dig it
Uhh, ah *shit*, now whatta I have to do to prove I'm rugged?
I wear my hair crazy like them niggaz Red and Grady
Punks just serve up, clever like Alice, serve the Brady Bunch

I makes em wheeze up, cause when I ease up, I eat MC's up I leave em on their backs layin flat with they knees up Eureka, musta speak uhh, re-aversin person
No rehearsin I can flip it in reverse and change em, rearrange em, supa-dupa
Faze em, daze em and blast that ass with diff'rent days-in

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Verse 3: Skoob, Dray

Well blow, me down, great Scott, I'm wilder than the rock in the winter, man my 40 Timberlands hit the spot His pops name is Alvin, my sister's name is Kitty My rap was for fools like some silicon titties HIYA, I kicked it and there it goes my *?an?* abuse My style is a child like now it's fatter than Roseanne's

Well check how I'ma wreck it when I'm, droppin, this rhyme Don't let me have to transform like Op-ti-mus Prime Cause then I'ma have to flip the script and get dready Run laps around your *faggot* crew like Mario Andretti When I expand like spandex, my jam wrecks the Ampex You better be on the way before I'm doin you and ya man next

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