

Hardcore Rap Act

Das EFX

{The hardcore rap act is back!}
{Ha ha, ha ha, now who's rhymin?} HARDCORE!
{The hardcore rap act is back!}
{No I, no I ain't smilin}

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Yo, yo
I said it first with the verse to make these niggas wanna act up
Smackin up the wack and Solid Scheme they hook the track up
So back up or swing or you'll get stung by my stinger
Heard that I was rich and now your bitch is on my dinger
Then I swing the jungle shit so fuck the humble shit
Kid I crumble shit, motherfuckers know I never fumble shit
So bring your weapon or keep it steppin or hit the deck-in
Cause in a second I'mma pull a fuckin Tek-in
Start rejectin em, affect em when I kick
Y'all niggas think you're slick but y'all can suck my fuckin dick
Y'all see me gettin busy with my man and my DJ
Strictly kickin facts and then we max like TJ
Cause we play for keeps, my peeps they don't be flakin
And if you wanna test well yes your bones is gettin breakin
Or broken, no jokin, I shoot them in them rise
Fuckin with Das you wind up in hoes-
-pital, so bust my riddle when I reveal it
If niggas wanna play around then stay around and feel it
Cause yo...

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Now to my style there is no equal, boy I'm lethal like some tumours
My crew be strokin bitches like I used to stroke my pumas
With my toothbrush, see I do just what I wanna
I got that from my pops and from some niggas on the corner
So you never catch me rappin about no shit like the Government
But I be snappin on MC's like your bitch snap on double mega of a shotty
And a burner and I keeps the 2 ready
To hit you in your chest like Steve Young do Jerry
Rice, be nice and stock slice by umbilical
Knew that I would be the ill-form freaker of the syllables
And son is rugged, you're gonna love it in an instant
See I smoke blunts but yo my pops smokes Winstons

Well it's the D-A-S, I can't forget the E-a
F-a to the X so when I flex y'know I bein
A fatter wrecker nigga on the mic with my strategy

Kids is mad at me cause they ain't as fuck as bad as me
I takes the best of them so fuck the rest of them
I couldn't care less for them, I'm too fresh for them
I just be wreckin shop and gettin busy, nigga check it
Never actin broke cause yo I sold a fuckin record
I'm too slick for dat, suck my big dick for that
Don't try to trap my rap cause yo I'm too quick for that
I got the recipe and yes it's me with my crewin
So if you didn't know, well nigga this is how we do it
Uhh

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Abara-cadabara, return of the punk MC batterer
I'm mad at the system like them niggas up in Attica
From more ways and your ways I rip shit like dat
Cause there's more ways son, you wanna skin a fuckin cat
Yo it's the rootin-tootin-nig'-shoot-to-give nigga with the superdest
Flow, son you'll get no wins cause I been
Lurkin in the murky waters of my starvin shark style
Ever since the days of the Clarks and the Argyles
Quick I rip shit to bits like piranha
When I blow up the spot with more watts than Rolanda
And when I come thru I'm hittin you up with the 1-2
Tekes, flex raps like Bruce Lee flex the kung-fu
Look at my tongue, do it what it feel like, get ill-like
That fat nigga my game is all-skirt tight
Used to fuck with shorty's with the jelly playin celly
Now my name is on your flyers and my tyres ain't Pirrelli
With the chrome dip, so don't flip cause shit's gon' get heated up
I'm weeded up, yo Dice I need a cut
Bring it!

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