

# It's Lik Dat

Das EFX

Intro/Hook (x16):

It's lik dat y'all

Verse 1: Dray, Books

Yeah check it, uhh, yeah, check it  
Well check it out y'all, it's the maniac, lyrical brainiac so back the  
freak up  
If niggas got some beef then \*?goget?\* boy had better speak up  
Cos I'm rippin this, my style's ridiculous, look how I word it  
These niggas couldn't tell us they were jealous but I heard it  
when they came and tried to tease, please you must be jokin  
They tried to diss the kid, they got they [fuckin] bodies broken  
For that rap [shit] cos black I smack [shit] from here to Philly  
I swallow up your crew then crack a brew and spark a philly  
Cos you're bluffin like you're rougher, enough of that crap  
Just meet me on the stage and let's see who can really rap  
Cos if you really wanna battle, well that'd be the spot  
So now I pass the mic so that my nigga Books can rock

Three cheers, aiyo wiz, the mic guy groovy  
If you step and watch that verse because that first one is a doosey  
Then I'm up next to squeeze, I got nuff expertise  
for the roughnecks and G's, I'm swingin somethin but the function  
Kid, I amp up, recamp up, bust a Hit Squad stamp up  
Do your [fuckin] vest up just to make a mess, umm  
2-1 - use to run it wild with the young'n  
The wrestlers, and just beneath the promise where I'm from 'n'  
Hey sweet lookin, you need to peep what I got cookin  
Since I'm livin rough I gots ta give it up to Brooklyn  
Crews can kiss it up the garden with that work, I'm just the dirt  
until it's time for me to split, chill, I got to murd....

Hook (x16)

Verse 2: Dray, Skoob

Yeah yeah  
Well comin back, it's like I'm eenie meenie, none of y'all can see me  
Cos yo I'm disapearin, reappear like I'm a genie  
Yes, the lunatic so bust that tuna kick, it's just a warning  
Cos I could I go for mayor, to 'peer like ????  
I'm wicked, kick it sicker than your frame like it's a tumor  
I roll with PMD, so [motherfuckers] kill the rumour  
Y'all can never stop my flow cos yo there ain't nobody looser  
My turn will kiss the stone and that chick they call Medusa  
When I wreck [shit] I'm on some neck [shit] because I'm quicker, son  
I run thru rappers like my name was Harry Dickerson  
Now ain't that a bitch, I switched up my pitch  
So you can stay real kid, but I'ma stay rich

Aight, I kicks my style from Brooklyn and some lippy wanna test this  
so I'm sendin em to the showers by the powers that I invested in  
The nutcracker blacker wear these guns to smack a phony  
Ass backwards like crab, cheese and macaroni  
Good grief, some try to rock it, G, they need to knock it itoff

They must be eatin gerbals cos that [shit] they dropped was sitoft  
For worse or better, kid, I never let another serve me  
I'll get flyer than that 23 on Mr.Jordan's jersey  
Crews be talkin bout they takin, cough it up just like they spit up  
The night that they was [fuckin] they's lookin for some skins to hit up  
Now I wait for Solid Scheme to bring the beat back  
Cos it's like to flip which makes my stylus free jack, believe that  
1-2

Hook to fade