

Verse 1: Dray

I gotta suprise uh I is a bit wiser oh yes I gets biz G
I mention I sling the slang wit me and my man just like it's a frisbee
Ya flimsy my thinga majig is the illest I throw it like Willis
Heiman when I'm rhymin I'm makin the pape's like Simon
says ta my stick it ta master I still be the best a
I figgity [fuck] the flame but in the sun now time for Esther
So hi ho I'm Silver I'm makin the pape's when I kicks
the [shit] that'll make you muck when I lose his fleas, lice and his
ticks

For the chicks, I be on my good foot, check it, that ass kicks
So yibbida yabber yoozy, [fuck] that floozy Suzy Chapstick
So here boy, here boy, come get some, it's Krazy
I'm swingin my Dukes of Hazard just like ??? on Daisy
I'm swayze

Hook (x8):

(*Rappaz just ain't what they used to be*)

Verse 2: Books

I hears ya snorin, you niggas is sleepin, nighty nighty
Lord almighty, I'm bringin it live G, see I be
rippin and flippin a tongue but some niggas don't seems to digs me
so I switch, B, like Billy Bigsby cos I'm the [shit], G
U hoo Dixie, they dribblin in they Timberlands
I criminal mix styles, oh I flow like adrenaline
Yikes man, the nigga is nice man so thinkin I lost it
but I hypin crews wit the bass then they crossed it
So hip hip hooray, wantin me while I do a
new way to school a new jay, you say
"Holy Shamrocks, the man rocks with no beat or ham hocks"
Oh yes-in, send the rest in, peace to grandpops

Hook (x8)

Verse 3: Dray

Well um, knock knock, who's that? Guess what? My crew's back
rippin the hip-hop, Penelope pitstop
Doin the bitin, the shit I be writin, you're givin me rabies
They oughta be usin my trims for sperm and makin babies
Hey ladies, I know A-B's, I'm makin CD's
I heard you was eatin your spinach kid, you better be eatin your
Weeties

Comprendo, so let your friends know I'm losin my noodle
cos when it be time to doodle, I lose my scruples, ask my pupils
I'm the slippery slang slipper, quick tp rip a QB
Shooby dooby dooby, I do that new G
So you be Kool & The Gang and I puts my slang in
Hangin loosely, oh yes G, niggas be tryin to test me

Hook (x8)

Verse 4: Books

Hear ye, don't look any further G, see he here is
Still mic checkin [shit], still Dead Serious
Hello there, I didn't go nowhere, whatup with the static G?
I be damagin niggas' fronts like them creases in your cavity
For real though, jumpin jallopy's huh, I'm robbin that hockey huh
I drop these bumpy cos my style is knock-kneed
So me and my-a, I's flyer then the witches sweeper
Deep, as keep ya's drunk, jump into it like Aretha
I Boogie Bang bang the thang like a cramp style slant
Niggas be tryin to hang but they can't G

Will agains, I'm gettin elegant with the skill again
It don't mean a thang if I ain't got my philly friend
Hook (x8)