

Underground Rappa

Das EFX

Yeah, 1-2 1-2
Ha, let you know how I do

Holy smokes, cheerio chap, I'll make your toe tap, so watch the birdie
Now check how I'mma wreck it like a demolition derby
With the Books, oops toots, I used to live on Bedford
But now I rocks the microphone and chill like Robert Redford
So bring it cause I can swing it, kid, like Reggie Jackson
I got the bats 'n' balls but now I needs some action

Ayo you can call me Prego because my style is in there
And I'll dig in that anus, man, as if my name was 'swimwear'
See I rock a hoodie sweater, more wood than Woody Pecker
I twist it like an ankle, G, or maybe Chubby Checker
In LA I hit the chronic, I'm super like the Sonics
I'll jab you with the left and swing a hook without the phonics

Okey dokey, hocus pocus, I make the dopest MC call a timeout
Cause yo I rip the shit up when it's time to throw my rhyme out
I'm twisted, my flow will make you dizzy like Gillespie
If ya test me, I'll rip ya, flip ya, strip ya, then I jet see

Yo I be flippin like I get busy at gymnastics with my rap skits
I slams a punk like Jordan slams a dunk with a basket
Ball, see, I got ya all three tempa-cheerin, so
Fuck what you heard, you need to get with what you're hearin yo

Down down down down
Make way for the undaground rappa
Down down down down
... undaground rappa
Down down down down
Make way for the undaground rappa
Down down down down
(All I need is just a mic and a track)

Ayo, my crew is top notch, I stomp like sasquatch, that's why I rip shop
My crew be on the hustle plus we tighter than a zip lock
I freaks it vice-versa or maybe versa-vice-a
It really doesn't matter, kid, you see, because I'm nicer

Ayo it's from a lime to a lemon to break inside your car
See when I be on the block I'm like that nigga H&R
Cause when I talk, niggas listen, I rip til I jism
Perhaps that, I make you wanna clap to the rhythm

Well yo, I'm wicked, not Jiminy Cricket or Davy Crockett
Some niggas wanna rock it when they think that I'mma block it
With my grammar, cause yo I am a, sewer flow-er
Ya best ta back the hell up when I swell up like a boa
Constrictor, cause yo I rip tha, mic in half, G
Even if I slowed up you couldn't pass me

Well hello there momma, you better be bringin the drama to a pause
Like a comma or I'mma have to drop you like some drawers
So hey hey hey, you thought it was just another fad like JJ
Cause I be usin a, style that's stupider, than Sheneneh

So bust the way I flip it like a double-headed coin, kid
I rolled two spliffs, so now I guess I'm double jointed

Down down down down
Make way for the undaground rappa
Down down down down
... undaground rappa
Down down down down
Make way for the undaground rappa
Down down down down
(All I need is just a mic and a track)

I be the devious, mischiev-ious, kid believe me, it's
Not the move to riff cause in a jiff I freaks the sleaziest
Rappa-type funk, punk I be rippin
Niggas know my name I got more game than Scottie Pippen

Yo I be kickin it to the optic lens, flippin when I'm knockin skins
A nigga who be clockin ends, so next I guess I'll rock a Benz
But now a BM, niggas be like "Yo, did ya see him?"
I'm creepy, I'm kooky, and plus I'll make you scre-am
See I don't understand why niggas be wantin to do me
You don't arouse me kid, you're softer than that Cosby kid Rudy
Huxtable, I'll bust a few slang terms on the drum pattern
That run rings around that ass, G, like Saturn

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Make way for the undaground rappa
Down down down down
... undaground rappa
Down down down down
Make way for the undaground rappa
Down down down down
(All I need is just a mic and a track)