

Chorus 2X:

Napsack on my back

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(I carry a full pack)

I rocks the blocks with the rugged hip-hop

And I can't be stopped cause my jam pumps like Reebok

Go get a grip as I flip the bic

Don't slip cause I rip shit and I'll packs a biscuit

So make em jump jump cause I gotta pump pump

I'll stick it in your gut and see who jumps up

So tell me now do you think you can hang

With the Wu (Wu) Tang (Tang) boom (boom) bang bang

Crunch that blast up the trunk of a punk

With the funk that gots em doin the drunken monk

On the Shaolin beatbox cause I rocks steady

Don't sweat me cause I get crazy like Eddie

Boom-bah, some say I am a superstar

Tell em all I am what I am baby paw

And my beats, fatter than fat, they're not funny

Cause these drums remind me of One's 4 Da Money

Now tell me that me and are can't drop hits

Then you heard it but then you tried to rhyme and got dissed

My style, my flow for real will have you chumped

And I get like Ziggy and toss it up

Chorus 4X

My styles is dope so call the kid dynamite

I writes the rhymes that's redder than bloodsight

A trail of thunder with rugged hardcore

When I rips the crowd the dancefloor gets sore

I laid down my game with my shade and razor cane

I laid down my game and parlayed with my gang

A little rascal was a bad little bastard

(So you're the rugged child) I see you're learnin fast kid

Get the message I rapped several texts

So don't even try to step to this with that old bullshit

On how you better me and how you could do me

Come on son, cause you know my style is groovy

To the max as I watch and give a beatin

And I got more bats in me than Michael Keaton

Chorus 4X

I'm kickin master Wu-Tang slang cause I'm a slinger

I got a magic grip so you could call me Golden Fingers

I'm rough and I'm tough but I keep it on profile

want to peep my style take a ride to the Isle

I'll meet you on the other side, we'll take ya dollar man

To prove to my fans that I really am the man

The hardcore shorty that will keep ya head boppin

And while I keep rockin your ears will start poppin

To that freaky flow and all that old good shit

And not to be conceited but hey, the shoe fits

Gimme room, I love to hear the next competition

So I can prepare to give another ass whippin

Short sneaky Shy-Shy the kid with the props

I'll make your heart stop at the pop of a glock

A Tech-9, an uzi, so what can you do me?

But take his advice be the next one to sweat me

Chorus 4X