

Be Your Dog

Styles of Beyond

Hmmm.

Ya, It's Megadef
What you know bout Chepshots
Ya (Ya), Yo (Yo)
What you know about Tak (Tak)
What you know about Ryu (Faggot)
What You know about this huh (ahhhhhh)

Another half ass hit out now
We used to chill till the mother f (Screech) did our style
It's kinda funny how
You and your friends of small towns
Act like got something big, to drawn down, silly
Prolly confuse serve it up to shock
Cause when you rhyme you sound like bolt combust combine
Don't act like you don't know
You and your crew couldn't hold it down solo
Your full of poop, so I'm a scoop the fecies and put it in a pamper
Let it drag and any time you call I won't answer
Won't get a cab and ride for free
You a little kitten that shouldn't of climbed the tree
Now your stuck with the truth, till we dig up the bones
I feel pregnant, birth to my visible clones
So for nine months I'm back rap, watch them grow
With your back pack clown you sound sloppy though, c'mon

Now I Wanna Be You Dog
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Listen Up Faggot! (Ahhhhhhhhhh!)
Knock, knock come off the damn platinum
Stab back and drop the plaque, pop, pop
So cock the magnum
Walk, walk blow shots off at random
While you with Tak
We don't stop the anthem, get my flow back
Low jack, phone tap punk the Pink Panther
Give me a sol clap, click clack, rip that
Snap necks quicker then Kit-Kats
Knick-Knack paddy whack pistol whip, pump the jams up
Wild west SOB's shit's bonanza
Who the fuck wants it
Spits guitar picks
Slit you neck with a Bic razor across it, uh
Knock the bitch lead singer unconscious
No pets, so don't step, watch the dog shit

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Signed a bad deal with a weak video
Maybe if I asked then I wouldn't need serial
Wouldn't have to beg anybody for shit

Specially to play me like I'm some kind of a bitch
Every other day people just want to swallow my spit
Like I'm a plunger just lunge into the domino kits
And promoters with the fat heads
You and your chick friends
You don't even know what rap is, you trippin'
47 boots on the chin and I'm marquee
Any niggers heads spinnin' words out of my three
Hardiness skill, I'll be a thrill, something that ain't real it's obvious st
ill
So for the hell of it we dropped another album
Shock every freak, artificial intelligence
From popped pills get the mag-in-um click
Reload if necessary just to handle the kick, bitch

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Now I wanna be your hip-hop nerd