

# Sneaking Up On Ya

## FU-Schnickens

[in the background: "sneakin up, sneakin up" 4X]

[Chip Fu]

Creepin up on ya, creepin creepin up on ya [4X][Poc Fu]  
Check the shit that I flips scuba dip doobie dippin  
It's groovy; slammin like my man Scottie Pippen  
Sly like a fox, I kick the shit that rocks  
I'm +Golden+ with the +Gloves+, but nice with the shots  
Don't try to put me down, I don't feel pain and sorrow  
(The sun will come out!) Yeah tomorrow, tomorrow  
I bet ya bottom dollar that tomorrow there'll be sun  
Showin grati-TUDE, my atti-TUDE is kind of RUDE  
I walk with a frown while I puff my cigar an'  
sit back and stare while I'm cha-cha-cha-charrin  
Watchin Boogie Down, when they used to put me down  
Now your mom give me skins and your pop push me pounds  
Sparkin like a welder, punch ya like I'm Elmer  
Embarass your ass like Gigi does to Thelma  
Quick to cut your throat, hey boy don't touch the mic

[whoosh whoosh whoosh] Yeah I'm out like three strikes[in the background: "sneakin up, sneakin up" 4X]

[Chip Fu]

Creepin up on ya, creepin creepin up on ya [4X][Chip Fu]  
My lovely lengthy dreadlocks, be roastin on an open fire  
Twisted tongue that's slippin and lyrically limp  
at your PEE-nocci-nose  
I'm budda-ba-bad, budda-ba-bad,  
budda-ba-bad to the bone and crafty  
Sssufferin sssucotash, I let lyricsss fly like DEE Daffy  
So pass, the mug so Mike can try to ?? figure  
when learnin this foolish, foolish lyrical style I deliver  
Maybe way, down upon a swampy river!  
Far far away (hooray!) yippie-kay-yo-kay-yay  
Whoa, the dish ran away with the spoon  
andddd-dddain't-dddat-ddddsomethin-dddinddddinddin?  
And thennnn-iiiiiiii found-  
five-fy-a-fuck-five-feet-of-linnennenn  
I Pop-eye's, like Bluto, ah-how you like judo?  
Not Hong Kong, Fooey, I +chop+ like, some +suey+  
Like the Bruce, Banner, I gots a programma  
So don't don't you cry cry for me oh Susannah

Tell your grandma, grandpa, pops and, your mamma  
that you got, the right one, baby, eh-heh!  
I'm freakin the stuttering style like just for one reason:  
I think it's wabbit season, nah-uh duck season  
Wabbit season, duck season  
Wabbit season, duck season  
Wabbit season.. AWWWWW SHUT UP!  
Hey button your lip it's MC season dagnabbit

And ohhwowowowowwwwwwwwww (whattup Chip?) I hate rabbits!

(shhhhhhhhhhhhh) Be vewy vewy quiet, a hunting we will go

Hi-ho, the merry-o cheerio Chip's about to drop a hot potato!

'Yumpin 'Yimminy, Jimminy Crickets-kicks-kicks

some rugged and rough shit like this

Silly wabbit ain't got 'nuff Trix to pick

but I'll chill instead, cause for the big kid,

for the big kid, for the big kid's how I uhh, kicks it

Yo ahh, rrrrugabugit, rrrrugabugit, where's was the mic?

It's in the freezer \*cough\* freezin like like a Raider

\*cough\* My flow's very, ridiculous

Like Frosted Lucky Charms my shit is magically delishwish

I'm a Chattanooga choo was funkier uh Punky Brewster

When I'm a FEE-farmer, PEE-plumber ??

So ??, roll up, rewind selector

I huh huh, huh huh huh, like Woodddy-Woodpecker

Peace to Victor Bramble, too hot to handle

Catch me same bbbabbbbat time and bbabbabbat channel[in the background: "sneakin up, sneakin up" 4X]

[Chip Fu]

Creepin up on ya, creepin creepin up on ya [4X][Moc Fu]

Arriba arriba! Pass the boom to M-O smokes the cheeba

A new type of flow and I toast the hoe, see-ya

Flipper type hitter, quicker to get bigger

Don't believe in guns so the fist become the trigger

I roll in the hood with my Fu-Schnicken niggaz

(Your niggaz?) Yeah, my motherfuckin niggaz!

The M-O throws blows (blows) obnoxious type flows (flows)

No one knows Bo's but the emery scrolls

Kick dogg pound sounds, from miles around

when I AIYYYYYYYY AIYYYYYYYY it vibrates your town

Peace to Diamond D, Flavor U-N-I-T

We sneakin up on ya, watch your ass for nine-three[in the background: "sneakin up, sneakin up" 8X]

[Chip Fu]

Creepin up on ya, creepin creepin up on ya [8X]

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