

Rappaz

Das EFX

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 SimonSays 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 ticksFor the chicks, I be on my good foot,
check it, that ass kicks
So yibbida yabber yoozy, fuck that floozy Suzy Chopstick
So here boy, here boy, come get some, it's crazy
I'm swingin' my Dukes of Hazard just like [Incomprehensible] on Daisy
I'm swayzeRappaz just ain't what they used to be
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Rappaz just ain't what they used to beI 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 GYou 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 itSo 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 grand popsRappaz just ain't what they used to be
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Rappaz just ain't what they used to beWell 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' babiesHey 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 pupilsI'm the slippery slang slipper, quick T.P. rip a

Q.B.

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 Rappaz just ain't what they used to be
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Rappaz just ain't what they used to be 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, what up 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 Rappaz just ain't what they used to be
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