

Undaground Rappa

Das EFX

Yeah, 1 2, 1 2

Let you know how I doHoly smokes, cheerio chap, I'm makin' toe taps so watch the birdie

Now check it how I wreck it like a demolition derby

Wit the Books, oops tutz, I used to live on Bedford

But now I rocks the microphone and chill like Robert RedfordSo bring it 'cos I can swing a kid like Reggie Jackson

I got the backs 'n' bones but now I needs some action

Aiyo, you can call me Plato because my style is in there

And I'll dig in that anus, man, as if my name was swim wearSee 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 jab you with the left and swing a hook without the phonicsOkey dokey, hocus pocus, I make the dopest MC call a timeout

'Cos yo I rip the shit out when it's time to throw my rhyme out

I'm twisted, my flow'll make you dizzy like Gillespie

If ya test me I rip and flip ya script and then I jetsyYo, I be rippin' it like I get busy, I gymnastics when my raps gets

I slams a punk like Jordan slams a dunk wit the basket

Ballsy, I got ya all three [Incomprehensible] so

Fuck it what you heard, you need to get with what you're hearin' yoDown down down down

Make way for the undaground rappaa

Down down down down

Undaground rappaaDown down down down

Make way for the undaground rappaa

Down down down down

All I need is just a mic and a trackAiyo, my crew is top notch, I smell 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-vicea

It really doesn't matter, kid, you're sleepin' 'cos I'm nicerI'm growin' lime to a lemon to break inside your car

See when I be on the block I'm like that nigga Agent R

'Cos when I talk, niggas listen, I rip 'til I drizz 'em

Perhaps Jack, I make you wanna clap to the rhythmWell yo, I'm wicked, not Jimminy Cricket or Davy Crockett

Some niggas wanna rock it when they think that I'm block it

Wit my grammar, 'cos yo I am a super flower

Ya best ta back the hell up when I swell up like a boaConstrictor, 'cos yo I rip tha mic in half, G

Even if I slowed up your couldn't pass me

Well hello there momma, you better be bringin' the drama to a pause

Like a comma or I'ma have to drop you like some drawersSo hey hey hey, you thought I was just another bat

like JJ

'Cos I be usin' a calender stupider dishin' nay-nays

So what's the way I'm flippin' like a double-header drinkin'

I rolls two spliffs so now I guess I'm double jointedDown down down down

Make way for the undaground rappaa

Down down down down

Undaground rappaaDown down down down

Make way for the undaground rappaa

Down down down down

All I need is just a mic and a trackI be the devious, mischevious kid believe-me-est

Not the move to rip 'cos in a drip I freaks the sleaziest

Rappa-tight funk, punk I be rippin'

Niggas know my name I got more game than Scottie PippenYo, I be kickin' it to the optic, grins for min when
I'm knockin' skins

On niggas who be clockin' ends, oh next I guess I rock a Benz

But now I be 'em, niggas be like "Oh did ya see him?"

I'm creepy, I'm kooky and plus I make you screamSee 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 bust a fuse like turns on a drum pattern

That one rings around that ass, G, like SaturnDown down down down

Make way for the undaground rappaa

Down down down down

Undaground rappaaDown down down down

Make way for the undaground rappaa

Down down down down

All I need is just a mic and a track

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