It's Lik Dat

Das EFX

Intro/hook (x16):It's lik dat y'allVerse 1: dray, booksYeah check it, uhh, yeah, check it
Well check it out y'all, it's the maniac, lyrical brainiac so back the
Freak up
If niggas got some beef then *? goget? * boy had better speak up
Cos I'm rippin this, my style's ridiculous, look how I word it
These niggas couldn't tell us they were jealous but I heard it
When they came and tried to tease, please you must be jokin
They tried to diss the kid, they got they [fuckin] bodies broken
For that rap [shit] cos black I smack [shit] from here to philly
I swallow up your crew then crack a brew and spark a philly
Cos you're bluffin like you're rougher, enough of that crap
Just meet me on the stage and let's see who can really rap
Cos if you really wanna battle, well that'd be the spot
So now I pass the mic so that my nigga books can rockThree cheers, aiyo wiz, the mic guy groovy
If you step and watch that verse because that first one is a doosey
Then I'm up next to squeeze, I got nuff expertise
For the roughnecks and g's, I'm swingin somethin but the function
Kid, I amp up, recamp up, bust a hit squad stamp up
Do your [fuckin] vest up just to make a mess, umm
2-1 - use to run it wild with the young'n
The wrestlers, and just beneath the promise where I'm from 'n'
Hey sweet lookin, you need to peep what I got cookin
Since I'm livin rough I gots ta give it up to brooklyn
Crews can kiss it up the garden with that work, I'm just the dirt
Until it's time for me to split, chill, I got to murd....Hook (x16)Verse 2: dray, skoobYeah yeah
Well comin back, it's like I'm eenie meenie, none of y'all can see me
Cos yo I'm disapearin, reappear like I'm a genie
Yes, the lunatic so bust that tuna kick, it's just a warning
Cos I could I go for mayor, to 'peer like ? ? ? ?
I'm wicked, kick it sicker than your frame like it's a tumor
I roll with pmd, so [motherfuckers] kill the rumour
Y'all can never stop my flow cos yo there ain't nobody looser
My turn will kiss the stone and that chick they call medusa
When I wreck [shit] I'm on some neck [shit] because I'm quicker, son
I run thru rappers like my name was harry dickerson
Now ain't that a bitch, I switched up my pitch
So you can stay real kid, but i'ma stay richAight, I kicks my style from brooklyn and some lipsy wanna test this
So I'm sendin em to the showers by the powers that I invested in
The nutcracker blacker wear these guns to smack a phony

Ass backwards like crab, cheese and macaroni
Good grief, some try to rock it, g, they need to knock it itoff
They must be eatin gerbals cos that [shit] they dropped was sitoft
For worse or better, kid, I never let another serve me
I'll get flyer than that 23 on mr.jordan's jersey
Crews be talkin bout they takin, cough it up just like they spit up
The night that they was [fuckin] they's lookin for some skins to hit up
Now I wait for solid scheme to bring the beat back
Cos it's like to flip which makes my stylus free jack, believe that
1-2Hook to fade

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/