

# East Coast

## The Icarus Account

Now, I'm gonna show you how the East Coast rocks  
Baby, baby, baby, baby, clap to this  
It's like that y'all, you don't stopNow, I'm gonna show you how the East Coast rocks  
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[Unverified] are jumpin' out of shoes and socksHiggity, hey hun, check out the way I friggity freak the track  
I diggity-do-ray-me-fah-so nigga me go like that  
Wit the books, iggity-oops, I get more poop crocks for jingle  
I giggity-gots the rhymes like [unverified] got the wrinkle  
Check the real wild, my ill style gets worked out like BundyI piggity-pack the skits, so save the shit, I'll take  
you, mundy  
Yes it's I, the yippity zippity bad boy with papers  
I higgity-hump and rump cos I'm rough like sandpaper  
So pucker up and whistle, I blast just like a pistol  
And sharp like a thumbtack and kick like NinjitsuI sling raps for hand claps and toe taps, I'm bound, silly creep  
I leave a rapper with a single bound  
Yes, I rips up the West, I'm the best, I'm no jokin'I run up shit creek and freak the backstroke  
So Books freak it, provide the funk alligator  
Yo ,I'm out but I'll be back like SchwarzeneggerWiggity-wait a minute, giggity-guess who, well it's me  
The bumble B boogity woogity book the loopy  
Double okay iggity S, I'm slick  
I giggity-got more stiggity-styles than Moby got Dick  
Oh shit, I'm swingin' it from the East Coast, sureI don't surf but got more props than Pop Smurf  
Who? Me, yep, look at the way I'm slingin' it to ya poppy  
I riggity rock the crowd at the Grand Ole Opi  
But when speakin' upon myself, I stays private like Benjamin  
Honey, I'll knock the boots and if you're tough I'll knock the Timberland'sOoh, miggity-major Rolex and tick  
tock  
I'm runnin' my tongue with the quickness  
Now I'm back like Alfred Hitchcock  
I'm shod-dy, I'm swingin' it like a San Diego PadreBrooklyn's in the house so mother fuck, we go swavy  
I don't need to diss ya but excuse me Mister  
I'm sinkin' ya battleships just ask professor or the skipper and downNow, I'm gonna show you how the East  
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It's like that y'all, you don't stopYo I'm back, black, heavens to Betsy, time to get deuce  
I take a bite outta crime, wash it down with some juice

I'm not the new kids, but I'm knockin' blocks off, sonny  
 Yep, I rock like the Stones 'cos I'm rollin' in the money  
 So diggity-ask about, I know you digs me like a shovel I kick straps for sport cos I'm short like Barney Rubble  
 Check the slang, boogity-bang, I goes berserk  
 When I flex like Popeye, I fight like Cap' Kirk  
 So bozo, I'm knockin' 'em out the box by the pair-em  
 High strung, my tongue got moves like Fred Astaire Tally racker, I'm dapper, the rootin' tootin' rapper  
 I diggity-drops the funk so you can call me yippity-yapper  
 The slippery slick sister, stiggity-start the grammar I'm comin' like the Red Coats to toast an MC Hammer  
 So jumpin' jahosa, that's yes iree  
 The Books in reverse kicks a verse like, BBDI whips it, I smacks it, I flips it  
 With slick shit, when shit hits the fan, man, I slaps lips  
 Like lipstick, I'm harder than a hard-on, never tend up like fiddles  
 I bust foots for kicks, eat up Trix and some Skittles  
 then I'll giggle, higgity Hallelujah to to dabber day, I'll do ya I'm the baddest, got more fans than Red Jarvis  
 makes a cowboy  
 I skip, flip back to Dallas, he's the Don  
 Have you seen my gray poupon?  
 Bust this, we roll more spliffs than Cheech and Chong  
 We can do this, I kiggity-can't lose like Martha Lewis Get the picture, I rock upon misfa if I was you is  
 Goddamn, I'm sittin' on the bay by the dock  
 Smokin', strokin' on my big fat cock  
 'Cos spare you, breaker 1-9, what's ya handle?  
 'Cos now I got the siggity-sock soup like Campbell's and down Now, I'm gonna show you how the East Coast  
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