

# Something Fresh

## Spooks

Yo yo, niggaz ain't fuckin' with this originalist  
Spooks ain't bangin' like this but more real is this  
Uninventiveness amaze me, say to thee lyrically  
Buy from Book-T but my inferial rap sixth senseSpeaking to cats I'm bringin' 'em back like  
Bruce Willis in "Mad" matter a fact I'm laughin' at cats  
Who pike dad's like Kennedy dyin'  
In planes flying in flames, forever blowin' up cats like Blackpump  
Scorching your back and taunting your eardrum with tonguesMing-Xia check if your mic is on  
A one-two, yes, my mic is on  
Hypno check if your mic is on  
A one-two, yes, my mic is on  
Some of these boys can't rhymeYou want proof!  
The freshest group since 93 was the Spooks and, eh, Spooks  
No bullshittin' last chance to start quittin' before we start trippin'  
On leisure start start rippin' [unverified] I'm callin' shit  
That you don't wanna witness no stopinationI know you're [unverified] try to fuckin'  
With this beautiful bliss ma'mmy spook click opuses  
Eat you for breakfeast and plus I'll blow you a death kiss  
Why would you set this objected  
You can't achieve cease and assist my click  
Came to make you believeI know y'all lookin' for something fresh  
Something that y'all haven't heard yet  
Something original and subliminal  
Let me hit it, yo, let me hear ya say hoI know y'all lookin' for something fresh  
Something that y'all haven't heard yet  
Something original and subliminal  
Let me hit it, yo, let me hear ya say hoYou may need a translation for the knowledge that goes  
Over the peoples heads in the population  
Spookdom agency spies  
Unveiling the lies of false prophets  
Of rhyme paralyze the superficialSpoonfed James which we reprimand  
The media commands  
Propaganda enough times and you begin  
To believe recycled wack  
MC's and feel you up R&B button  
Punching producers with juvenile beats  
Demean creativity but we got the remedyI know y'all lookin' for something fresh  
Something that y'all haven't heard yet  
Something original and subliminal

Let me hit it, yo, let me hear ya say hoThe unorthodox rhyme execution that Spooks use may leave you  
The consumer mildly confused but actually you need to relax  
And stop anticipating the same rap patterns and drumtracks

Adapted and practiced by a lot of our favourite acts too muchIntegrity is getting lost in the art hip hop is not  
about money and

Bitches so I'm a start expanding your horizons surprise we got  
Collages specializing in vibin with squads liver than yours

Periodically see we like having a friendly but our lyrical sparring partners  
Always take it to farAye, yo Book check if your mic is on  
A one-two, yes, my mic is on  
Wat-Water check if your mic is on

Yo son, you know my mic is onMy momma used to say write them rhymes young man  
My momma used to say don't give money to the hoes  
My momma used to say make sure it's something fresh

I got what y'all lookin' for as I got the neuro AKA wa-wa-warIn [unverified] I'm like kids in a schoolbus  
When I flip you'll be like  
(You sank my battleship)  
I get kickin' and jumpin first like  
Chicken and Douglas sounded up with  
How biscuits sounds ofI know y'all lookin' for something fresh  
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