

Baknaffek (E-A-SKI/CMT Remix)

Das EFX

(People people people people

People people people people)Shippity bop, well hot diggity, where's the iggity? The bum siggity

Niggas want to know but check the flow my little trickity

I'm comin' with the Books so kid, it looks like it's a winner

Ya better get ya plate because I'm servin' raps for dinner

See I freak it from the sewer plus I'm quick to do ya posse

I'm swoopin' on the note just like I was a kamikaze

See they thought I lost my spot so they went and got real comfy

So now I gotta hit me hard and Bogart like Humphrey

Ya hypocrite, I'm rippin' it because I'm flyer

Ya phony, full of bologna like Oscar Meyer

See I attack a pack of rappers just for practice

I bust my tactics, I'm sharper than a fucking axis(Set it off!) One two (Set it off!)

Yeah it's the Books in reverse, the next cap sendin' a big-up to my borough

I'm thorough, wetter than a ghetto from Medini-Bop

Takin' lessons, swayin' niggas on graffiti

Rockin' other slang ranger, bring a banger occasion

My nerves is achin', see I'm sick of niggas perpetratin'

But can't see this, I'm screamin' on they records like Beavis

Or Butthead, I bust heads like Amy

Fisher isser, bliss, hit you like an accident

And if I'm in your town you might meet me at the Radisson

Or splatterin', batterin' crews for lip chatterin'

It ain't nuttin' new, that's how we do, my crew is back again[Chorus: x3]

Bak 'n' affek, how's that?

(People people people people)Well here I go again, so dig the flow again, try not to bite

A bigger nigga with my left and then I flick em with my right

I'm outta sight, look how I do it, ya blew it if you missed a

Nigga on the microphone 'cause I can roll a sister

Word is bond, I'm on some nuke shit, new shit like this

Grab a piece of steel and shoot the Giff like Chris

Kringle, lost my jingle, don't it make ya shiver

Give a nigga what he needs so he can bleed when I deliver

Aah microphone check, what the heck?

I do that then because I used to catch a wreck

Wit it, that's the time I hot talk, spit it

For Christ's sake I'm in to hit the brakes and you're skiddin'

You nigga in, messiah did it, but y'all can keep that

'Cause now I'm on some other type of flow and best believe thatAnd all that, small cat, my format, deranged

Honey I'm back to run things 'cause some things is never changed, punk!

So if you're drunk, I freak the funk until you're sober

But still be gettin' chills when niggas know that winter's over

Kickin' the flam yo it's the man, tick tock, I jam like gridlock

My style is fender bendin' sendin' rappers to the pit stop

Good lord o' mercy, hit reverse if you missed it

And busboy give the speech 'cause like a preacher, baby I'm twisted

Kid I swing a dome-buster light, bone crush a smith

Bust up your lips then puff up a spliff

So yo, who be dat? Dat want to do me like this to get

booby trapped jack, 'cause my crew be strapped fat like dat[Chorus: x3]Bust a flavor

Word up uh, yeah, uh, yeah

Check it out

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