

Other Script

Spooks

Spooks is on some other script that's why you be lovin' it
My crew that's the butter clique be glad you discovered it
 Hip hop originals Spook rock we runnin' this
 Playin' in the club, it hits radio be bumpin' it
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 Playin' in the club, it hits radio be bumpin' it
 Consensus these cats are forever flippin' hits
But every time I turn around, Spooks got to prove this
 Old hits to new hits next hits to crew hits
You fuck with it poppin' that nonsense we true to this
 My alternator flow be flippin' radio we done that
 Spooks still spit It for you thugs, yeah we done that
You want it then battle a spook we can't lose for god we fight
 Suffice the plight with the might from piety rights
 Plunge you with lice plead your plight spice for spite
 On judgment night with three strikes
 The wicked is right livin' in trife recite songs
Repent crimes it's pendulum time, the comin' of Christ for mankind
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Most of these stupid MC's could never handle the steez
Spooks be bringin' when we singin' man, y'all wing it and please
I got the crucial chromosomes to stimulate these microphones
 The hardware plus the software plus the hormones
 A prerequisite for wreckin' cliques keepin' it hectic
Phenobarbital could never stall this wild epileptic style
 Electric and mental spasmodic erotic
Type of flow that could only be described as hypnotic
Man, it's a fact that I got it hemmed up and guaranteed

MC's approach me but they gainin' in the cranial bleed

You need to learn to read between the lines of coke dust and weed
You're smokin' chokin' off the speed of illusion indeed
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I speak the spookanese like abominable dominoes crushin' crews with ease
Who never had the need or the beats the loser's theme
Oh, what I'm always Luke warm
Then put that group on and wham your necks under the Yukon
I crash the savage talkin' badly while livin' lavish
Put your cabbage on the block chop straight drop the hatchet
Now your head's rollin'
Put my fingers in your eyes and my thumb in your mouth
And make up a new sport called head bowlin'
Oh, is flow in it boy, you're finished
Bite my script and I'll extort my percentage
Of your royalty not waitin' to disregard it's blatant
When chh chh ahh ahh, I sneak up like Jason
So got me when ya can't get it bitin' me's a grand mimic
This is from Popeye but even he gon' eat some bad Spinach
'Cause I'm forever spittin' for cheddar fixin's
Make clever kittens do the wop outside the reverend's mission
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