Napsack

Shyheim

Chorus 2X:
Napsack on my back
Napsack on my back
Napsack on my back
(I carry a full pack)

[Shyheim]
I rocks the blocks with the rugged hip-hop
And I can't be stopped cause my jam pumps like Reebok
Go get a grip as I flip the bic
Don't slip cause I rip shit and I'll packs a biscuit
So make em jump jump cause I gotta pump pump
I'll stick it in your gut and see who jumps up
So tell me now do you think you can hang
With the Wu (Wu) Tang (Tang) boom (boom) bang bang
Crunch that blast up the trunk of a punk
With the funk that gots em doin the drunken monk
On the Shaolin beatbox cause I rocks steady
Don't sweat me cause I get crazy like Eddie
Boom-bah, some say I am a superstar
Tell em all I am what I am baby paw
And my beats, fatter than fat, they're not funny
Cause these drums remind me of One's 4 Da Money
Now tell me that me and are can't drop hits
Then you heard it but then you tried to rhyme and got dissed
My style, my flow for real will have you chumped
And I get like Ziggy and toss it up

Chorus 4X

[Shyheim]
My styles is dope so call the kid dynamite
I writes the rhymes that's redder than bloodsight
A trail of thunder with rugged hardcore
When I rips the crowd the dancefloor gets sore
I laid down my game with my shade and razor cane
I laid down my game and parlayed with my gang
A little rascal was a bad little bastard
(So you're the rugged child) I see you're learnin fast kid

Get the message I rapped several texts
So don't even try to step to this with that old bullshit
On how you better me and how you could do me
Come on son, cause you know my style is groovy
To the max as I watch and give a beatin
And I got more bats in me than Michael Keaton

Chorus 4X

[Shyheim]
I'm kickin master Wu-Tang slang cause I'm a slinger
I got a magic grip so you could call me Golden Fingers
I'm rough and I'm tough but I keep it on profile
want to peep my style take a ride to the Isle
I'll meet you on the other side, we'll take ya dollar man
To prove to my fans that I really am the man
The hardcore shorty that will keep ya head boppin
And while I keep rockin your ears will start poppin
To that freaky flow and all that old good shit
And not to be conceited but hey, the shoe fits
Gimme room, I love to hear the next competition
So I can prepare to give another ass whippin
Short sneaky Shy-Shy the kid with the props
I'll make your heart stop at the pop of a glock
A Tech-9, an uzi, so what can you do me?
But take his advice be the next one to sweat me

Chorus 4X

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