## **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' itSpooks is on some other script that's why you be lovin' it My crew that's the butter clique be glad you discovered it

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Playin' in the club, it hits radio be bumpin' itConsensus 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 thisMy 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 rightsPlunge 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 mankindSpooks is on some other script that's why you be lovin' it

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Playin' in the club, it hits radio be bumpin' itMost 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 hormonesA 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 hypnoticMan, 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 indeedSpooks is on some other script that's why you be lovin'

it

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Playin' in the club, it hits radio be bumpin' it 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 YukonI 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 mouthAnd 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 blatantWhen 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 missionSpooks is on some other script that's why you be lovin' it

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