

Little Rascals

Shyheim

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

This Bob Billiard for the Entertainment News
In the news today youth rapper
Shyheim a.k.a The Rugged Child
Is rapidly climbing the charts and making a lot of noise
Shyheim seems to be one of those little boy rappers
Who are making a lot of money
Personally, I don't think a little boy should get paid
Don't call me boy, haven't you heard?
Boy ain't nothin', but a white man's word
As the old saying go I could never forget
Boys plays a Tarzan G-tuck quit
So call me shy with the ooh, la, la, la
Kissin' young girls and I makes them hollar
Fortan can never be an orphan
New Yorkin' Wu Slang talkin'
So hump my style as I walk the mile
The little rascal's bucked unjuvenile
I be the captain of dappin' of rappin'
How you scatchin' the cuts and the scratchin'
Not your average shorty 140 on the block
I got more props than your 1000 cops
Stop! In the name of me
Like Denise Williams, I gots to be free
To do what I want to do, oh shaboo
Here come the little rascals
One little, two little, three little rascals
Four little, five little, six little rascals
Seven little, eight little, nine little rascals
Ten rugged rascals in all
Gotta make a record
To gain recognition, or competition
My posse is blitzin', I yell hooray
When they cross the barricade
Fuck the arcade, no games are being played
Sneaky little shy from the streets of Staten
Somethin' shot me and my cousin Crazy Jason
Jason, Jason, it's time for chasin'
Girls, I'm on every case like Perry Mason
Step in they face and beg them for they number
Get the seven digits and now they like the Roadrunner
Beep, beep, yo, things is gettin' deep
Takin' old dose and coffee, there's no time to sleep
A Tazmanian walkin' maniac, a young girl playing rap

brainiac

So become accustomed, pump up the volume
For 10 balls you could have the whole album
Of the rugged child, chi, chi, chi, bow, little rascal style

Lyrics provided by

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