East Coast

Das EFX

Now, I'm gonna show you how the East Coast rocks
Baby, baby, baby, baby, clap to this
It's like that y'all, you don't stopNow, I'm gonna show you how the East Coast rocks
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[Unverified] are jumpin' out of shoes and socksHiggity, hey hun, check out the way I friggity freak the track
I diggity-do-ray-me-fah-so nigga me go like that
Wit the books, iggity-oops, I get more poop crocks for jingle
I giggity-gots the rhymes like [unverified] got the wrinkle
Check the real wild, my ill style gets worked out like BundyI piggity-pack the skits, so save the shit, I'll take you, mundy
Yes it's I, the yippity zippity bad boy with papers
I higgity-hump and rump cos I'm rough like sandpaper
So pucker up and whistle, I blast just like a pistol
And sharp like a thumbtack and kick like NinjitsuI sling raps for hand claps and toe taps, I'm bound, silly creep
I leave a rapper with a single bound
Yes, I rips up the West, I'm the best, I'm no jokin'I run up shit creek and freak the backstroke
So Books freak it, provide the funk alligator
Yo ,I'm out but I'll be back like SchwarzeneggerWiggity-wait a minute, giggity-guess who, well it's me
The bumble B boogity woogity book the loopy
Double okay iggity S, I'm slick
I giggity-got more stiggity-styles than Moby got Dick
Oh shit, I'm swingin' it from the East Coast, sureI don't surf but got more props than Pop Smurf
Who? Me, yep, look at the way I'm slingin' it to ya poppy
I riggity rock the crowd at the Grand Ole Opi
But when speakin' upon myself, I stays private like Benjamin
Honey, I'll knock the boots and if you're tough I'll knock the Timberland'sOoh, miggity-major Rolex and tick tock
I'm runnin' my tongue with the quickness
Now I'm back like Alfred Hitchcock
I'm shod-dy, I'm swingin' it like a San Diego PadreBrooklyn's in the house so mother fuck, we go swavy
I don't need to diss ya but excuse me Mister
I'm sinkin' ya battleships just ask professor or the skipper and downNow, I'm gonna show you how the East Coast rocks
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It's like that y'all, you don't stopYo I'm back, black, heavens to Betsy, time to get deuce
I take a bite outta crime, wash it down with some juice

I'm not the new kids, but I'm knockin' blocks off, sonny
Yep, I rock like the Stones 'cos I'm rollin' in the money
So diggity-ask about, I know you digs me like a shovelI kick straps for sport cos I'm short like Barney Rubble
Check the slang, boogity-bang, I goes berserk
When I flex like Popeye, I fight like Cap' Kirk
So bozo, I'm knockin' 'em out the box by the pair-em
High strung, my tongue got moves like Fred AstaireTally racker, I'm dapper, the rootin' tootin' rapper
I diggity-drops the funk so you can call me yippity-yapper
The slippery slick sister, stiggity-start the grammarI'm comin' like the Red Coats to toast an MC Hammer
So jumpin' jahosa, that's yes iree
The Books in reverse kicks a verse like, BBDI whips it, I smacks it, I flips it
With slick shit, when shit hits the fan, man, I slaps lips
Like lipstick, I'm harder than a hard-on, never tend up like fiddles
I bust foots for kicks, eat up Trix and some Skittles
then I'll giggle, higgity Hallelujah to to dabber day, I'll do yaI'm the baddest, got more fans than Red Jarvis makes a cowboy
I skip, flip back to Dallas, he's the Don
Have you seen my gray poupon?
Bust this, we roll more spliffs than Cheech and Chong
We can do this, I kiggity-can't lose like Martha LewisGet the picture, I rock upon misfa if I was you is
Goddamn, I'm sittin' on the bay by the dock
Smokin', strokin' on my big fat cock
'Cos spare you, breaker 1-9, what's ya handle?
'Cos now I got the siggity-sock soup like Campbell's and downNow, I'm gonna show you how the East Coast rocks
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