

Krazy Wit Da Books

Das EFX

Intro/Chorus: Now ya got the Krazy, Krazy wit da Books

Yes yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all

Now ya got the Krazy, Krazy wit da Books

Yes yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all

Now ya got the Krazy, Krazy wit da Books

Yes yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all

Now ya got the Krazy, Krazy wit da Books

(Fire em up higher on some new rhyme flow) Verse 1: Dray, SkoobWell comin to school ya it's the hooligan,

I'm in the mood again so watch

me do this

I'm out to do these rappers just like Popeye did Brutus

The super dooper trooper, oops I'm no beginner

So watch me get loose and run [shit] like Bill Skinner

I formulate my raps, perhaps you want to kick it

There's niggas down my slack, yes I'm the baddest when I wreck it

See I'm nicer than the rest, I guess I gots ta prove it

Ya cruisin for a bruise if ya bite it when I use it

See I'm quick to shoot the giff, and if ya tryin ta stop it

I got mad skills like loose change in my pocket

I drop it from the East, at least I'm gettin mine in

Some niggas gettin jealous 'cause of the way that I be rhyming Ooh, hello there, how the hell are ya? Sorry to

keep you waitin

It's like nuttin when I'm throwin somethin rougher than menstruation

Crabs, I'm followed by a camp like John Cougar

Mellen, tell them punks I put a swellin, for the lords split'cha

I kick tails that tips scales on the Richter

I dip-dip-dob wit more drive than the Harlem River

Oh what the hell, I smoked a half a el then ????

Pick up my grip then spark the clip and get puffin see

It's back to basics if you're wacked then niggas hate we

got the knack to freak a track like I was printin in some nations

Boy, I'm slipper than soap-on-a-rope

I'm madder than the Mad Hatter and Yabber Dabber Dope and you can quote... Chorus Verse 2: Dray,

BooksWell once again it's the spectacular, I checkin the back and ya [fuckin]

face it

Terrorisin MC's as if my name was Jason

I crash 'n' clash em, monster mash em til they suckle

I'm quick to switch up and kick ass like Mr. Jekyll

I bring it from the guts, my DJ got the cuts

The [shit] that I bringin got'cha swingin on my nuts
I'm not the typical lyrical guy that be a miracle
Drop the type of [shit] that make ya flip and get'cha swivacle
I'm nasty with the verbs, kid, I serve ya, rip the faucet
My raps they never collapse 'cause on the tracks, see I be bustin like
fireworks, I fire jerks scullin then I step
I'm back from hibernation and I'm ween to keep a rep Give it a rest fool, straight balls of fire, boy I'm flyer than
a cockpit
Hah I rocks [shit] and knock niggas out the blocks wit
Uncontrollable lyrical motions from my larynx
I'm slick, watch your tip 'cause my clique might slam ya next
like BOOYAA, no ya not true, don't mean illusion
Kickin a styles til '96, taking backs to the future
Plus I'm cool to fuck the brain, I drain a 40 for the belly
I'm aimin for the charts just like this was a game of scelli
Plus I'm sinkin ships, doin whatever makes the blow rock
My crew is givin nothin, stuffin chicks without the showtime
When I groove up put your dukes up or catch a oops-up
Sad ya sleazy heart 'cause this the piece beneath the steps, boy Chorus to fade

Songwriters

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