2000

EBK

Yeah, bleep bleep bleep
Hey yo this is how we gonna hit it off...Chorus:So drop the kronkite nigga (2000)
Check out how we flip shit for (2000)
Stud doogie runnin' shit for (2000)
Grand puba flippin' shit for (2000)Here comes the brotha from the future
Man, I got what suits ya
Fake mc's go away and let your label prostitute ya
Give me my space and let the swinger swing
Nigga don't you know that jane can't even stop this crazy thang
I like to boast cause I'm the host with the most
Bag a few honeys and i'm... (space ghost!!!)
I got niggas head-bobbin' with no problem
I kick 31 flavors so call me basket robbins, uhh
I gets down cause I travel like sound
Grand puba's so fast they got my picture on a greyhound
Here goes the tizm, get ya lifted like izm
If these devils ain't got my money then I got some off the prison
So honey here's more than a rent
For dollars and sense, see I leave shit bent
So don't even come with that 69, hon
Cause I told ya last time, 68 and I owe ya one
Back up and let puba do his thing,
Cause a nigga wanna krib like eddie murphy had a boomerang
So butt niggas get the steppin'
I gets to the root like beer
Lyrics flow like an automatic weapon
You can't see this or much greater,
Rough like terminator, sendin' niggas down like elevators
So like beavis and butthead...(he he he he)
Go away like 94, we drop the kronkite niggaChorusNo shame in the game I puts the pedal to the metal
Be a father to my son, ask the bulldogs and pedal (?)
Puba gots that shit that hits in every ghetto
Straight from new york, l.a. to ____
Honey, there's no need to hunt
Whatever you want, just make sure when you come you bring a blunt
This is for the year 2-circle-circle-circle
Niggas lookin' stupid like their spotted and they urkel
Did I say that?
Doogie hits the scratch

Niggas can't match, baggin' bootys by the batch
That's how we do at a theatre near you
Do the show, bag the doe and disappear like the zoo
Then I hit home, to rest my dome
Unplug the phone and put a joint on the bone
I kick the style longtime ya know
Niggas can't see this, so you know how that shit goes
Nigga it's gonna take a miracle
Call me a cab so I can ___ away and catch your hi-di-hi-di-ho
Fuck that, my style's all that and a bag of snacks
Ran through jersey and the pussycat
I'm the scooby with the doo
I like my philly with the brew
All y'all niggas talkin' shit about puba, fuck you...
Ya know what you can do?
You can lick the twins when I pull 'em outta skins
And I put 'em in your face, you can tell me how it tastes
Cause it's the kronkite, niggaChorus

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