

Krazy Wit da Books

Das EFX

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
Well, 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 wanna 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 'cos of the way that I be rhymin'
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 rictor
I dip-dip-dob wit' more drive than the Harlem River
Oh what the hell, I smoked a half a el then [Incomprehensible]
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
Now ya got the Krazy, Krazy wit' da Books
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Well 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 Dr. 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 'cos 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 because my clique might slam ya next Like booya, 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 'cos this the piece beneath the steps, boy Now ya got the Krazy, Krazy wit' da Books
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