Dresscode

Urban Dance Squad

I'm strictly thanos on your anus
Shit is not the same as
I'm powerful cosmic
On drumkicks
People call me famous for that
I'm fat like the records from 'big cat'
On the boombap, vocab
I stick like treesap
Tight, right, ignite
Like c-4 plastic
When limbs and arms struggle from the bomb
Shit gets drastic
I'm strictly claymore
No need to say more
I got the goofy-lookin' tootsy when they call
Themselves so hardcore
Now industry sells with the weak and plastic
Lyrically, they show their buttcheeks like it's pornographic
Choreographic whore your ego catched it
On your first contract, grabbed the check and dashed it
You're fake, second-rate skills, no scruples to hide it
Styles that smell like a bad case of gingivitus
You got the best gimmick, like the 'instapumpinflater'
I'm shack-attack reebok, run the floor on you fakers
With thatDresscode, dresscode
Everybody's tryin' to hide it from me how to
Dresscode,
I don't dress to impress but I'm strapped
With ricochet raps, you get your bulletproof vestSummer in the city
Grab a coke and take seats
Got a spoonful of flavor, seldom savored like
Wildebeest
Yo hops, baby pop, you slop in the mccoy zone
This is not the toyz-, the boyz-, but the destroyzone
So when you're fullgrown, for that accident prone
My rap penetrates like uvb through ozone
Ever since I started, sorta off guard to shit/ offguarded
Learned that true pioneers seldom get rewarded
I persevere when atmosphere gets money-orientated

Dig the crates, real stealth, with rapwealth,
Release, and get debated
8 Days a week I peak, like beatles on acidtrips
Revolutionary, very
Like the year '66
Kinda queer to see them snatchin' titles, call themselves
Grand royal
Like yack I rock proud, release my mortal coil
Your middleclass grungetrash, style is outdated
Like that bellbotom, jheri curl, time to get fadedDresscode, dresscodeIf rap was crack, I'd be a crackhead
If a whack style was sex, I'd stay celibate
Should I say orthodox on the flock; say, what do I rock ?
No buttnaked style dressed like sis and get dropped
What I do, what you see, what I say, it's what you do
Next day celeb, other day look poo-poo
Funky dope maneuvers make a rapper look stupid and silly
Crack egos like the cracks in liberty bell from philly
Scorin' points, check the ruler, who has won ?
Rockets from houston, like olajuwon took apart robinson
Arsenal of moves to prove it's not the pants that's saggin'
Put the belt so tight, g-funkers choke on rappin'
You sneak-a-peek more than b-boys at a knocker/footlocker
You must be outta-yo-rocka, to catch the bucks and try to duck a
Style that's dieharder with a vengeance
Like willis, I'm the illest, on the cheesy, no resemblance
With thatDresscode, dresscode

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