

Voices Of Theory

"Baknaffek"

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(People people people people
people people people people)

Verse 1: Dray, Skoob

Shippity bop, well hot diggity, where's the iggity? The
bum siggity
Niggas wanna know but check the flow my little trickity
I'm comin with the Books so kid, it looks like it's a
winner
Ya better get'cha plate because I'm servin raps for
dinner
See I freak it from the sewer plus I'm quick to do ya
posse
I'm swoopin on the note just like I was a kamikaze
See they thought I lost my spot so they went and got
real comfy
So now I gotta hit me hard and bogart like Humphrey
Ya hypocrite, I'm rippin it because I'm flyer
Ya phony, full of bologne like Oscar Meyer
See I attack a pack of rappers just for practice
I bust my tactics, I'm sharper than a f----- axe-iss

(Set it off!) One two (Set it off!)
Yeah it's the Books in reverse, the next cap sendin a
big-up to my borough
I'm thorough, wetter than a ghetto from Medini-Bop
Takin lessons, swayin niggas on graffitti
Rockin other slang ranger, bring a banger ?????
occasion
My nerves is achin, see I'm sick of niggas perpetratin
But can't see this, I'm screamin on they records like
Beavis
or Butthead, I bust heads like Amy
Fisher issuer, blisser, hit you like an accident
and if I'm in your town you might meet me at the
Radisson
or splatterin, batterin crews for lip chatterin
It ain't nuttin new, that's how we do, my crew is back
again

Chorus:

Bak 'n' affek, how's that?
(People people people people)
repeat x3

Verse 2: Dray, Skoob

Well here I go again, so dig the flow again, try not to
bite
a bigger nigga with my left and then I flick em with my
right
I'm outta sight, look how I do it, ya blew it if you missed
a
nigga on the microphone cos I can roll a sister
Word is bond, I'm on some nuke ----, new ---- like this
Grab a piece of steel and shoot the giff like Chris
Cringie, lost my jingle, don't it make ya shiver
Give a nigga what he needs so he can bleed when I
deliver
Aah microphone check, what the heck?
I do that then because I used to catch a wreck
wit it, that's the time I hot talk, spit it
For Christ's sake I'm in to hit the brakes and you're
skiddin
You ---- in, messiah did it, but y'all can keep that
Cos now I'm on some other type of flow and best
believe that

And all that, small cat, my format - deranged
Honey I'm back to run things cos some things is never
changed, punk!
So if you're drunk, I freak the funk until you're sober
but still be gettin chills when niggas know that winter's
over
Kickin the flam yo it's the man, tick tock, I jam like
gridlock
My style is fender bendin sendin rappers to the pitstop
Good lord o' mercy, hit reversy if you missed it
and busboy give the speech cos like a preacher, baby
I'm twisted
Kid I swing a dome-buster light, bone crush a *?smith?
*
Bust up your lips then puff up a spliff
So yo, who be dat? Dat wanna do me like this to get
booby trapped jack, cos my crew be strapped fat like
dat

Chorus

Bust a flavor

Word up uh, yeah, uh, yeah
Check it out

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