

## Voices Of Theory

### "Host Wit Da Most"

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Intro/Chorus:

Yo it's the host wit da most, kid  
Comin from the East Coast  
Yo it's the host wit da most, kid  
Comin from the East Coast  
Yeah it's the host wit da most, kid  
Comin from the East Coast  
Word bond, it's the host wit da most, kid  
Yeah comin from the East Coast

Verse 1: Dray

Well I'm suprised, open your eyes because it's me, G  
I mention I sling the slang wit me and my man just like  
it's a frisbee  
Ya flimsy, my thinga-majig is the illest, I throw it like  
Willis  
Heiman, when I'm rhymin I'm makin the pape's like  
Simon  
says ta, my stick it ta master, I still be the best-a  
I figgity [fuck] the flame but in the sun, now time for  
Esther  
So hi-ho I'm Silver, I'm makin the pape's when I kicks  
the [shit] that'll make you muck when I lose his fleas,  
lice and his ticks  
For the chicks, I be on my good foot, you get that ass  
kicked  
So yibbida yabber yoozy, [fuck] that floozy Suzy  
Chapstick  
So here boy, here boy, come get some, it's Krazy  
I'm swingin my Dukes of Hazard just like ???? on Daisy  
I'm swayze

Chorus

Verse 2: Books

Aiyo well here's the story, niggas is sleepin, nighty  
nighty  
Lord almighty, I'm bringin it live G, see I be

flippin and rippin a tongue but some niggas don't  
seems to digs me  
so I switch, B, like Billy Bigsby cos I'm the [shit], G  
U hoo Dixie, they dribblin in they Timberlands  
I criminal mix styles, oh I flow like adrenaline  
Yikes man, the nigga is nice man so thinkin I lost it  
but I be icin crews wit the flakes til they frosted  
So hip hip hooray, wantin me while I do a  
new way to school a new jay, you say  
"Holy Shamrocks, the man rocks with no beef or ham  
hocks"  
Oh yes-in, send the rest in, peace to grandpops

Chorus

Verse 3: Dray

Well um, knock knock, who's that? Guess what? My  
crew's back  
rippin the hip-hop, Penelope pitstop  
Doin the bitin, the shit I be writin, you're givin me rabies  
They oughta be usin my terms for sperm and makin  
babies  
Hey ladies, I know my A-B's, I'm makin CD's  
I heard you was eatin your spinach boy, you better be  
eatin your Weeties  
Comprendo, so let your friends know I'm losin my  
noodle  
cos when it be time to doodle, I lose my scruples, ask  
my pupils  
I'm the slippery slang slipper, quick to clip a QB  
Shooby dooby dooby, I do that new G  
So you be Kool & The Gang and I puts my slang in  
Hangin loosely, oh yes G, niggas be wantin to test me

Chorus

Verse 4: Books

Hear ye, hear ye, don't look any further G, see he here  
is  
Still mic checkin [shit], still Dead Serious  
Hello there, I didn't go nowhere, whatup with the static  
G?  
I be damagin niggas' fronts like them creases in your  
cavity  
For real though, jumpin jallopy's, I'm rougher than  
hockey  
I drop these bumpy cos my style is knock-kneed  
So me and my-a, I'm flyer than the witches sweeper  
Jeepers, keep ya jump, jump into it like Aretha

I Boogie Bang bang the thang like a cramp style slant  
Niggas be tryin to hang but they can't G  
Will agains, I'm gettin elegant with the skill again  
It don't mean a thang if I ain't got my philly, kid

Chorus (x2)

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