

Voices Of Theory

"It's Lik Dat"

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Intro/Hook (x16):

It's lik dat y'all

Verse 1: Dray, Books

Yeah check it, uhh, yeah, check it
Well check it out y'all, it's the maniac, lyrical brainiac so
back the
freak up
If niggas got some beef then *?goget?* boy had better
speak up
Cos I'm rippin this, my style's ridiculous, look how I
word it
These niggas couldn't tell us they were jealous but I
heard it
when they came and tried to tease, please you must be
jokin
They tried to diss the kid, they got they [fuckin] bodies
broken
For that rap [shit] cos black I smack [shit] from here to
Philly
I swallow up your crew then crack a brew and spark a
philly
Cos you're bluffin like you're rougher, enough of that
crap
Just meet me on the stage and let's see who can really
rap
Cos if you really wanna battle, well that'd be the spot
So now I pass the mic so that my nigga Books can rock

Three cheers, aiyo wiz, the mic guy groovy
If you step and watch that verse because that first one
is a doosey
Then I'm up next to squeeze, I got nuff expertise
for the roughnecks and G's, I'm swingin somethin but
the function
Kid, I amp up, recamp up, bust a Hit Squad stamp up
Do your [fuckin] vest up just to make a mess, umm
2-1 - use to run it wild with the young'n
The wrestlers, and just beneath the promise where I'm

from 'n'

Hey sweet lookin, you need to peep what I got cookin
Since I'm livin rough I gots ta give it up to Brooklyn
Crews can kiss it up the garden with that work, I'm just
the dirt
until it's time for me to split, chill, I got to murd....

Hook (x16)

Verse 2: Dray, Skoob

Yeah yeah

Well comin back, it's like I'm eenie meenie, none of
y'all can see me

Cos yo I'm disapearin, reappear like I'm a genie

Yes, the lunatic so bust that tuna kick, it's just a
warning

Cos I could I go for mayor, to 'peer like ????

I'm wicked, kick it sicker than your frame like it's a
tumor

I roll with PMD, so [motherfuckers] kill the rumour

Y'all can never stop my flow cos yo there ain't nobody
looser

My turn will kiss the stone and that chick they call
Medusa

When I wreck [shit] I'm on some neck [shit] because I'm
quicker, son

I run thru rappers like my name was Harry Dickerson

Now ain't that a bitch, I switched up my pitch

So you can stay real kid, but I'ma stay rich

Aight, I kicks my style from Brooklyn and some lpsy
wanna test this

so I'm sendin em to the showers by the powers that I
invested in

The nutcracker blacker wear these guns to smack a
phony

Ass backwards like crab, cheese and macaroni

Good grief, some try to rock it, G, they need to knock it
itoff

They must be eatin gerbals cos that [shit] they dropped
was sitoft

For worse or better, kid, I never let another serve me

I'll get flyer than that 23 on Mr.Jordan's jersey

Crews be talkin bout they takin, cough it up just like
they spit up

The night that they was [fuckin] they's lookin for some
skins to hit up

Now I wait for Solid Scheme to bring the beat back

Cos it's like to flip which makes my stylus free jack,
believe that

1-2

Hook to fade

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