

Voices Of Theory

"Undaground Rappa"

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Yeah, 1-2 1-2
Ha, let you know how I do

Verse 1: Dray, Skoob

Holy smokes, cheerio chap, I'm makin toe taps so
watch the birdie
Now check it how I wreck it like a demolition derby
wit the Books, oops tutz, I used to live on Bedford
but now I rocks the microphone and chill like Robert
Redford
So bring it cos I can swing a kid like Reggie Jackson
I got the backs 'n' bones but now I needs some action

Aiyo you can call me Plato because my style is in there
and I'll dig in that anus, man, as if my name was
'swimwear'
See I rock a hoodie sweater, more wood than Woody
Pecker
I twist it like an ankle, G, or maybe Chubby Checker
In LA I hit the chronic, I'm super like the Sonics
I jab you with the left and swing a hook without the
phonics

Okey dokey, hocus pocus, I make the dopest MC call a
timeout
Cos yo I rip the shit out when it's time to throw my
rhyme out
I'm twisted, my flow'll make you dizzy like Gillespie
If ya test me I rip and flip ya script and then I jet-sy

Yo I be rippin it like I get busy, I gymnastics when my
raps gets
I slams a punk like Jordan slams a dunk wit the basket
Ballsy, I got ya all three ???? so
Fuck it what you heard, you need to get with what
you're hearin yo

Chorus:

Down down down down

Make way for the undaground rappa
Down down down down
.....undaground rappa
Down down down down
Make way for the undaground rappa
Down down down down
(*All I need is just a mic and a track*)

Verse 2: Dray, Skoob

Aiyo, my crew is top notch, I smell like sasquatch, that's
why I rip shop
My crew be on the hustle plus we tighter than a zip lock
I freaks it vice-versa or maybe versa-vice-a
It really doesn't matter, kid, you're sleepin cos I'm nicer

I'm growin lime to a lemon to break inside your car
See when I be on the block I'm like that nigga Agent R
Cos when I talk, niggas listen, I rip til I drizz em
Perhaps Jack, I make you wanna clap to the rhythm

Well yo, I'm wicked, not Jimminy Cricket or Davy
Crockett
Some niggas wanna rock it when they think that I'm
block it
wit my grammar, cos yo I am a super flower
Ya best ta back the hell up when I swell up like a boa
constrictor, cos yo I rip tha mic in half, G
Even if I slowed up your couldn't pass me

Well hello there momma, you better be bringin the
drama to a pause
like a comma or I'ma have to drop you like some
drawers
So hey hey hey, you thought I was just another bat like
JJ
cos I be usin a *?calender?* stupider dishin nay-nays
So what's the way I'm flippin like a double-header
drinkin
I rolls two spliffs so now I guess I'm double jointed

Chorus

Verse 3: Dray, Skoob

I be the devious, mischevious kid believe-me-est
Not the move to rip cos in a drip I freaks the sleaziest
Rappa-tight funk, punk I be rippin
Niggas know my name I got more game than Scottie
Pippen

Yo I be kickin it to the optic, grins for-min when I'm
knockin skins
on niggas who be clockin ends, oh next I guess I rock a
Benz
But now I be em, niggas be like "Oh did ya see him?"
I'm creepy, I'm kooky and plus I make you scream
See I don't understand why niggas be wantin to do me
You don't arouse me kid, you're softer than that Cosby
kid Rudy
Huxtable, I bust a fuse like turns on a drum pattern
That one rings around that ass, G, like Saturn

Chorus

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