

Wax

"New Crack"

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(Intro)

Pawm pawn pawn pa pa pa pa
Happy New Year biatch!

(1st Verse)

Yo coming to you live and direct from the Bella de
Centro
It's big Wax, Dunny, and I'm at it again, bro
I park when I spit not to press my luck
'Cause I ain't go no insurance and if I wreck I'm f**ked
But when I ride beats, you couldn't deny that
'Cause you could use every syllable as a high hat
Rewind that
And you'll find out
The rhymed that
I just spit was perfect,
Reverse it, half it double, time that
Anyway you want it, fam
Ask my momma, man
You could see a Mic in my sonogram
I got my first soof in the booth
And I wrote my first hook in a coloring book
And back then, my rhymes was outside the line
And still are- phones loose reception when I kill bars
I heard your sh*t, my ear's still scarred
Should've turned it down like opening a pill jar
F**k Jake, We gon' wake and bake
I make paste when I battle all you fakes for cake
But now it's time for a station break...
We whiling out!

(Chorus)

Intrumental

(2nd Verse)

Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo eh yo
Hey yo, spitting lyrics over this music, that is my calling
Rappers stepping to me eventually they be falling
East coast, to the West coast, you hauling
King of San Diego, last name should be Stahlman
Balling!

Now I reside in Hollywood
Your girl called me milk cause your boy did her body
good
Yeah, she got the calcium
But she really couldn't tell 'cause her mouth be numb
She like:
(Instrumental)
She's always down
She reminds me of the teacher from Charlie Brown
I'm just a musical genius
With a beautiful penis
And magical balls
Tickle in them vaginal walls
Ladies sit back and applause
Right after you cum I spit tight, lick right
Call me Dracula tongue
A yo, it's mind blowing when I'm flowing
You couldn't find
No one who be showing the skills that I'm showing
Mike throw it like a boomerang
Come back with stupid slang
If that, you couldn't understand
Call me Pootie Tang
Yeah, I might as well say sadate
Mexicans give me props I'm like:
De nada, guey
Youtube search, when you come across Wax
You'll see that I'm viral like Taco Bell sauce packs
I glose tracks with high frequency audio polishing
When you hear it you will all be astonished
And your thoughts of what an MC should be
They will all be demolished
And from then on you will call me the hottest
Motherf**ker that you've seen at a show perform
And I'm the
Sole cause of global warming
My sh*t is like Oh ish, Oh ish
You're sh*t is just (snores)
For real,
The crowd's getting sleepy, B
But when I'm on stage is like they're on PCP
They like: Do that thing, do that thing
My favorite genre of music is New Jack Swing, f**ka'
Whatever happen to that?
I used to like hearing motherf**kers rapping to that
You know,
I'll take you little fools way back to middle school
Science class
Bunsen burners blow'll fry your ass
Do not try to pass me like monopoly go
I'll show cats how to properly flow

A yo, let me explain:
Wax is the nickname
Back with the spit game
Classic as Rick James
Back when he sniffed cane
Smacking the sh*t stained
'Til the mid frame
Of you bastards that spit lame
Mother f**ker

(Chorus)

Instrumental

Yea, I want to send a shout out to my man Herbal T
Doing it real big in Brazil.
This next sh*t's for him

(3rd Verse)

Yo yo

The way that we be packaging this flavor and bars
You'd be like, "Wax, do you work for either Quaker or
Mars?"

I work the bass and the treble like the faders in cars
And won't stop spitting sick until ya'll haters get sarce
(bitach)

You think I'm dumb and sh*t

Just 'cause I spit shriek leaf for the love of it

I already gave up on the government

Not trying to change the world, just making fun of it

And I ain't scared of the terrorists

F**k all that, illegal immigrants?

I love ya'll cats, come on over

Take a plane, walk, take a boat

What the f**k do I care, fam, I don't vote

There's two things that I care about: love and rhythm

And the people that I meet and the love within them

And the beat goes off from the winter to the summer

'Cause time, it ain't nothing, but a go, go drummer

And the filing in his writs make you nod your fist

Make you realize God exists

'Cause if he didn't then how would we have this rhythm

It don't make no sense to me

The way that we spit time up so exactly

Without some time of stop watch technology

And I'm just saying, fam

The sh*t that I vow for

F**k Iraq, hip hop I die now for

So if you mad that I'm stalling on you,

Be glad if the Cal is on you

'Cause you gon' have to kill be before I stop whiling on
you

Like this

(Chorus)
Instrumental

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