

## Wood

### "The Cypher"

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I don't care who's first or who's last  
But I know that y'all better just drop this  
at the dro-dro-drop of a dime ba----baby

[Cutlass]

Crai-Crai-Craig G light up the mic  
Craig-Craig-Craig-Craig  
Craig G light up the mic  
Craig G light up the mic for The Symphony

Verse One: Craig G

Ahh, Politics & Bullshit got me hectic  
Let me show y'all new rappers how to do a posse  
record  
Craig G-I, with the Frankie C  
U-T-L-A-Double-S, MC's get trouble  
best I flow with the the swiftness, never  
However new MC's pulled the lever, my style's much  
better  
Anyone can be a victim  
Empty tracks I lick sick em  
I flip em rip em and strip em of all of they pride  
As I slide, in out of these states I stay great  
What the G stand for, I'm slammin you and your  
Whole staff, style, split an atom in half  
East Coast West Coast, don't make me laugh!  
The whole America feels my wrath, ahh!  
It's like a terrier was on that ass, ahh, yeah!  
Cause nine-six ain't about jack shit  
Fuck Versacci I'm like Rocky when I'm bustin yo' lip  
Bust these metaphors for better or worse, my style  
burst  
your grill into itty-bitty pieces as I release, my thesis  
Uhh, Craig G, I believe that's me  
Ninetenn-eighty-five til infinity, ahhh

[Cutlass]

Shante!  
Sha-sha, sha-sha, sha-sha, sha-sha  
Shante!

Shante! The baddest around

Verse Two: Roxanne Shante

Aiyyo, you're lost in the sauce, bitches still remain  
Useless, but when I reign bitches can't sustain  
the drama, word to momma bitch I leave you leakin  
Roxanne Shante stay creepin  
You sleepin but I stay armed, and dangerous  
No matter what your name is, bitch I make you famous  
A lot of bitches swear shit's sweet  
But when I creep I'ma lace you from your head to your  
fuckin feet  
Frankie Cutlass put me on so I'm back again  
Ain't nothin changed it's still the same, ain't no smilin  
friend  
I remember eighty-seven eighty-eight  
I was the only one gettin weight from upstate  
Gettin cake, Juice Crew All-Stars was my boys  
Runnin round town baby makin mad noise  
Backtrack turn back the page  
Live on stage, wreckin niggaz at a early age  
I was only fifteen thinkin big time  
At the time blind all my eyes saw was goldmine  
So all you fake Cristal sippin bitches  
Here's a thirty-eight bitch, click it!  
I didn't think so...

[Cutlass]

I be the BizMarkie  
Biz-biz-biz  
I be the BizMarkie  
BizMarkie, aooooowwwwww!

Verse Three: BizMarkie

Hey hey hey, I'm the eMmmaZah-A  
Igga-R-Rrahidy-iZza-Rrahzah-K  
I don't have a big mouth just a lot to say  
So listen to my rhythm and rap display, OK  
I rock the mic to the T-O-P  
And every record that I make I make history  
Like a-oh-oh-oh, WHASSUP ([Nobody Beats the Biz])  
and, ah-one two  
Is some of the things that I used to do, but  
Right about now I got a different flow  
I rock from New York City to Mexico  
From England Australia back to Japan  
They know I'm Mista Magic Cool with the mic in my  
hand  
So, you know I got more rhymes than Mohammed Ali

That's why my name rings bells internationally  
Never neglected well protected as an MC yet  
I'm, super duper with the rhymes I invent  
Big Daddy Kane, you know you're part of the staff  
Get on the mic, get on the mic god damnit  
Get on the mic on my behaIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIf,  
waaooooowwwww!!

[Cutlass]

The-the-the name Kane is superious to many people

Verse Four: Big Daddy Kane

Tell me what you see, and uhh, vectorize  
When you, check your eyes, baby, recognize, it's the  
Rawest chump to make the verse in the chorus pump  
With rhymes skills to be retarded like Forrest Gump  
Now feel the pain runnin through your chest area  
Thoughts of the attack it got you fearin the  
bodily abuse, that you phony niggaz makin me produce  
Warfare put to use, fuck all that, just turn me loose  
Huh, and this is for those who don't know the half  
I wanna see just how well you know your math  
Now, in case a nigga wanna get out of line  
Just tell me how many times does sixteen go into nine  
See, a lot of you rappers like to front as if you're  
ruthless  
But, when I'm around you make all kind of excuses  
Like, I just remembered yo my niece need diapers kid  
Plus I got homework bible-study all types of shit  
Boo-yaka, any fuckin tune to ya  
King Asiatic, tell me what we gonna do wit ya  
One more thing, the next example one of you niggaz is  
bout to be it  
Now close your eyes tight cause trust me you don't  
want to see it \*echoes\*

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