

T-Woolly

"Drop"

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[Sample from "The New Style" by The Beastie Boys]

Check it

Spent some bank - got a high powered jumbo

Rolled up the woolly and I watched Columbo

Let me clear my throat

Kick it over here baby pop

And let all the fly skimmies, feel the beat

Mmmm...drop!

[T-Woolly, Verse 1]

Super (x7)

They say the drums come first

Second place lays the verse

Third lane, pain killers take you out your world of hurt

And when them polar cap quotes leave you looking like
a Smurf

He's frost bitten from the writtens, now we dippin' in a
hearse

So now the death toll heightens, these other rappers
siphon

For the dumb young buck, that means your favorite
rapper sucks

And those who roll with mole men, they known to hold a
gold pen

When then the Mammoth in the middle is the real spin
then

But I don't even have to rhyme, and I don't even have
to riddle

You can meet me halfway and then you still will feel my
spittle

And the wide eyed talk will leave your sidewalk chalked
With payola to the holder of the mighty gray Crayola

It ain't over just beginning (Uh huh)

Got my second wind in

Sayin' Woolly lost a step during slumber, are you
kidding? (I don't

think so)

Cause every record show I'm rippin'

Noddin' heads from the States all the way to Great

Britain

And the speech won't cease until I'm heating all the streets

But I'd rather slow cook then flash fry you on the beat

The words will infiltrate the brain, taking over your medulla

And my style's so slick it's like my name was Rick The Ruler

[Hook]

Granddaddy got fans from slums, burbs, and blocks

Ladies all diggin' me cause they know the double's hot

Even got the old heads slingin' over plenty props

And the all saying "Woolly when that album gonna"

Mmmm...drop!

[Verse 2]

And I tell 'em pretty soon

It's the union of the Mammoth and the metal fingers
(DOOM)

Crankin' out the tunes, let the bass go boom

That the young lad sings and the old soul croons

Lightweight but I still will give to you pound for pound

And this is over your head so don't call it underground

Maybe you would understand if Mammoth Villain broke it down

Quick spit flipper

Bigger than the Dipper, but you fall if you a star

So I rather be like Mars

This a universal verbal, rhymes tighter than a girdle

More hip-hop than a hundred meter hurdles

When my tracks hit the field, all attention they will steal

And my segways are better than that thing on two wheels

And they run twice as cheap

Survival seems bleak for the rapping pipsqueaks

Hey what happened to the beat? Uhhh

That sounds better, getting more clever

Why is green called cheddar?

And cheddar called cake?

And cake called dough?

And if dough is why we flow, why not title it a liquid?

This is getting too specific, and a bit eccentric

Vivid is what's scripted in the form of brainteasers

That will vomit from your speaker

And I know that half of y'all probably don't get what I'm sayin'

So I think I'll make a remix that'll cater to the layman

[Hook]

Yo Woolly I was with you at first, but now I'm not

Gettin' too complex, head scratchin' in the spot
Take it back to high school, nigga that's when you was
hot
Let us digest this first, you should let the record
Mmmm...drop!

Aw man don't worry 'bout them cats
Go ahead and flip it on to the Cagney and Lacey style
Grandaddy

[Verse 3]

Ticky ticky tock, twelve o'clock on the dot
Got a bag of greenbacks, suppose to meet them at the
docks

This his first operation, two years he been waiting
This is something he was craving, check his nerves he
kinda shakin'

"Now make sure it goes right
Either bring back the cash, bring back the white, or I
get your life"

What his bossman uttered

"This transaction better be as smooth as butter
Not one single stutter"

"Go time nigga", said his shotgun bud
Get the 12-gauge handy, looking like an Elmer Fudd
"We go up and make the swap, and make a clean leave
No attention from the cops, get it ready for the block"
Seemed all good and well, 'til loose broke hell
Rang out a shell, and one body fell
And it wasn't Mr. White, or Mr. White's right (Who else?)
Bud popped the shell, so I guess we say goodnight (To
who?)

To Mr. First Timer, which would also be his last
They took the coke and the cash, left him rotting like
the trash
Did him dirty like the dishes, got him sleepin' with the
fishes
I feel bad so tell his fam, Bud sends his best wishes

[Hook]

He was a youngin with the dreams of pushing up on the
block
Big homes, fancy whips, yeah he want them on the lot
But I got big plans, in them homie you are not
So I blew off your top on your very first
Mmmm...drop!

Super (x7)

Thanks to Razvan

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