

X-Cops

"B-Boy Punk Rock 2001"

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Check it out yall (scratching)

[whitey ford]

Whitey ford. x-ecutioner style

Emcee am I people call me ev
When Im bustin up the party hear my engine rev
With high resolution in the late p.m
X-men scratch the beat while I drop this gem
Got tints on my windows so you can't see in
Pack it up pack it in baby once again.
Aint no way to check me (check me)
No way to wreck me (wreck me)
And shit gets hectic if you disrespectin.
Stiller than night ima see my light
On the top of the marquee kid bill me right
You know it aint right, but yo it's ok
See this type of shit happens everyday

(scratching)

You see this type of shit happens everyday

(scratching)

You know this type of shit happens everyday

(scratching)

It goes one for the thugs, two for the chickens
Peckerwood stats classic like slim pickins
Fuck the democrats, and the republicans
Got all your cars bouncin like a bunch of mexicans
Porter rock style I'll touch you like tony
You claim to keep it real but still comin out phony.
Its just one emcee and four djs
Give us six turntables and a mic to blaze.
Ima said it like pun in the house of fun
I burn hotter than the heat that's made by sun.
Got a gun, aint a uzi, but it weighs a ton
Its b-boy punk rock 2001

(scratching)

Its b-boy punk rock 2001

(scratching)

Its b-boy punk rock 2001
(scratching)

World keeps spinnin. x-men keep winnin
X-men keep winnin. x-men keep winnin
Its b-boy punk rock 2001. it's b-boy punk rock 2001

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