

## Anonymous

### "Beware of the Rampsack"

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\* this 1994 single says "from the forthcoming album The Red Oktoba"

Verse One:

I can fall from a building and fall from the sky  
Make a rapper wanna know why, who's the fall guy?  
A lot of people wanted to know, what I was comin with  
The buzz was that the Boy Scout was the shit  
Now I got to maintain in my rapper brain  
Put a rapper rapper to shame, what's my effin name?  
The Boy Scout, Rampage, still makes the hits  
Straight from the Dungeon Shack with the rugged  
Don't even hold me back my brain it start to work  
I make, others do the dirt, because the Boy Scout, is  
the expert  
I'm rated six from the new school ford, I'm the  
microphone lord  
Don't cock block me, and put it on record  
Cause you would get gunned down, in a blood bath  
Niggaz don't know the half, the Boy Scout got a craft  
Death to all, I'm havin a ball, watchin motherfuckers fall  
That's the way it is when ya bounce the ball  
Nuthin but the dog in me, I'm smokin niggaz like a  
chimney  
Me and the Boy Scouts with the remedy  
Pull up a chair it's a world premier, I'm about to bring it  
here  
Just like 2 Black Guyz great, and I'm swift  
I be the dope nigga for the nine-four  
And I'm kickin down doors, score with a metaphor  
With my knapsack raps and my funky fly tracks  
Beware of the rampsack

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Verse Two:

I'm comin Off the Wall like my name was Michael  
Jackson  
New attraction, I'm showin brothers I got action  
Step to the Ramp the Boy Scout is here in nine-four  
Wack rappers hit the floor  
I know there's been competition, Ramp and Alge's on a  
mission  
Plus we got crazy ambition  
Now I walk around girls wanna say hi to me  
Cause I'm rollin with Busta and the New School society  
Some wanna see me cause I'm on another level  
Skippedy-dippedy-whip and showin brothers I'm the  
rebel  
Now I'm on the dash that's gonna last, I'm only fast  
Whippin a rapper fuckin ass  
He didn't get enough of the Boy Scout stuff  
That's why he got stuffed, plus his heart pump Cocoa  
Puffs  
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Verse Three:

Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of an englishmon  
Straight from Brooklyn, Crooklyn  
Where I rest, as I'm puttin two to your chest  
The Boy Scout man is takin no arrests  
Rappers try to hold me about a buck and some change  
Now I'm goin midrange, wreckin my brains  
Some wanna bite my name just to get fame  
You know that fuckin game, yo Bin toss em in the flame  
Like the infrared, of the words that I said  
Killin rapper niggaz dead, and I'm goin straigh to the  
head  
Another bad creation, ramp is on station  
I got my foul MC, to build a bigger nation  
I'm droppin hard just like your girl on the Kotex  
Like Funkmaster Flex on my brain it's like Memorex  
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