

## Baby Animals

### "Rampage"

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Slow down baby uhh  
Slow down baby uhh

You can get rugged, though, hard like P  
Trying to play my man but you couldn't touch me  
You faggot to comp rapper on a quest  
You get your head flown, boy you must be smokin' sens  
So many often wonder if MDs paid  
You're goddamn right, punk, stay outta my way  
'Cause I clock Gs while you clock Zs  
And I don't smoke crack, I smoke M.C.s  
So pick up a pen, cop a squat, and take notes  
A rapper suffred from bleeding, sprains and slit  
throats  
My style deadly psychopath or schizophrenic  
Rapper choke like a carburetor, freeze up, and panic  
'Cause I clock pesos, don't sell ileyo  
Another name for cocaine, mi amigo  
That's Spanish terminology for friend  
Now sit back and rub my bozack as I send  
Bass funk with beats that thump  
Kickers and amps cold lined up in my trunk  
My system cranking, my headlights are blinkin'  
Brother ridin' my tip, L, at the same time thinkin'  
Damn, how could a brother be so nice  
'Cause I'm the capital E-P twice M-D-E twice  
I choose to squeeze, some choose to fight  
I like to write but then again some bite  
While you were bangin' on tables, I was bangin' Snow  
White

Yeah slow down baby

The ripper, the master, the overlordian  
Playing M.C.s like a old accordion  
I get the inspiration from a necessary station  
Them sayin' I was vacationin'  
You can't cope with your weak-ass throat  
Tryin' 'a sneak a peak in while I freak the notes  
Major M.C.s become minor B flats  
So retire the mike, get your chains and your bats

Here's your chance to advance, gettin' your stance  
I'm 'a shoot the holster off your cowboy pants  
Pure entertainment, tonight's your arraignment  
You're guilty, face down on the pavement  
No holds barred, it's time to get scarred  
You and your squad better praise the real god  
The undertaker droppin' thunder on fakers  
When it comes to lyrics I'm as freaky as Seka  
So lay the mike down slow and careful  
'Cause mine is fully loaded and I have another handful  
A clip to slip in and start rippin'  
Divin' and dippin' and givin' punks a whippin'  
Just in case you wanna go a few rounds and so  
I'm down so that you clowns will know  
Me gettin' burnt or hurt won't be tolerated  
I got rhymes up the (huh) forget it, I'm constipated

Yeah slow down baby

When I come around homeboy, watch your nugget  
I master on the beat down, my style's rugged  
When I attack the microphone, close the zone  
Rap sees danger, can't roam  
Security is packed and wall to wall can't fall  
A rap tank is full so I can't stall  
My microphone is filled with premium  
Any whack M.C. that flexes, I'm creamin' 'em  
Not with lotion, bust the motion, flotation  
When I'm rockin' the mike I'm like coastin'  
Underneath fatigue at my peak  
You still seek the style 'cause yours is extra weak  
New method, rip the stage at my age and get loose  
and kick  
Like Bruce in a rage-I'm on a rampage

Yeah slow down baby  
Slow down baby

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