

Basement Jaxx

"Brothers on My Jock"

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Chorus: Parrish Smith (from 'So What Cha Sayin')

Brothers on my jock for the way I hold a piece of steel

(4x)

So what cha saying

Verse One: Redman

I go wild as I sip from a cold Lowenbrau
Set up rhymes like fire to gunpowder
Boom, did the bassline crank
From being rated R, from being top rank
I'm hard like an erection
Phrases might get too tough to break down in sections
So I grab a pen and pad, I'm back
to make a killer, similar to a backstab
Don't arrest me, arrest my brain, it's insane
If I'm booty, then I've been framed
By an MC, who can't be the R-E-D
Fuck wit me, you'll get slapped up and capped up easy
By me and a tre-eight pistol, so vacate the premises
Or ask for Mayday, Mayday
For H-E-L-P, brothers tell me
I'm electrifyin, similar to round three
I don't brag and boast but smash and roast
MC's wit degrees from here to the West Coast
I'm miracle wit no abrakadaba
Piece of membranes will smash like crackers
Were they Ritz, Saltine, or Town House
None of the above get caught wit the roundhouse
Kick, blackflip, semifull
My vocal chord prove my pull ain't bull
I'm down wit the Squad, no more than four to five
brothers
Six or more, you seen got smothered
By a fist of fury, next is the verdict
Let's hear it from the jury

Chorus

Verse Two: PMD

I'm a nightmare to rappers, terror to an MC
Cold wreck the nigga wit the help of E-D
Aggravation, don't need it, so get off my dick
Master of disaster, no time for flicks
Straight up b-boy, Real McCoy like Bruce Leroy
Strap the bozack when I'm stabbin a skeezoid
Gangsta rap, it's Daddy Mack wit a bozack
Roy the funk punk pumps skunk like a smokestack
So swing low and lick up balls
I'm like Scharzenegger, correcting shit in Total Re-
call up E-D and the posse that's ten deep
To wax a sucker nigga booty rappin MC
So step off cause you gets no props
So stick the fork in him, Redman (why) cause he's done

Chorus

Verse Three: Erick Sermon

I'm E-D, I belong wit the A-Team
A one man wreckin machine, by all means
Necessary, I destroyed on contact
No fear, of getting killed cause I'm strapped
The Hit Squad's deep, making it sweet
to creep, on my crew so you don't sleep
My mic is caffeine, similar to Maxwell
Making it smooth for me, yes, to wax well
And you might get scared and spark a stove
Cause I pack steel but Hold On like En Vogue
My swiftness, I got a gift not for Christmas
God bless, mmm-hmm, can I get a witness
I'm fresh like a bag of Chips Ahoy
No toy, I'm a hardcore b-boy
Once again, I quote, I'm danger
I smoked Smokey the Bear and killed the forest ranger
Poof, the fire's out and I'm gone
Peace to Mandela and Farrakhan

Chorus

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