

Bary Manilow

"Wreck Your Ears"

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Ninety-five's the year my crew get ours right here
And the Brothas Unda Madness gonna wreck your ear -
can do

[E-Vocalist]

E-Vocalist wrecks the mic and then I'm next son
{.. "But still say a rhyme after the next one" -> Rakim}
Now if you don't like my crew, I don't give a damn
No introduction needed - you know who I am
The five foot nine pro, puffin on a blunt
Hittin much pussy 'less it's that time of the month
Rebirth of the mack, the illest on the map
And I'm all on rap, like a fiend on crack
My - style's contagious, spreadin like a virus
Leavin more "Achey Breaky Hearts" than Billy Cyrus
Tick tock around the clock, you should know
You can't get no props if you can't rock a show
Not with these - I shake MC's off the break like fleas
In school, I never got D's
Me fake nigga please! I really hate cheese
In fact, I really can't stand dirty raps
So breaker breaker, to Joe Quixx the beatmaker
Thanks for givin up tracks freakier than Seka(?)
Since I'm Oakland bound when I rock I catch a frown
but the moment I leave, you ask how can I be down?
Put my tape in your pocket, then lock it, down
Mark it, then rock it, all around town
In the alley or the slums, cali's where I'm from
In comes the boom so make room for The B.U.M.S.

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[D-Wyze]

Yo D-Wyze rip the mic, then I'm next son
{.. "But still say a rhyme after the next one" -> Rakim}

Heyyyy! Here's a new tray that I made
so stop whining, cause I hit your honeydip's heiny
But I make you think we're not from Oak it's just hip-hop

rappin
So niggaz give me daps and stop cappin
The Brothas are FREEEEE, free like Mandela
I'm known from nasty NARCs as the mic dome sweller
I'm good for shockin niggaz like PG&E
.. so what's up G?
I spark the fat phil' from the go to get you under my
spell
If the wack wanna step to +-dy+ like +Norman+, they
fell
And then the Son of Sam hand me tunes for the pussy
.. cause my funk flow makes 'em horny
I'm the, slim wild mad sweet but grand imperial
You bump me in the morning at the table eatin cereal
And then you ask your troops, "Who is he?"
These Under Madness Brothas - that's why we stay
undercover
My styles cling like Comet, I make MC's vomit
Yo peace to Joe Quixx, that makes the B.U.M. pound
For better and for worse motherfuck what you heard
Ya hear me, honies grip your tits, cheer me
From Oak to Manhattan, one day we hittin platinum
Yo ask my nigga Sway - he know how it happened..

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[E-Vocalist]

E-Vocalist wrecks the mic and then I'm next son
{.. "But still say a rhyme after the next one" -> Rakim}

Now I gets busy underground like gooks durin Vietnam
No sellin out because my mom didn't raise a tom
E-Vo's my name - I flex mad styles
I'm known for gettin nastier than maggots on a dead
cow

At many clouds rockin crowds from here to China
I gets looser than the lips on a prostitute's vagina
So, sleep on my skills and sleep in grills they use for
traction

Cause I put my thaaaaaaang, in action
Awakening crews in a rude fashion
On they ass like Mike Tyson at a beauty pageant
E-Vo is first, D-Wyze is the next one but
{.. "But still say a rhyme after the next one" -> Rakim}

[D-Wyze]

Aiyyo I'm iller than a porno, I flip the microphone on
Ninety-five is my year to live fat like Sonny Bono
Two niggaz sparkin blunts, always hittin cunt

The Brothas Under Madness, knockin niggaz fronts
I'll persist to elevate the shit straight from the Oak
cause I'm broke - if I don't make it, I'm smoked
(Coolin out in Cali where the bass goes boom)
And when we step in the arena suckers leave the room
(Where, three out of three sweepin niggaz like a
broom)
Pre-arrangin funerals engravin on their tombs..

{.. "But still say a rhyme after the next one" -> Rakim}
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