

Dizze Rascal

"Dizze Rascal Creeper"

Visit "[Dizze Rascal Creeper](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Roll Deep on these
Put these MC's on deep freeze
Hit these, with these and rip these
Come like busta we flip these
Please, dont rap with these
Fearless, angry, sick MC's
Dont like Christine's or Britney's
La La's or Tinky Winky's
This one's strictly for pick me's
Old school afros, dry whities
Barklays, Halifax we stick these
Endless gunshots we lick these
Trick these CID's with ease
Touch mic MC's jump like fleas
Player haters get chopped like trees avoid Rascal to
avoid injuries

And I hit 'em like a lightning bolt
5.000 volt, it's your own fault
Stand still, 'll put your whole crew to a halt
Cover MC's like pepper and salt
Gunman bullets go right through your coat
Nine milli take Billy for a billy goat
Lay low Roll Deep on the river boat
Cuttin 'em Dizze Rascal cut throat

Rewind wind-re lay to the side
It's our question to the front line
Fuck her to the left, right, front or behind
Never nice, gotta be cruel to be kind
Dry lips sippin' on a dry white wine
Feel funny take a draw of this you'll find
Husband i'll make your wifey be mine
Get pussy, get poum, get feline

Lyrical staff, never could they ever take me for a chaff
Schollar in the English schollar in the math
Dizze aint no rif raf
Hit 'em with the rise, move, kick, uppercut, jab
Don't make me loose my rag
I'm a troublesome lad
Barefoot shaolin lad

Lyricaly far from swag

And I'm far from clean
I'll play kiss chase with your aunt Maureen
Get rhymes, get heard, get seen
Dizze run things like in the army
Keep vigilante, keep on guard
We chuck grenades at Scotland Yard
Retard, get kicked hard, real hard
Leave death threats in your birthday card

pump up, tone up weights in the gym
Glass full of Alizay right to the brim
Roll Deep, so deep, they can't swim
Doin' it for Kiesha, doin it for Kim
He wants arms house, he wants to swing
If he tries a thing, he get a punch in the chin
Rascal is here so you better start worryin'
Get a hidin', beatin', turfin'

Didn't wanna care
Left that boy in a gutter somewhere
When I talk live-o, when I talk rare
I'll make you wish you were born elsewhere
I gotta wash that girl out my hair
Shes old news, everyone's been there
No we're not equal, no we're not fair
That girls anything she gets air

Take time pussy crew
Samurai seperate legs from feet
22 inch blade nothin' ain't sweet
Leavin MCs on the floor in the street
That boy can't compete
Dizze dont play fair, Dizze might cheat
Draw for your handgun, draw for your heat
Dizze boy make a big boy look petite

Sex, played and worked
Girls say Dizze Rascal is a jerk
Do it for the Bentley do it for the merc
Wanna make cash money like some Turk
That boy got hurt
Never knew that his girlfriend was a flirt
Sex in the alleyway, sex in the dirt
Send her home in a black torn up skirt

Visit [Dizze Rascal](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.