

Fu-Schnickens

"Aaahh Ooohhh!"

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(Chorus)

ahhh-ooohh!! watcha gonna do
when you see the fu-schnicks come through

I'm coming evil like knievel mad like a scientist
smoothe
and silky rhyme are milky than even milk D
but niggas try to catch it like a scooby snack
I'll lay ya flat on ya back like an L.T. sack
it's the P.O. from the brook chopping rappers
like a chef for real yo! hold up na-na-na
wait a minute I'm super like man
when it comes to mics I'll bring ya styles
of all types more than high top nikes
catchin wreck like a tornado comin through ya area
ain't no hearing ya with mass hysteria rhymes
I'll like vomit wit maneuvers like a chess player
that make me solid like gold I roll on beats
as if it's whores you better check ya sources
if I was you and you was me I'll be just extra cautions
so what's up ya think that ya really wanna riff
man I'll run through ya crew like emmett smith so

(Chorus)

now ain't I a stinker
I think I'm (hiccup) think I'm (hiccup) (cough) drunk
but yo I'm ready (hiccup) ready to (cough cough) catch
a punk
and (cough) puff em full a lead
shoot em till he's dead
and ooh I'll crush his little head to pieces
yo it seem like I can't let let these suckers pass
so I'll leave MC's suffering like tha tha tha thuckatash
cuz I rocks em, shock em all y'all can lick this, excuse
my french
yo I'm coming like that grinch that stole christmas
now wit this, ignite me light me, fssssss! boom!
leaving skid eerk! marks eerrk! all over this track
ya ding-a-ling but will and come again
I think my spidey sense is tingling

kid I'm live like at the apollo, bullet tips are hollow
time fee kill a sound kill a sound kill a sound bwoy
tomorrow
when I raps I'm that hard act to follow
you can never bite my style, because it's wild and hard
to swallow

(Chorus)

ahh-oohhh! it's true I'm down wit the infamous fu crew
do do I though ya knew and it's visible
I'm surely imperial I'm golden chosen and quick ta
open
brothers up for the year of '94 don't snore
ya thought I had one style, but kid I got much more
now let's see.. I'm trippin I agree my mind's slippin
off and on the track and strapped wit a rhyme
a microphone like a gat, an animal that's planning
to get a piece of the action with the traction shoots
a three point shot like paxson ya askin nothin homeboy
I knew ya fluffin again and again you're mouthin off
saying
nothing, so what in the hell you doing here are you lost
I'm top notch, I get props your head will get tossed of
course
I'm swingin shit wit force, so what's up now?!?!?!?

(Chorus)

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