

Fu-Schnickens

"Who Stole the Pebble"

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I'll leave ya shook up wit shit I cook up
because I'm nice I move like jerry rice on the mic
device
lyrics pour like rain wit more soul than train
incredible like the hulk wit dr. banner's brain
making more noise than thunder
making stevie wonder how could one man
get so ill wit his rapping skill that
could stimulate ya mind and give ya brain a tumor
kick a rhyme that's even fatter
than the laces in my suede pumas
the solo flexes on deck with a texture
of movers that's so smooth like that
chest like a bottle of bacardi y'all niggas
couldn't see me if you threw a search party
I'll mutilate ya head I don't care whose side you on
I got more game I'm swift like akeem olajuwan
stomping heavy on the scene
I'll strike like wolverine gettin loose
kickin crazy styles like bruce

(Chorus)

tell me who stole the pebble
out the master's hand

hurry hip hip I'm ready to rip shit I'm coming
through the wolf our the pack crispy black from
the fu watch out I'm coming again without
no (cough) doubts cuz I'm a blabber mouth a blabber
mouth
and I'm about to make (stew) with ya whole (crew)
asta mad asta mad hey asta mada wit you
I'm coming to steal ya ravioli and ya pasta pazoola to
now I'm off
(cough) freakin the (cough) style the wild rhymes (kiss)
(kiss) (kiss)
so kiss my grits like (cough) flo from mel's diner
time ta freak it deadly he he he follow me he he heck
what I scooby
dooby doo when I'm shaggy he he a ha a ha around the
mountain

fuck around I'll surely smoke ya
hope ya know that I follows the best of the munks
(WHO?)
bucket filled with water and I'm kicking tree trunks
(WHO?)
I'm punching brick walls doing all types a stunts
(WHO?)
was studying my styles for kid umpteen months once
we he he he came our niggas didn't have a clue a ha
on how to pronounce the name and the concept kid of
the fu
now everybody he he he he wants to do what I do and I
do what I do with the fu
now who hoo hoo hoo wants to battle aha that'll make
me top ya no rock
ya you can ask my aunt betty or my uncle frankie
crocker rocks
my dreds just like ziggy dig me this one's a biggy with
lyrics
closely knitted like lenny and squiggy
and I flexkiz me muscles with no hustles or no hassles
I'm remarkable like those kids on little rascals
don't give me no sticks gimme no stones
yo I'll be throwin the fruity pebbles
and some big flint bones so back it up I never heard of
ya step
then I'll murder ya burning ya try to lift my style you'll
catch a hernia I'm earnin my status yo I'm the baddest
in the west
yo don't test unless you want a hole in your chest so...

(Chorus)

I've been branded with the f.u. on my chest!
I'm the best unless you follow in my foot steps we're
conceptual!
I bet you all fall with tears like the beers on the wall so
cheers
congratulations here's a toast to most of my peeps and
my peers
from the bush it looks like brooklyn's on the map
old album went gold now it's time to go platnumm-
umm
I mean more than that, plus we bust raps like a loaded
gat or a pistol
now this will reign number one our tunes rise like the
moon
kid and shine like the sun so run go tell a friend cuz it's
the end
plus de arrival don't you know that kid it's te survival of
the fittest

and I kicks this straight from the start let ya know I'm
rippin shit apart
so...

(Chorus)

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