

## **Boyz n Girlz United**

### **"Knick Knack Patty Wack"**

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[Erick Sermon]

Yo, and special guests on my show  
is the K

[K-Solo]

To the S to the O-L-O

[Parrish Smith]

And me, the capital D, the O to C  
The a.k.a., the P the M the D

[Erick Sermon]

And me, the E to the D to the O  
to the U to the B to the L to the E

[K-Solo]

It's time P

[Parrish Smith]

To rip the M the I to C

[Erick Sermon]

So knick knack paddy wack give a dog a bone  
K-Solo (yo) I pass P the microphone

[Parrish Smith]

Nah black (why P?) to each his own  
So knick knack paddy wack give the dog a bone  
Aiyyo, I pass E the microphone

[Erick Sermon]

It's me, yes the MC Grand Royal  
who loves rappin, and to it I stay loyal  
I can't tell, you ain't caught up in my spell  
You dwell on the other crab MC's that fell  
apart from the start, that didn't know the art  
of rappin, to keep the people's hands clappin  
But it's me, I know the way it should be  
The flow slow, like me and PMD  
And that black, will make you real fat  
A real swinger, and a real cool cat

like a jazz player, or someone on the accordion  
Producing crazy hits like, if I was Barry Gordy  
here's a tip, to show you how to rip  
a crab in half, and watch his posse flip  
So me, the E, I come equipped  
Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip  
So listen, to this funky fresh lesson  
The way I drop it, and the way that I was flexin  
So knick knack paddy wack give a dog a bone  
PMD (yo) I pass Solo the microphone

[K-Solo]

Yo I pass (why Solo?) to each his own  
Yo knick knack paddy wack give a dog a bone  
Yo, I pass P the microphone

[Parrish Smith]

As I take the stage, with the fresh dipped gear  
I start to show off, with throw your hands in the air  
because the older I get, the harder I kick  
Usin my rap-fu style from a rap-fu flick  
of my Bic oh shit another MC's lit  
like a Jack-o-Lantern, on the Halloween tip  
Cause as the bass thumps, ? ? meters peaks  
All pens and pads are drawn, as the teacher speaks  
Because a naughty rapper, tried to steal the flow  
but the buck stops here, cause I'ma let you know  
No swingin, or knuckles, strictly ammo  
Cause as I dust bust, crush, and then rush  
a sucker new jack, with no if's and's or but's  
You roll with the good times, we like to roll with Rush  
I drive a 'Ratti (I drives a Benz) you ride the bus  
So get out the mustard crab, because it's time to catch-  
up  
And in the act of war, P refuse to let up  
On a gonna-be, wanna-be, soon-to-be, whatever's  
clever  
in any type of weather, cause two birds of a feather  
always flock together  
So knick knack paddy wack give the dog a bone  
K-Solo, I pass E the microphone

[Erick Sermon]

I pass (why E? To each his own)  
So knick knack paddy wack give a dog a bone  
Aiyyo, I pass Solo the microphone

[K-Solo]

Yo, my style's aggressive, like a pit bull terrier  
Harder it sounds on wax, the more the merrier  
Maestro though, releases beats for me

So I can rig up a hit and get paid easily  
People, gather round listen to flow  
Yo, so I can prove, that I'm the true Solo  
Too many suckers, have bit my name in vain  
Punk rappers thought I was sleepin, but Solo came  
to so many places, other rappers faces  
that called theirself Solo, I made em erase it  
I'm Solo, no name lender or pretender  
Yo, I am the Solo the on-ly solo contender  
Duck MC's, grab my name and bit it boldly  
Put it behind they name and ate this up like ravioli  
I heard on KISS, with Red Alert and Chuck  
A rapper said he went Solo, I said, "What the FUCK??!"  
My man came over, and said, "Yo, I thought we heard  
you"  
Joke's on you you heard a bitin ass crew  
They bit my name, I want it back, and it's a fact  
Yo PMD tell em (damn you shouldn'ta did that)  
Now for the record, what do I stand for  
One lonely rapper on the stage, who gets one, single  
applause  
Give me a break my brother  
My name stands for Kevin Self, Organization Left  
Others  
My name's no game for those who claim to use my  
name  
in vain cause their name sounds plain  
I remain the same, my flow of style won't change yo  
The name of the game is for the real Solo to explain  
I don't know was where you ran or came  
I know your vein I hate your name  
You're ashamed, playin the game that drove you  
insane  
That walk around puddles, snow and the rain  
With a cane, nothin to gain but shame  
And my momentum of the fast flow of rhyme'll get em  
tamed  
The pain of no fame, no title again, nobody but the real  
K-S-O-L-O to blame  
When I S-P-E, L-L, very W-E, L-L  
People all out there can T-E-L-L  
Rhymes that I got, or write will S-E-L-L  
For those who don't believe me, can go to H-E-L-L  
I'm from C-I, L-I, F-L-Y  
Like a B-R-I-D, in the S-K-Y  
Don't even T-O-Y to be dat's why  
L-I-N-E's belong to M-I-N-E  
I'm makin veche, some rappers imitate  
Yo f\*ck it, Solo here's to make parties sway  
People, I won't take any kind of losses  
Battlin rappers grabbin the mic and usin resources

Like household utensils, kitchen appliances...

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