

Grits "U.s. Open"

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Knowdaverbs, make it bounce one time,
Hit the U.S. open, like golf, with your rhymes.

Who you is?

Knowdaverbs, the like minded minstrel,
Tight should be my rhymes, siphon lyrics through my
pencil,
So hold on, as I strike a pose like in vogue,
You can call me origami, watch as I unfold,
Beat me one time, to when Jerry made curls, and
ghetto lashes with TVs player candy-girl,
Exchanging, with the kids, all the Michael Jackson
moves,
A time of escalation, went from zips to kangaroos,
The group tripped my plan, minds when y'all first
premiered,
Though things look grey, and paper-thin, through the
years,
I follow the leader, the maker, creator,
The spirit's getting warmer than it is in Grenada,
Me and the boys got ill with the clippers,
Fina - for the parachute pants with thirty zippers,
Factors of the seven, for Christ, never get slept,
Rhyme a hole in the speaker, pull the plug that we jet.

Stepped through the door, headed for the floor,
The records he was mixing had me wanting some
more,
So I grabbed the microphone and I started to rhyme, as
this deejay ran it down the line,
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Bonafide, get live one time,
Get me U.S. Open, like golf with your rhymes.

Bonafide, original emcee, rapping 'bout the deejay
who's down with me,
On the fader, he's greater, and he's my man,

As he's flipping up the wax with the steadiest hand,
While the other deejays just stand and watch while all
the fly girls clock and jock,
He's the beat creator, human record player, style
originator, scratch innovator,
And he's not an imitator, and he'll let you know,
Transform the soul dif, as he rocks the show for the
factors,
The debonair microphones, with the masters degrees
in the M.I.C.,
Jump on there, jump on there, jump on there, on there,
on there.

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C.O.F.E., on the strip one time,
Give the U.S. Open, life golf with you rhymes.

Jack and Jill went up the hill, to fetch a pail of aqua,
Jill saw it coming, and jumped in the well, while Jack got
bit by a Chihuahua,
Now, Jack was screaming like a little girl, in complete
and utter pain,
He should've watch his back, before he got attacked,
and joined Jill in the gutter-main,
In a way, I blame Jill for not warning Jack; what was she
thinking?
Just like a girl to save her own neck, and I think that's
stinking,
The moral of the story is simple and plain, you can
read it like a book,
When you choose a partner, make sure she got your
back, or your goose is cooked.

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