

Carnes Kim**"Chocclair, Kardinal Offishall and Y-Look Freestyle"**

Visit "[Chocclair, Kardinal Offishall and Y-Look Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Kardinal]

Huh, Yeah, you know this already (sup?)

The year was 1999 (fuckin 9) Eddie III (Eddie III) and DL
(uh-huh)

The illest (yeah), with the Circle (Circle!) Kardinal
Offishall (yeah)

Y-Look and Chocclair (Y-Look, Chocclair) Illest verses ever
recorded!

(Uh) Trust me on that, this is going out to any nigga
tryin to diss

A dis ain't a dis if a dis has discrepancies
I dismiss your dissidence and doubt your intelligence
At discuss I disjoint you disc from the dispatch
And disentrall all of y'all from shit that's wack
Steady disguisin in disfavor, dislikin my steelo?
Dis ain't kindergarten you don't have to go where we
go

Discipline yourself before your ego disappears
When I discretly disassemble you from your career
Stupid, dis is not your ordinary rapper, dis
Dis is so all y'all niggaz discover just who the dapper is
Causing discomfort, disallowing y'all disjock to rock
any record cause your whole sound's flop, yo
Dis is going out to niggaz who dis without
Thinking about what the hell you're doing
Yo, your shit we're booing (boooo) Boo!
And while I discumbobulate you
Dis is going out to any nigga opposing my crew

[Chocclair]

Ay-yo I'm gonna hit you with the flavor like I'm cola
hittin skins

It's the Chocclair brother, better known as Dark Skin
Pullin skins with my finger, ladies who be lickin
Girls jerkin on my roller like Jamaican fuckin' chicken
I stand up on my stage and then I rock hard
Basty girls come with attitudes, but got they pus'
scarred

Cause I'm that ill-flower, yes that raw dog bastard
Sealin girls cracks like my name was fucking plaster

Grab the microphone and you know I never fall
Your girl's got a sore throat, use my balls as a
bradasore
What, so motherfucker go for yours
Cause I be droppin lines like your girls drop her
drawers
So don't test me, cause you'll get your head wrecked
You'll go home and your girls legs'll split
and the mailman's having breakfast, shit
Yo I get ill no doubt
I tit-fucked your girl and left stains on the blouse
Nigga what!

[Y-Look]

Yeah, what's your case, ain't no need to contemplate or
debate
I smack the taste out your mouth and make your nose
menstruate
Period, your period has come to an end
That track was booty wack, can't believe that they put
you up in the blend
I scream "Revolution," while Shatan screams "CREAM"
I'm trying to show these young cats that there's more
than this rap than
green
Circle Click ain't a team, we a regime
Stormin the process, stormin lands like Afghan ?
Hadeem
In this rap drought, ritualistic rap brings the rain
Burns with flame or butane for that shit you claimed
Disintegrate your click, lookin like powder cocaine
Put a virus in your mainframe and rock spots like Sting

Yeah, Y-Look, Kardinal and Chocclair for our men
Eddie III and DL, via the mixtape, T-Dot's brought to the
world
Suck it!

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