

## Katja Ebstein

### "Pass it Off"

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Intro:  
Yeah!!

Chorus:  
Pass it off I wanna flip (I got the loaded clip)  
Pass it off and move back (I'm reachin in my napsack)  
Pass it off I wanna flip (Let me show you how)  
Pass it off then buck for Staten Isle

[Rubbabandz]  
My style is mad funky, gots to show the funk  
Don't need a girl who be traps like a ho  
Which means I'm baggin bitches, my rhymes is gettin  
fatter  
I dropped a lyrical bomb, y'all seem to scatter  
You talk and chit chatter, it really don't matter  
I'm too cold to hold and badder than the Mad Hatter  
I'm a basketcase like the man with the chainsaw  
Underground sounds that I rip from the core  
The superfly, funktastic, never took a loss  
Cause I chose to burn competition like a torch  
Got a short fuse, when I'm lit I'm outta touch  
I take off, blow up just like a heat-seeking scud  
Missile for bob-around suckas like a pistol  
You beat me in a battle? Ha ha, now that's a riddle  
I like to keep my style pumpin on the regular  
I'm the man, takin calls like I'm on a cellular  
I pack the rhymes like a tourist packs the luggage  
On one hand I'm rough and on the other hand I'm  
rugged

Chorus

[K-Tez]  
Pass it off to the right so I can flip kid  
Shorty wildstyle, not for that old ill shit  
Wu-Tang slang I'm puttin in your brain  
You don't want it, they don't want it, niggaz don't want  
it  
Don't flex boy because my shit is real  
I'm sendin chills through your body like my man

Evander Holyfield (oooh)  
Everyday is get rough out in my town  
That's Staple-town  
Every other day a body's found, yo  
Got mad stacks, don't even move kid I'm strapped  
Tez got mad stacks inside his napsack  
Here's a warning, I gets my meth and my forty and  
gets lifted  
And fly in the sky like Mike Jordan

[Down Low Recka]

Now here we go, I'm back for mo' check the flow  
Up from the Down Low as I wreck the show  
Cause niggaz is borin, ohh you got me yawnin  
You come and go easy like a Sunday mornin  
Pass the method, I wanna get blunted  
That's how I knew Wu-Tang slang was what you wanted  
So I brung it, pass the mic, watch me tongue it  
Now you done it  
Tried to flip then you fronted

Chorus

[Shyheim]

Well I'm a bad little bastard how can you ask it  
Many tried to flip and stick but got blasted  
And dropkicked by a nigga that's mad sick and wicked  
Got more skins than a click kid  
A rebel that switch his level just like a devil  
For those who rock heavy metal I bash you with a  
shovel  
Cause me and my boys make noise up and down the  
block  
I rocks and rocks get hot and blow up the spot  
Cause my styles is buckwild and it shakes the ground  
With a fat sound that funk like James Brown  
I hope you listen cause I wasn't babblin no mission  
A blank eye then run outta ammunition  
On your ass real fast, no second thoughts you get  
blasted  
So heed the words from the bad little bastard

Chorus 2X

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