

## Kid British

### "Get 'em"

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[bizmarkie]

Let me tell you

Yo capri

You know I just want you to say a couple

Just a couple rhymes though

Naw nah nah nah

I just want you just say one rhyme

For the crew, for everybody

Just just kick it like.. this

[kid capri]

So what, if the tweeters begin to scream

If the bass sounds funky then you know what I mean

Kid capri got a crazy dope unique style

I'm givin shouts to the brothers on riker's isle

Now soon, you will know, who is the master

In five minutes, you will be sure

It's the same old routine, all of your are listenin

And, you, want, more

We talk about sex? sure I get a lot of it

Now, tell me, what else I can get out of it

The name is kid capri, and sure you don't like it

Seems very funny, while all of you bite it

Not here to impress you or anyone else

Only thing I gotta do is impress myself

Now I know you other rappers wanna diss me hard

Just because the kid capri, is doin his job

I don't fear no evil, I don't even like you

Just wanna know, why you wanna bite you

Dirty imitator, perfect perpetrator

Said you're good, sucker rapper I'm greater

You said you're fly, but why are you dyin?

First you was laughin, now you are cryin

Seems to me you wanna call in a truce

You had to learn the hard way that kid capri gets loose

Snatchin down suckers, all in that order

Police gettin banned, from crossin the border

Yeah I get tough don't make this a issue

My name is kid capri, k.c. is my initials

Sucker mc's violatin my powers

Studyin my style, for hours, and hours

Comin in here, tryin to battle the king  
And I say to myself what a ding-a-ling  
Yeah, lords of funk better than before  
Takin belts from chumps, walkin out the door  
Try to step to the kings but you didn't know how  
Well the lords is back, so whatcha gonna do now?  
I got a beef with those that try to, show that ass  
And try to, diss on my brothers, from back in the past  
You're a kid that didn't know you would, be a star  
But now, rip you to shreds no matter who you are  
First of all, your style, please explain  
Why do you always wanna sound like big daddy kane?  
Or krs-one, or even rakim  
To tell the truth you're just like all the rest of them  
Tell me why you wanna bite somebody else that's great  
I got one word for it: imitate!  
You brag and boast about how good you are  
And how you struggled, so hard, to be a star  
Sweatin mellow fellow rappers that's down with the  
crew  
Give it a couple of days, you'll be sweatin me too  
You see rap rotates like a spinnin wheel  
One day you're fake, the next day you're for real  
You got nerve, who gave you, the right to bite  
Any style, another entertainer recite  
Let's face it tell the truth, I'm kid capri  
I'm a person, a lot of y'all wish you could be  
I took him out I took them out, and the rest of his crew  
And if I took them all out, then who the hell are you?  
Please, get away don't even think of it boy  
I'm not doin it for pay, I'm doin it for joy  
Just, get on your knees, and beg for less  
And say to hell with it man, kid capri's the best  
I rock on, cause I'm the best of the west  
I rock on with the triple that's on my chest  
I rock on, and as I get on down  
And I can take an adverb and make it sound like a noun  
Ah yes yes y'all, it gets fresher than fly  
Kid capri is in the house and you wonder why  
Nobody else could rock a party, like me  
The original, tapemaster kid capri  
So check it out..

Yo capri, capri that was def  
Yo, slam the headphones, we outta here  
Peace

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