

## Kid British

### "Joke's On You Jack"

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(the joke's on you, jack)--> l.l. cool j

(ha-ha-ha)

[ verse 1: kid capri ]

Oh you (you) started somethin new  
Sorry, that is somethin that you're used to  
Keep quiet, cause kid capri is teachin this  
Sure you think I slept, but only if  
We can conclude this matter  
But your last feelings will still be the same  
(the joke's on you, jack)  
Yes, it's on you, jack  
Don't understand? then let me explain  
How I can get funky like this all day  
You really didn't think that this could be done  
Step into my path, you will feel the wrath  
How many take me out? none

(the joke's on you, jack )

(ha-ha-ha)

[ verse 2: kid capri ]

Swish (swish) lords of funk from the foul line  
Boom-bammin, slammin like a alpine  
I know you hate us, but you better think ahead  
You try to dis us - you're dead  
For no reason at all  
You made yourself look like a crumb  
Man, you flipped, mouthed off with the lip  
You ended up bein kid capri's son  
Take your dukes, punk, show me what you got  
Then maybe you can fit in with the rest of the rookies  
(the joke's on you, jack)  
You wanna make a bet?  
The lords of funk is the hip-hop bookies

(the joke's on you, jack )

(ha-ha-ha)

Break it down  
(the joke)  
(ha-ha-ha)  
(the joke)  
(ha-ha-ha)  
(the joke's on you, jack )  
(ha-ha-ha)

Silver d (silver d) take it to the breakdown  
Money mark, please scratch to the northbound  
(\*scratching\* )okay, that's enough  
D and mark, he's beefin, call the kid's bluff  
(\*scratching\* )

[ verse 3: kid capri ]

Oh man, you never heard it this good  
You wanna battle? do you really think you should?  
You got a crew that like to start trouble  
But in the end they get bust like a bubble  
Now, you should get taught some manners  
Come into my party and act polite  
Talk to the cuties and dance with some honeys  
And don't you come here lookin for a fight  
This is a party and not a warzone  
So open up your eyes, then maybe you'll see  
I'm bad like rambo, sort of like commando  
What's my name? (the kid capri)  
Man, I'm a bone-breaker, pounder like a heavyweight  
A rap teacher, here, let me demonstrate  
Better than ever, I'm tougher than leather  
Gotta make sure lords of funk stay together  
To rock violators one by one  
(yo man, why you do that, kid capri? )  
Cause it's fun  
Stay away, close is prohibited  
Gettin dissed, well, how could you live with it?  
You're broke, you're weak, you're starvin, you're  
hungry  
You're lost, you're gone, you're dissed  
You are so mad, you're angry, you're upset, you're hurt  
And you're steamin and you're fumin and you're pissed  
You're ready to rob and steal, kidnap and kill  
Rape a woman with a bat  
Now let me make sure that you understand  
(the joke's on you, jack)  
Hah, the joke's on you, jack

(the joke's on you, jack )

(ha-ha-ha)

Man..  
You!

Hey, the joke's on you, jack  
Ha-ha-ha-ha!  
Come on

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