

Kid Capri "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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