

Laam

"Other Script"

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[Chorus:] X 2

Spooks is on some other script
That's why you be lovin' it
My crew? That's the butter clique, be glad you
discovered it
Hip hop originals, Spook rock, we runnin' this
Playin' in the club it hits, radio be bumpin' it

[J.D.]

Consensus: these cats are forever flippin' hits
But every time I turn around, Spooks got to prove this
Old hits to new hits, next hits to crew hits
You fuck with it, poppin' that nonsense, we true to this
My alternator flow be flippin' radio, we done that
Spooks still spit it for you thugs, yeah we done that
You want it? Then battle a Spook, we can't lose, for God
we fight
Suffice the plight with the might from piety rights
Plunge you with lice, plead your plight, spice for spite
On judgement night with three strikes
The wicked is right, livin' in trife, recite songs
Repent crimes, it's pendulum time
The comin' of Christ for mankind

[Chorus] X 2

[Hypno]

Most of these stupid mc's could never handle the steez
Spooks be bringin' when we singin' man y'all wing it
and please
I got the crucial chromosones to stimulate these
microphones
The hardware, plus the software, plus the hormones
A prerequisite, for wreckin' cliques, keepin' it hectic
Phenobarbital could never stall this wild epileptic style
Electric and mental, spasmodic, erotic
Type of flow that could only be described as hypnotic
Man it's a fact that I got it, hemmed up and guaranteed
Mc's approach me, but they gainin' in the cranial bleed
You need to learn to read, between the lines of coke,
dust and weed

You're smokin', chokin' off the speed of illusion indeed

[Chorus] X 2

[Water Water]

I speak the Spookanese

Like abominable dominos crushin' crews with ease

Who never had the need or the beats, the loser's
theme

Oh, what I'm always luke warm?

Then put that group on, and WHAM your necks under
the Yukon!

I crash the savage, talkin' badly while livin' lavish

Put your cabbage on the block, CHOP! Straight drop the
hatchet

Now your head's rollin'

Put my fingers in your eyes, and my thumb in your
mouth

And make up a new sport called head bowlin'!

Oh is flow in it, boy you're finished

Bite my script and I'll extort my percentage

Of your royalty, not waitin' to disregard, it's blatant

When chhh chhh ahhh ahhh, I sneak up, like Jason

So got me when ya can't get it, bitin' me's a grand
mimic

This is (?) from Popeye, but even he gon' eat some bad
spinach

Cause I'm forever spittin' for cheddar fixin's

Make clever kittens do the wop outside the reverend's
mission

[Chorus] X 2

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