

## Da Beatminerz "Best At That"

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Uh, uh, huh, yeah, dah, dah  
(I'm skippin' jump shit right here)  
Dah, dee, de, dee, dah, dah

Da, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee  
Dee, dee, dee, dee  
Dee, de, dee, dah, dah

It's me, big D, the psychotic neurotic  
Never catch me in the street without some green exotic  
Fly-ass whip, pockets stay knotted  
Step outta bounds and wind up, red dotted

The socialite with the flows ya like  
Overweight nigga, dressed in the clothes ya like  
Probably see me in the club with some hoes ya like  
And you know I put it down when it's foes to fight

Can't fuck wit'cha love if ya toes ain't right  
I'm on some bullshit but yo, that's my chosen right  
That's cool 'cause all I see is O's in sight  
Drop shit that'll lift every nose in sight

Like I'm supposed to do, postin' boo  
Make you jump around like the Holy Ghost'll do  
Let the words get close to you  
I'ma show you how cats sleep just like the most of you  
Come on

When it comes to spittin' game, I'm the best at that  
One extreme to another like sex to crack  
Beatminerz and Swing do, and bless the track  
And if the L's too short smoke the rest of that

I'm like Triple H flying off the ropes  
Bring a smile like some coke, fresh off the boats  
I make, you and your boys take off ya coats  
And if ya girl talks back, get her off the soaps

I'm like fuck you, see I'ma scratch ya name  
On some big wheel shit when I match the game  
On the low chillin' with a hatch back in Maine

And I still run with niggas that'll snatch ya frames

Yo pardon me, you ain't catch my name?

It's D-Moody

In the Four Seasons about to make a nudie

Used to see hard times but now I see booty

And quite often be up in the loft

And fat asses, titties that are soft and greened out

So you might hear me coughin', I'll make ya dumbass  
an off

And I'll be the one to put the nails in ya coffin

When it comes to spittin' game, I'm the best at that

One extreme to another like sex to crack

Beatminerz and Swing do, and bless the track

And if the L's too short, smoke the rest of that

You get a smack fuckin' with this aristocrat

I'm the element that turns coke from this to that

You against me, it's like fightin' fist to bat

It's gonna be hard to smoke when your ribs get cracked

Think of that, come on if you think I'm wack

Me beatin' yo' ass in a mink and hat

Bounce off from the scene in a Lincoln Nav

So motherfuckin' plush you just sink in the back

And I told you heffers before, never before

Will you see a beatmaker ever this raw?

See me in the streets stunning in a yellow Valor

Big D always leave the crowd yellin' for more

One of the flyest big niggas you will see

If you can figure that black, you will be

Overcome with a mild case of lunacy

When I drop the LP nigga you will see

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