

## Darzamat

### "Rap Scholar"

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Yo, yo, yo  
Yeah, yeah

Chorus: (x2)

It's the rap scholar, here to make a dollar  
Try an' follow, guaranteed to make ya holler  
Check it out.....

Verse One: Dray, Skoob

Aiyo, straight out the blue, comin thru, 1-2, with the  
rhyme  
Diggy-Das, Redman bout to shine  
Drop the grammo, heavy ammo, got the stammo  
Bought my gango for the whammo, book em Danno  
I shine like a blue bee, who me? You be  
Skirts wanna do me, pursue me, oohwee  
In factually, guaranteed to keep it live  
Gotta win first prize, yo Boogie Bang wont'cha drive

A biggity-black Range Rover, now move it over so I can  
hang em  
And boom bang em, I gets paid for droppin slang  
I'm the, rap veteran, it's time to take your medicine  
I cam to catch wreck (wreck), kid, what you expect?  
(expect)  
I lay this flow then they pay me doe  
Now everywhere we go it's on the radio  
But yo, I'm not a show off, I come to drop the flow off  
And make sure the top blow off, it's how I go off

Chorus (x2)

Verse Two: Redman

Aiyo, it's the rap scholar, hot around the collar  
Pack a blaka-blaka, since I was a toddler  
Drama, the nine-seven nigga Madonna  
Reptile texture be the blood of an iguana  
Sick, dick about nine inch thick

I make a fo'-twenty Benz-o look like a six  
First of the month I got the bundles for the wick  
My hands big as a catcher's mitt when I brick  
Sucker MC's who did not learn  
If you don't this time, from coast to coast I'm  
The Dark Ranger, call me Don Punanna  
So hot, my chewing gum flavor's enchiladas  
You can tell, I don't give a fuck  
Deliver the cold to the place that shiver the a-richter  
Fuck you and the ship you came on  
While you sit around bitchin I get my bangs on

Chorus (x2)

Verse Three: Dray, Skoob

I'm back with my rap forte, okay, no way  
Tryin to get away with murder like OJ  
Rappers better throw their rhymes in the garbage like  
trash  
You come around here you get mashed  
Like potatoes, because I hate those, oh lord yes  
Shorty in a dress lookin like she tryin to get blessed  
What's this? Tapped ya on the left breast  
I guess I need a rest to giggity-go and handle my biz,  
yes

Yeah, yo, yo  
I'm feelin tipsy off the potion, slow-motion coastin  
Roastin in the corner just postin  
Up, drinkin liquor out the cup  
That's when I struck my luck and saw shorty with the  
strut  
But, she look scandalous, maybe from Los Angeles  
I knew that I could handle this no matter what the  
challenge is  
Miss, what's your name and your game?  
If you let me in your brain then I'ma knock it out the  
frame

Chorus (x2)

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