

## Das Efx "Baknaffek"

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People people people people  
People people people people

Shippity bop, well hot diggity, where's the iggity? The  
bum siggity  
Niggas wanna know but check the flow my little trickity  
I'm comin' with the books so kid, it looks like it's a  
winner  
Ya better get'cha plate because I'm servin' raps for  
dinner

See I freak it from the sewer plus I'm quick to do ya  
posse  
I'm swoopin' on the note just like I was a kamikaze  
See they thought I lost my spot so they went and got  
real comfy  
So now I gotta hit him hard and Bogart like Humphrey

Ya hypocrite, I'm rippin' it because I'm flyer  
Ya phony, full of bologne like Oscar Meyer  
See I attack a pack of rappers just for practice  
I bust my tactics, I'm sharper than a F-axe-iss

Set it off  
One two  
Set it off

Yeah it's the books in reverse  
The next cap sendin a big-up to my borough  
I'm thorough, wetter than a ghetto from Medini-Bop  
Takin' lessons, swayin' niggas on graffitti  
Rockin' other slang ranger, bring a banger,  
interpretation

My nerves is achin', see I'm sick of niggas perpetratin'  
But can't see this, I'm screamin' on they records like  
Beavis  
Or butt head, I bust heads like Amy  
Fisher Isser, blisser, hit you like an accident

And if I'm in your town you might meet me at the  
Radisson

Or splatterin', batterin' crews for lip chatterin'  
It ain't nuttin' new  
That's how we do, my crew is back again

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(Baknaffek, how's that?)  
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(Baknaffek, how's that?)

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Well here I go again, so dig the flow again, try not to  
bite  
A bigger nigga with my left and then I flick 'em with my  
right  
I'm outta sight, look how I do it, ya blew it if you missed  
a  
Nigga on the microphone 'cos I can roll a sister

Word is bond, I'm on some nuke, new like this  
Grab a piece of steel and shoot the giff like Chris  
Cringles, lost my jingle, don't it make ya shiver  
Give a nigga what he needs so he can bleed when I  
deliver

Aah microphone check, what the heck?  
I do that then because I used to catch a wreck  
Wit it, that's the time I hot talk, spit it  
For Christ's sake I'm in to hit the brakes and you're  
skiddin'

You in, Messiah did it, but y'all can keep that  
'Cos now I'm on some other type of flow and best  
believe that  
And all that, small cat, my format, deranged  
Honey I'm back to run things 'cos some things is never  
changed, punk

So if you're drunk, I freak the funk until you're sober  
But still be gettin' chills when niggas know that winter's  
over  
Kickin' the flam yo it's the man, tick tock, I jam like  
gridlock  
My style is fender bendin' sendin' rappers to the pit  
stop

Good Lord O' mercy, hit reversy if you missed it  
And busboy give the speech 'cos like a preacher, baby

I'm twisted  
Kid I swing a dome-buster light, bone crush a smith  
Bust up your lips then puff up a spliff

So yo, who be dat? Dat wanna do me like this to get  
Booby trapped jack, cos my crew be strapped fat like  
dat

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(Baknaffek, how's that?)

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(Baknaffek, how's that?)  
People people people people  
(Baknaffek, how's that?)

Bust a flavor  
Word up uh, yeah, uh, yeah  
Check it out

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