

## Das Efx "Gimme Dat Micraphone"

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Books] Gimme gimme dat microphone  
"One wrecks the other destroys" > Erick Sermon  
(repeat 2X)  
\*repeat all 4X\*  
Oahh kay oahh kay; as we go and do it do it like this  
It's like this and you don't stop  
Word is bond when we kick  
So I'ma get on and swing it somethin like this  
Verse One: Books Drayz  
You punk niggaz gel up when I swell up spark the el up  
By the way troop oops I feel a new style developing  
So safety stellar, I'm not the Baby Bubba on the level  
I crush shins, the roughest hardrocks to Fruity Pebbles  
Well nigga, boo hops, you know my crew rocks, who  
wanna test me?  
I'm next G, heavens to Betsy, I sting like Pepsi  
or Coca, Cola-swola, niggaz higher  
when I fly up these niggaz bitch-ups, but y'all can dry  
up  
I be the jibber-jabber, quick to make a nigga stagger  
like some rocka, Blanka, I bake that ass like Betty  
Crocker, mamma  
You need to stop in-filling your pockets off that pop  
\*shit\*  
Ai yi yi my dreads, I think I'm toxic  
Well yo I'm cuckoo but not for Cocoa, some say I'm loco  
\*Fuck\* around and catch a cap like Mary Buttafuoco  
So you know, that I'ma follow you wit the drama  
Slice em, dice em, and ice that ass like Jeffrey Dahmer  
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\*repeat all 4X\*  
Verse 2: Books, Dray  
Tick tock, can I slide that cock up in your tummy dear?  
I drop a ounce and then I bounce just like a Gummy  
Bear  
Be kickin it like the rapper kicks the bucket dig it  
Uhh, ah \*shit\*, now whatta I have to do to prove I'm  
rugged?  
I wear my hair crazy like them niggaz Red and Grady  
Punks just serve up, clever like Alice, serve the Brady

Bunch

I makes em wheeze up, cause when I ease up, I eat  
MC's up

I leave em on their backs layin flat with they knees up  
Eureka, musta speak uhh, re-aversin person  
No rehearsin I can flip it in reverse and  
change em, rearrange em, supa-dupa  
Faze em, daze em and blast that ass with diff'rent  
days-in

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\*repeat all 4X\*

Verse 3: Scoob, Dray

Well blow, me down, great Scott, I'm wilder than the  
rock

in the winter, man my 40 Timberlands hit the spot  
His pops name is Alvin, my sister's name is Kitty  
My rap was for fools like some silicon titties  
HIYA, I kicked it and there it goes my \*?an?\* abuse  
My style is a child like now it's fatter than Roseanne's  
Well check how I'ma wreck it when I'm, droppin, this  
rhyme

Don't let me have to transform like Op-ti-mus Prime  
Cause then I'ma have to flip the script and get dready  
Run laps around your \*faggot\* crew like Mario Andretti  
When I expand like spandex, my jam wrecks the Ampex  
You better be on the way before I'm doin you and ya  
man next

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\*repeat all 4X

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