

Das Efx "Krazy Wit Da Books"

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Now ya got the Krazy, Krazy wit' da Books
Yes, yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all
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Well, comin' to school ya it's the hooligan
I'm in the mood again so watch me do this
I'm out to do these rappers just like Popeye did Brutus
The super dooper trooper, oops, I'm no beginner
So watch me get loose and run, shit, like Bill Skinner

I formulate my raps, perhaps you wanna kick it
There's niggas down my slack, yes I'm the baddest
when I wreck it
See I'm nicer than the rest, I guess I gots ta prove it
Ya cruisin' for a bruisin' if ya bite it when I use it

See I'm quick to shoot the giff, and if ya tryin' ta stop it
I got mad skills like loose change in my pocket
I drop it from the East, at least I'm gettin' mine in
Some niggas gettin' jealous 'cos of the way that I be
rhymin'

Ooh, hello there, how the hell are ya? Sorry to keep you
waitin'
It's like nuttin' when I'm throwin' somethin' rougher
than menstruation
Crabs, I'm followed by a camp like John Cougar
Mellen, tell them punks I put a swellin', for the lords
split'cha

I kick tails that tips scales on the ricter
I dip-dip-dob wit' more drive than the Harlem River
Oh what the hell, I smoked a half a el then
[Incomprehensible]
Pick up my grip then spark the clip and get puffin' see

It's back to basics if you're wacked then niggas hate we

Got the knack to freak a track like I was printin' in some
nations
Boy, I'm slipper than soap-on-a-rope, I'm madder than
the Mad Hatter
And Yabber Dabber Dope and you can quote

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Well once again it's the spectacular
I checkin' the back and ya, fuckin', face it
Terrorisin' MC's as if my name was Jason
I crash 'n' clash 'em, monster mash 'em 'til they suckle
I'm quick to switch up and kick ass like Dr. Jekyll

I bring it from the guts, my DJ got the cuts
The shit that I bringin' got'cha swingin' on my nuts
I'm not the typical, lyrical guy that be a miracle
Drop the type of shit that make ya flip and get'cha
swivacle

I'm nasty with the verbs, kid, I serve ya, rip the faucet
My raps they never collapse 'cos on the tracks, see I be
bustin' like
Fireworks, I fire jerks scullin' then I step
I'm back from hibernation and I'm ween to keep a rep

Give it a rest fool, straight balls of fire, boy I'm flyer
than a cockpit
Hah I rocks shit and knock niggas out the blocks wit'
Uncontrollable lyrical motions from my larynx
I'm slick, watch your tip because my clique might slam
ya next

Like booya, no ya not true, don't mean illusion
Kickin' a styles 'til '96, taking backs to the future
Plus I'm cool to fuck the brain, I drain a 40 for the belly
I'm aimin' for the charts just like this was a game of
scelli

Plus I'm sinkin' ships, doin' whatever makes the blow
rock
My crew is givin' nothin', stuffin' chicks without the
showtime
When I groove up put your dukes up or catch a oops-up

Sad ya sleazy heart 'cos this the piece beneath the
steps, boy

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