

Das Efx "Undaground Rappa"

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Yeah, 1 2, 1 2
Let you know how I do

Holy smokes, cheerio chap, I'm makin' toe taps so
watch the birdie
Now check it how I wreck it like a demolition derby
Wit the Books, oops tutz, I used to live on Bedford
But now I rocks the microphone and chill like Robert
Redford

So bring it 'cos I can swing a kid like Reggie Jackson
I got the backs 'n' bones but now I needs some action
Aiyo, you can call me Plato because my style is in there
And I'll dig in that anus, man, as if my name was swim
wear

See I rock a hoodie sweater, more wood than Woody
Pecker
I twist it like an ankle, G, or maybe Chubby Checker
In LA I hit the chronic, I'm super like the Sonics
I jab you with the left and swing a hook without the
phonics

Okey dokey, hocus pocus, I make the dopest MC call a
timeout
'Cos yo I rip the shit out when it's time to throw my
rhyme out
I'm twisted, my flow'll make you dizzy like Gillespie
If ya test me I rip and flip ya script and then I jetsy

Yo, I be rippin' it like I get busy, I gymnastics when my
raps gets
I slams a punk like Jordan slams a dunk wit the basket
Ballsy, I got ya all three [Incomprehensible] so
Fuck it what you heard, you need to get with what
you're hearin' yo

Down down down down
Make way for the undaground rappa
Down down down down
Undaground rappa

Down down down down
Make way for the undaground rappa
Down down down down
All I need is just a mic and a track

Aiyo, my crew is top notch, I smell like sasquatch, that's
why I rip shop
My crew be on the hustle plus we tighter than a zip lock
I freaks it vice-versa or maybe versa-vicea
It really doesn't matter, kid, you're sleepin' 'cos I'm
nicer

I'm growin' lime to a lemon to break inside your car
See when I be on the block I'm like that nigga Agent R
'Cos when I talk, niggas listen, I rip 'til I drizz 'em
Perhaps Jack, I make you wanna clap to the rhythm

Well yo, I'm wicked, not Jimminy Cricket or Davy
Crockett
Some niggas wanna rock it when they think that I'm
block it
Wit my grammar, 'cos yo I am a super flower
Ya best ta back the hell up when I swell up like a boa

Constrictor, 'cos yo I rip tha mic in half, G
Even if I slowed up your couldn't pass me
Well hello there momma, you better be bringin' the
drama to a pause
Like a comma or I'ma have to drop you like some
drawers

So hey hey hey, you thought I was just another bat like
JJ
'Cos I be usin' a calender stupider dishin' nay-nays
So what's the way I'm flippin' like a double-header
drinkin'
I rolls two spliffs so now I guess I'm double jointed

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Down down down down
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All I need is just a mic and a track

I be the devious, mischevious kid believe-me-est
Not the move to rip 'cos in a drip I freaks the sleaziest
Rappa-tight funk, punk I be rippin'

Niggas know my name I got more game than Scottie
Pippen

Yo, I be kickin' it to the optic, grins for min when I'm
knockin' skins
On niggas who be clockin' ends, oh next I guess I rock
a Benz
But now I be 'em, niggas be like "Oh did ya see him?"
I'm creepy, I'm kooky and plus I make you scream

See I don't understand why niggas be wantin' to do me
You don't arouse me kid, you're softer than that Cosby
kid Rudy
Huxtable, I bust a fuse like turns on a drum pattern
That one rings around that ass, G, like Saturn

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