

Originoo Gunn Clapazz "Hurricane Strang"

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I'm Duck Down staff even when I'm by myself
I'm Boot Camp Clik even when I'm by myself
I'm Fab 5 even when I'm by myself
I'm O.G.C. even when I'm by myself

Husk, husk, husk

Hang that ass up like a poster
Got niggas out and not sure who be screamin'
Eshkoshka
They don't know ya so I can't see why they wanna start
ya

It's a shame Strang, got more aim than an archer
M.P. Rock please prepare my ship for departure
Beat these young boys ass and make 'em run and get
they fathers
Niggas get dropped from the hip hop culture

It's the ultra Mc fly like a vulture
1,2, I come through on the humble
Beast from the east call me king of the jungle
Beast from the east, beast from the east, beast from
the east

Strang comin' like a hurricane lickin' shots
Strang comin' like a hurricane lickin' shots
Strang comin' like a hurricane lickin' shots
Strang comin' like a hurricane lickin' shots
When I roar like a grizzly they say, "Damn, he gets
busy"

I be Grand like Puba but I most move wit' Dru Ha
Puts the B in hoo-ya, Strang comin' through ya
Scream halleluiah but it still won't help ya
Run from OGC and get caught by Heltah Skeltah

Jack to the other side, run for cover hide
And you still wouldn't be safe even if I let 'em slide
This ain't baseball, I waste y'all, ask no question
Attack from the back from the black Smif 'N Wessun

I be rubbishin', any crew that claims they be bubbilin'
Get that ass capped
Like them niggas when they be handlin' my publishin'
I be lovin' when fake rappers

Question my status when my crew be the phattest
Add this you can ask my man the Big Kahuna
Kablow make you say yaow like Junior
You been warned, the storm's in the atmosphere

Move over make room Gunn Clappaz here
'Cause it's ill how I kick lyrical skill wit' the force
No joke when I leave ya chokin' off the exhaust
Of course, who else could it be but Mr. Strang
Who'll hit that ass from every angle, they don't really
wanna tangle

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Ay yo Strang, whassup, son?
You should let 'em know exactly why you be number 1
I don't think they understand

First of all Strang comes first and foremost
My first instinct would be to burn y'all wack raps like
toast
Fuck the first day of school, I'm on 1st Ave
At the First National Bank so I could fly first class

And I be the first in line
Crack that ass before I even kick to kick my first rhyme
I'm in the Hall like Aaron puffin L's all day
First command mister, keep the fat broads away

Fresh fly, O.G.C. be the best by
Puff lai wit' my nigga Tek out of Bed-Stuy
Then I come through wit' the wickedness
Who be kickin' this, Strang, I light shit up like Christmas

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