

## Peter Salett

### "Rap Scholar"

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Yeah yeah  
Who it is Son?

Chorus:

It's the rap scholar, here to make a dollar  
Try an' follow, guaranteed to make ya holler  
Check it out... everybody, everybody

Chorus

Verse One:

Aiyyo my dogs hold heat, control the whole street  
And when it's time to bust, they don't get cold feet  
You know it's me, cause some say the boat rocker  
Big Mac not the Whopper, peace to Big Poppa  
The Showstopper, like Salt-N-Pepa, rhyme wrecka  
Friggidy-front on this, I won't letcha  
I better catch ya, stiggidy-straight out the blue  
Diggidy Das EFX, Redman, comin through

We biggidy bubblin, like some bubb-ly, love-ly  
but what, trouble be, findin me, kid he cover me  
I, represent my ground, so yo what up now?  
Non-believers hatin what the fuck now?  
Bucktown kid, you can get struck down for that shit  
The mack spit, accurate, make your back split  
Sewer rats get a lotta, cheese like Ricotta  
The three man team, the rap scholars

New York, everybody; Cali, everybody, c'mon  
Chorus  
D.C., everybody; overseas, everybody, c'mon  
Chorus

Verse Two: Redman

Aiyyo, it's the rap scholar, hot around the collar  
Pack a blaka-blaka, since I was a toddler  
Drama, the nine-seven nigga Madonna

Reptile texture be the blood of an iguana  
Sick, dick about nine inch thick  
I make a fo'-twenty Benz-o look like a six  
First of the month I got the bundles for the wick  
My hands big as a catcher's mitt when I brick  
sucker MC's who did not learn  
If you don't this time, from coast to coast I'm  
the Dark Ranger, call me Don Punanna  
So hot, my chewing gum flavor's enchiladas  
You can tell, I don't give a fuck  
Deliver the cold to the place that shiver the erictor  
Fuck you and the ship you came on  
While you sit around bitchin I get my bangs on

East coast, everybody; West coast, everybody, c'mon  
Chorus  
Up North, everybody; down South, everybody, c'mon  
Chorus

Verse Three:

Biggidy-Bingo, bangle, bust how the slang go  
Change up the angle, now who wanna tangle?  
Click-clack, get back, Dunn let me rip that  
Spit that, flip that, shit to push your wig back  
You showboatin, get your whole frame broken  
Found floatin, somewhere in Hoboken  
No jokin, jump out the Benz bubble  
Pull out the pound and bust a round in your huddle

Spent a lot of ghetto days learnin ghetto ways; learn  
the ins  
and outs of ghetto trades still searchin for a better way  
Niggidy-never stress it though, keep it come and go  
Trust me if it's runnin low, my mic still the gunner yo  
Facin towards what's mine, so throw your hands in the  
air  
cause of the rhyme, auto-nine, up against your spine  
Blow your spot up, cause yo I gotta, get this Ricotta  
The three man team, the rap scholars

New York, everybody; Cali, everybody, c'mon  
Chorus  
D.C., everybody; overseas, everybody, c'mon  
Chorus  
\*fade out\*

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