

2Bad

"Blackula"

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Funky, yeah baby! Blackula, spectacular
Blackula, bust at ya, spectacular, Blackula
Blackula, bust at ya
Blackula, spectacular

[Kool Keith]

Bust a rhyme kid bust that, nigga fuck that
We on the move in the girls and they love that
My shit is on tight, flowin with the gun rack
Computer love it where you goin what you sayin
brother?
Skills to play tracks move and they ovulate
Ladies in suede, ducked down for the roach spray
First class, high in flight on the coach way
We universe, stutter step, we doin it first
Pause and spin now you sleep watch your head burst
I'm divin in like a champ goin head first
Fools reverse tragedy, gettin worse
Non-orthopedic got the medicine, when you need it
MC's who need it in the meantime get defeated
Foes competing on the website get deleted
Don't get me heated grab your shield, you know you
need it

Blackula
Blackula, spectacular
I'm Blackula, bust at ya
Black-blackula, uhh, spectacular
Blackula, bust at ya

[Jacky Jasper]

I've seen it, bust it
Promotin hit gunsmoke, toad(?)strass remote
Cutthroats scope, targets blast faggots
Habits, iller tactics, homicidal practice
Maggots and brains derail trains
Sustain, no remains bro plane strain
Thoughts snort support resort all sorts
Snitch in court thought y'all niggaz bang slang
Who rock, who bang hang?
With three hoes, a pimp thing ring

Boys is dressed as coppers dope droppers
Jacky jackin, pushin shotguns
Hate knockers, star jockers
We street doctors, rockers
Call girl clockers, chop business
You up rock stop, three up drop
Fifty ki's, block plot, past cops I'm hot
Yo Keith (Blackula)
Check it, I'm low in the spot

Blackula, spectacular
Blackula, bust at ya
Black-blackula - spectacular
Blackula, bust at ya

[Kool Keith]
Dump a few in the litter box, you in the bitter box
Baby you lovin me, stop it why you huggin me?
Smack you lightly, brightly
Rammin rocks, ran the blocks
Combat standard demands of my job is commandin
You're handin, standin

[Jacky Jasper]
What? Let's instigate eliminate
Make pace five lates
You hate, Esham weight, out the L.A. smog
Memory log, that's my dog
Put six in the morgue
Jog and kill six more
Therefore we score big sword hardcore
Sex flicks, she does chicks, pulls tricks
Flips, pays chips, booty hits
and does contraband trips

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