

Frankie Cutlass

"The Cypher"

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Featuring Craig G Roxanne Shante BizMarkie Big
Daddy Kane]

I don't care who's first or who's last

But I know that y'all better just drop this

at the dro dro drop of a dime ba baby

[Cutlass]

Crai Crai Craig G light up the mic

Craig Craig Craig Craig

Craig G light up the mic

Craig G light up the mic for The Symphony

Verse One: Craig G

Ahh Politics & Bullshit got me hectic

Let me show y'all new rappers how to do a posse
record

Craig G-I, with the Frankie C

U-T-L-A-Double-S, MC's get trouble

best I flow with the the swiftness, never

However new MC's pulled the lever, my style's much
better

Anyone can be a victim

Empty tracks I lick sick em

I flip em rip em and strip em of all of they pride

As I slide, in out of these states I stay great

What the G stand for, I'm slammin you and your

Whole staff, style, split an atom in half

East Coast West Coast, don't make me laugh!

The whole America feels my wrath, ahh!

It's like a terrier was on that ass, ahh, yeah!

Cause nine-six ain't about jack shit

Fuck Versacci I'm like Rocky when I'm bustin yo' lip

Bust these metaphors for better or worse, my style
burst

your grill into itty-bitty pieces as I release, my thesis

Uhh, Craig G, I believe that's me

Ninetenn-eighty-five til infinity, ahhh

[Cutlass]

Shante!

Sha-sha, sha-sha, sha-sha, sha-sha

Shante!

Shante! The baddest around

Verse Two: Roxanne Shante

Aiyyo, you're lost in the sauce, bitches still remain

Useless, but when I reign bitches can't sustain

the drama, word to momma bitch I leave you leakin

Roxanne Shante stay creepin

You sleepin but I stay armed, and dangerous

No matter what your name is, bitch I make you famous

A lot of bitches swear shit's sweet

But when I creep I'ma lace you from your head to your
fuckin feet

Frankie Cutlass put me on so I'm back again

Ain't nothin changed it's still the same, ain't no smilin
friend

I remember eighty-seven eighty-eight

I was the only one gettin weight from upstate

Gettin cake, Juice Crew All-Stars was my boys

Runnin round town baby makin mad noise

Backtrack turn back the page

Live on stage, wreckin niggaz at a early age

I was only fifteen thinkin big time

At the time blind all my eyes saw was goldmine

So all you fake Cristal sippin bitches

Here's a thirty-eight bitch, click it!

I didn't think so...

[Cutlass]

I be the BizMarkie

Biz-biz-biz

I be the BizMarkie

BizMarkie, aooooowwwwww!

Verse Three: BizMarkie

Hey hey hey, I'm the eMmmaZah-A

Igga-R-Rrahidy-iZza-Rrahzah-K

I don't have a big mouth just a lot to say

So listen to my rhythm and rap display, OK

I rock the mic to the T-O-P

And every record that I make I make history

Like a-oh-oh-oh, WHASSUP ([Nobody Beats the Biz])
and, ah-one two

Is some of the things that I used to do, but

Right about now I got a different flow

I rock from New York City to Mexico

From England Australia back to Japan

They know I'm Mista Magic Cool with the mic in my
hand

So, you know I got more rhymes than Mohammed Ali

That's why my name rings bells internationally

Never neglected well protected as an MC yet

I'm, super duper with the rhymes I invent

Big Daddy Kane, you know you're part of the staff

Get on the mic, get on the mic god damnit

Get on the mic on my beha!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!f,
waaooooowwww!!

[Cutlass]

The-the-the name Kane is superious to many people

Verse Four: Big Daddy Kane

Tell me what you see, and uhh, vectorize

When you, check your eyes, baby, recognize, it's the

Rawest chump to make the verse in the chorus pump

With rhymes skills to be retarded like Forrest Gump

Now feel the pain runnin through your chest area

Thoughts of the attack it got you fearin the

bodily abuse, that you phony niggaz makin me produce

Warfare put to use, fuck all that, just turn me loose

Huh, and this is for those who don't know the half

I wanna see just how well you know your math

Now, in case a nigga wanna get out of line

Just tell me how many times does sixteen go into nine

See, a lot of you rappers like to front as if you're
ruthless

But, when I'm around you make all kind of excuses

Like, I just remembered yo my niece need diapers kid

Plus I got homework bible-study all types of shit

Boo-yaka, any fuckin tune to ya

King Asiatic, tell me what we gonna do wit ya

One more thing, the next example one of you niggaz is
bout to be it

Now close your eyes tight cause trust me you don't
want to see it

*echoes

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