

Ramp

"Beware Of The Rampsack"

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Verse One:

I can fall from a building and fall from the sky
Make a rapper wanna know why, who's the fall guy?
A lot of people wanted to know, what I was comin with
The buzz was that the Boy Scout was the shit
Now I got to maintain in my rapper brain
Put a rapper rapper to shame, what's my effin name?
The Boy Scout, Rampage, still makes the hits
Straight from the Dungeon Shack with the rugged
Don't even hold me back my brain it start to work
I make, others do the dirt, because the Boy Scout, is
the expert
I'm rated six from the new school ford, I'm the
microphone lord
Don't cock block me, and put it on record
Cause you would get gunned down, in a blood bath
Niggaz don't know the half, the Boy Scout got a craft
Death to all, I'm havin a ball, watchin motherfuckers fall
That's the way it is when ya bounce the ball
Nuthin but the dog in me, I'm smokin niggaz like a
chimney
Me and the Boy Scouts with the remedy
Pull up a chair it's a world premier, I'm about to bring it
here
Just like 2 Black Guyz great, and I'm swift
I be the dope nigga for the nine-four
And I'm kickin down doors, score with a metaphor
With my knapsack raps and my funky fly tracks
Beware of the rampsack

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Verse Two:

I'm comin Off the Wall like my name was Michael
Jackson
New attraction, I'm showin brothers I got action

Step to the Ramp the Boy Scout is here in nine-four
Wack rappers hit the floor
I know there's been competition, Ramp and Alge's on a
mission
Plus we got crazy ambition
Now I walk around girls wanna say hi to me
Cause I'm rollin with Busta and the New School society
Some wanna see me cause I'm on another level
Skippedy-dippedy-whip and showin brothers I'm the
rebel
Now I'm on the dash that's gonna last, I'm only fast
Whippin a rapper fuckin ass
He didn't get enough of the Boy Scout stuff
That's why he got stuffed, plus his heart pump Cocoa
Puffs
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Verse Three:

Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of an englishmon
Straight from Brooklyn, Crooklyn
Where I rest, as I'm puttin two to your chest
The Boy Scout man is takin no arrests
Rappers try to hold me about a buck and some change
Now I'm goin midrange, wreckin my brains
Some wanna bite my name just to get fame
You know that fuckin game, yo Bin toss em in the flame
Like the infrared, of the words that I said
Killin rapper niggaz dead, and I'm goin straigh to the
head
Another bad creation, ramp is on station
I got my foul MC, to build a bigger nation
I'm droppin hard just like your girl on the Kotex
Like Funkmaster Flex on my brain it's like Memorex
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