

## **Bass Fontella**

### **"Pon De Attack"**

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(Bae-B-Face Kaos/Lee Majors)  
Sometimes I get so wild  
I blow up (POW)  
Here I come now  
Check out the new style  
Oh my god child  
Here comes the word dripper  
Word to black tripper  
Lyrical whipper slicker nigger  
Case closed like a zipper  
I'll flip ya with the style on the mic  
From the arm at PM dawn  
Next plan is hype  
So I excite to hold tight  
The underground sounds  
Jus got off Jacobs ladder  
(So won't you let me come down)  
Let me come down I'll kill someone  
With the gats son at least some men are in  
Some say I'm awesome  
Jus like John I got the whole Single  
-ton on your back  
An' its like that  
So I drive girls crazy  
Ask Mrs. Daisy  
Jump up an praise me  
Nobody can phase me  
I amaze me cuz yo my  
Tracks got the boomers  
Kickin' the shit that  
Make ya back flip outcha bloomers  
I'll murder him  
I'll murder them  
Put me on the track  
For black I'll kill them

(Y-Tee/Big Light)  
Rudeboy I sting and a badboy I shock  
Inside the clip man qwe load up the glock  
On shot tocks so we hafta bust shot  
Start from the bottom make we rise to the top

(Bae-B-Face Kaos/Lee Majors)

I ROCK

Hip hop the best G

I snipe just like wesley

Crunch like nestle

Tell me who's the best G

Bush Babee bad man

I'll flip the rap

Got the hand on the gat

Plus I'm on the attack

(Chorus 8X)

Pon de attack, it goes pon de attack

(Mr. Man)

Ya just can't stop

The rhymantically dreadified

Lyricaly ill

Booger pickin'

Butt scrathin'

Heads a flyin, the illest

Or should I say

The most illified

Type of hyperactive

Lyricalmational

Boombastically bonified

Hyper technical

Unforgattable

Crazy sweatable

Individual

Quick to put up a battle

Rowdy, rapper goes bazootey

Baggin' up the goodies

The rough rasta bootey

Mr. man is attackin

That's when I get conniving

So hold your freaking horses

The boss is arriving.

I gave a "wussup" like Martin

Chill kid I'm startin'

I beg your pardon

Got it locked like a warden

Applaudin' cuz I got the illified flow

Ya know the flow

Yo Mr. Man steal the show

Hecka-hecka-heck yeah

Just cuz I'm the lyrical master blaster

Capitol-rapitol M/R/M/A/N

So I rhyme faster than ya moms

Could make a batch of big brown booger snacks

When I Doodle-da-doot-doot-doot ATTACK.

(Chorus 8X)

(Y-Tee/Big Light)

Pon de attacka break a DJ offa his spot  
But if a DJ wan fe disc jock fe come up on top  
Pon de attack break a DJ offa his spot  
But if a DJ wan fe disc jock fe come up on  
No me says break a leg a leg an dis boy can't jump  
Because fe line shoulda drop an' rise to the top  
An' lissen a' rudebwoy know yall can't stop  
Buck a bust those shot a try they move dey ass  
An' but dem wrote dem  
Cuz when dey can not  
So nigga fling two thing  
So bucks those shot  
Some brand new tune  
An' put dey pon top  
Because me rough, me tough  
Me light, me black  
Me charm, me thin  
Me sting, me shot  
Me quick, no false  
Me rap, me track  
Me leave em on top a dey roof an make dey can't come  
back  
An' if a DJ ever test a might to chop dem foot  
Mic take one, two  
An' bombed on dey squad  
An' buck a real shot  
When me tryfe on dey track  
Buss some buss some  
An' me goes to have fun  
An' lissen to bush babbes cuz we run things hard too.

(Chorus 8X)

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