

Nonchalant "Crab Rappers"

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(chorus)

Crab rappers!, You need to shut your mouth you don't
want none

You need to shut your mouth you don't want none...

(verse 1)

Yo! stoned is the wake of the walk, I know you feel me

My crew might be sway, yo, but I can see you clearly

Smilin', while you robbin' me for my stylin'

You need to stop, before you find your grave on Long
Island

I'm pilin', blowin' stacks, closin' racks

It's all Non here, over ruffneck tracks

I'm on a mission, dismissing, all that ass kissin'

Before my lyrics burn a hole in your neck, that's what
I'm wishing

I'm tapping spines along with your mind

Cause I made you feel good when I rocked your whole
'hood

My soul run deep, like a crack in the street

I keep it real, so you can feel, my true skills

100%, like Absolute, Get gin, you wanna blend with the
new trend

I got you swaying, whats to say..., You never felt the
really real

Let me run a tab, and let your ass pay the bill

(chorus)

(verse 2)

Now wait a minute, hold up, you still wanna test me

I'm spraying out lyrics like water from a jet-ski

Oh no! You're still not stepping

Towards the same mic I rocked as soon as I crept in

Cause I been doing this thing for a whole lot longer

And if you wanna rock the spot, you better funk
stronger

Keep on, and I'ma have to unleash

The true funk baby that ain't nothing but a beast

You need practise. then again, it ain't worth it

My brain is a computer so that means I'm word perfect

Blowin' through the 'hood, just cold knockin' spots off

Get nothing but a chicken and Nonchalant's got your
hot sauce

Play your cards right now you sweat the inner city

I got all the diamonds so hard so plus I got the kitty

You still wanna test me, you must be gun simple son

I kick a funky flow like a bowl of rolled chilli's

(chorus)

(verse 3)

Now put your mind on the matter, to call your next
batter

I'm knockin' home runs in your ass so what's the matter

A' take your time cause the funky rhyme blow your

mind

Strut my stuff cause I'm so tuff, and hard to find

In this maze of amazement I got you cornered

Cut your dimes and your nickels cause you know your
money's spent

Meanwhile back at the ranch, take a chance

On this funky head bob that's gonna make you dance

Now even the funky chickens who can make up on the
twist came in

But do the chicken with the twist and you can blend

Put your eyes on the prize, we gonna take a ride

So deep in your soul you got tears in your eyes

You blinded by the light, now can you see me

Cause I know that you feel me cause I'm cutting like a
knife

With the phife, you flow is so weak I call your punk

You starvin' for some soul, yo, you need to bite a chunk

(chorus)

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