

Scrilla Vic

"Below The Rim Pro"

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Lo and behold the lo pro's on the road so get a leg up
If the backs are slim, I won't give it up
I deal with runnin' mind games like it ain't no thing
Bring my game to settle scores, it's more than styles
that I swing
To hustle in this bustle's my profession
Stutter step and juke, swoop and scoop and impressin'
This here's a lesson on how I hypnotize, right?
To the thighs I'm never nervous and I ain't far behind
Send shivers up your spine when you're ridin' the pine
Yeah your vision distorts and I take no shorts
Cuz the hardwood performer with the ax might pass
Never pump fake, just lay it on the line but won't
fastbreak
Heavens up my stairway, turnabout is fairplay
Once I'm in the action, I'll reverse it and stick the J
Once again, a firm grip on the skin
Turnin' frowns upside down so get down before I'm out
of town

I got the rock
I'll show you what I got
One-on-One
I always get the job done

I got the rock
I'll show you what I got
I'm all about slammin'
'Til they just can't stand it

I got the rock
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I got the rock
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No nonsense
When I'm in your zone, I'm unconscious

It's showtime! Quick hands do shine in the backcourt

Even when the sweat pours, my groove soothes
Dunkaroos - mo' moves than Magic on the floor
Before Johnson's through I do the do just like it's never
been done before
The parole instant replay
Shows I got skills, amaze and won't get played
I shake and bake with a fly Slamma Jamma maneuver
Not a use and abuser or bruiser
Don't choke from the stroke
Of a rimrattlin' rock that's cocked and ready to bring it
right to 'ya
Nonstop
It's through the legs and spin move
Stay cool - take fools to school while I'm breakin' all the
rules
Each time my sights are to the waistline. I take my time
One the real, I thrill, wheel and deal, and windmill
And take it straight to your chin
Some try to fly sky high, but I choose to play below the
rim

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When you're playin' below the rim, I'm sayin' way low
If the pressure's on, I bust the stress and go wit a press
Some say they never play the back, but the facts
Those suckas dribble all up in the cracks and I ain't with
that
So when I'm dishin', I don't get tunnel vision
I won't tip flop, I'm in tip top condition
To keep runnin' things with ease - Playa please
I ain't down to skeet on a lady whose a skeeze
The fake weave, knock-kneed, take your cash and dash

Who ain't fakin' the funk, I dare you to dunk your stuff
Around they hoop, you'll get souped, loop de loop,
alleyoop
Troop, I never trust a trick turnin' over quick
But if you're kickin' the bobos like an Ordinary Joe
They can see right through your flow and know you're
prowlin' for a free
Throw
I may give and go, but I ain't move-fakin'
Cuz V's got the D that brings 'em all to they knees

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Yeah, you know what I'm sayin'
I'm all about b-ball since back in the days.
Ask about me. Thought you knew.
I'm that dude runnin' fools into the pavement.
Yeah, you know. It's me and the cheerleaders back at
my crib, Cous.
I got that vertical. I'm right at the rim, baby.
You got trim. I got a front row ticket for ya'.
Whose next? Let's go!

I'm the Wilt Chamberlain of the horizontal sport.
Prince of the League and King of the Court
Like Lebron James, I make the grade and stay paid,
So fly like D Wade with a smooth segway
I go wild out, but I won't foul out
Ladies know I'm down to heat it up, so take 'em towels
out
To get this tril - I got big shoes to fill
Like Shaquille O'Neill, don't forget that pill
Put up Michael Jordan numbers, from squads I ran

through
In an outright tussle, rebound like Bill Russell
Break boards like Chocolate Thunder, takin' 'em under
Trottin' round the globe like a Harlem stunner
Like Vince Carter, I got time to hang around the rim
From slim to thick, I'm never throwin' up bricks
With my wordplay, you heard me
They world keeps spinnin' and I keep grinnin' at they
curves topsy turvy

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