

# Shyheim "Napsack"

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Chorus 2X:

Napsack on my back  
Napsack on my back  
Napsack on my back  
(I carry a full pack)

[Shyheim]

I rocks the blocks with the rugged hip-hop  
And I can't be stopped cause my jam pumps like  
Reebok  
Go get a grip as I flip the bic  
Don't slip cause I rip shit and I'll packs a biscuit  
So make em jump jump cause I gotta pump pump  
I'll stick it in your gut and see who jumps up  
So tell me now do you think you can hang  
With the Wu (Wu) Tang (Tang) boom (boom) bang bang  
Crunch that blast up the trunk of a punk  
With the funk that gots em doin the drunken monk  
On the Shaolin beatbox cause I rocks steady  
Don't sweat me cause I get crazy like Eddie  
Boom-bah, some say I am a superstar  
Tell em all I am what I am baby paw  
And my beats, fatter than fat, they're not funny  
Cause these drums remind me of One's 4 Da Money  
Now tell me that me and R can't drop hits  
Then you heard it but then you tried to rhyme and got  
dissed  
My style, my flow for real will have you chumped  
And I get like Ziggy and toss it up

Chorus 4X

[Shyheim]

My styles is dope so call the kid dynamite  
I writes the rhymes that's redder than bloodsight  
A trail of thunder with rugged hardcore  
When I rips the crowd the dancefloor gets sore  
I laid down my game with my shade and razor cane  
I laid down my game and parlayed with my gang  
A little rascal was a bad little bastard  
(So you're the rugged child) I see you're learnin fast  
kid

Get the message I rapped several texts  
So don't even try to step to this with that old bullshit  
On how you better me and how you could do me  
Come on son, cause you know my style is groovy  
To the max as I watch and give a beatin  
And I got more bats in me than Michael Keaton

Chorus 4X

[Shyheim]

I'm kickin master Wu-Tang slang cause I'm a slinger  
I got a magic grip so you could call me Golden Fingers  
I'm rough and I'm tough but I keep it on profile  
Wanna peep my style take a ride to the Isle  
I'll meet you on the other side, we'll take ya dollar man  
To prove to my fans that I really am the man  
The hardcore shorty that will keep ya head boppin  
And while I keep rockin your ears will start poppin  
To that freaky flow and all that old good shit  
And not to be conceited but hey, the shoe fits  
Gimme room, I love to hear the next competition  
So I can prepare to give another ass whippin  
Short sneaky Shy-Shy the kid with the props  
I'll make your heart stop at the pop of a glock  
A Tech-9, an uzi, so what can you do me?  
But take his advice be the next one to sweat me

Chorus 4X

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