

Carl Niessen

"East Coast Sound"

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The sounnnnnnds.. that you hearrrr

[Chorus 2X: LOTUG]

It's the East coast sound, bumpin through your town
Lords, Dre, Ed Lover, comin from the under
It's the East coast sound, bumpin through your town
Lords, Dre, Ed Lover, comin from the under

[Ed Lover]

I step up to the frontline, it's not my turn to rhyme

[DoItAll]

Well it's mine, so watch your back, cause I'm high off
this wine

Brass monkey, now my mental state is like funky
Lyrics intoxicated so my style is drunk chunky
Now some can, umm get it, but some can't, get widdit
But if you can't, get it, then on you I have shitted
Your reaction is stunk, from the shit that I pump
And my sound, is immortalized, in mad niggaz trunks
Now hear the slur as I speak, cause my speech is not
slurred

I go by the straight line so many words bump curves
So visualize 'em, while um some, try to harmonize 'em
Like who's that nigga? (That's that nigga)
And what's that style that he just kicked?
Well it's me, the D-O-I-T All..

That brown slim brother who sometime plays the wall
But not now, cause now with the sound I am loud!

[Chorus]

[Mr. Funke]

Come follow me you get deep in the line

[Ed Lover]

Or you can play the Tribe and just "Check the Rhime"
Time and time again as I pick up a pen
My thoughts begin, and the lyrics descend
upon the paper, time to run the caper for major flavor
So here's the 911, check your pagers, heyyy!

It's the E-D, the B.G. Y.G.
From the Springfield Murdoch, Hollis Click 200
and 9th Street thick, I never trick
My trade is gettin paid on the norm, crashin like a
storm door
(Ka-PLAOW!) I guess ya souped you want some more
here's a scoop
Don't weep, don't peep, and please don't let me catch
ya sleep
Cause I'll blast-ya, break ya like plas-ter
Listen up close to the words of the ma-ster
The industry is sewn like my homies got shorties on the
block
It's the East coast rock

[Chorus]

[DoItAll]
Alla-kazoo, alli-kazaam

[Mr. Funke]
You know who I am!
I be emperor, black Russian czar, Gamma-Funkula
No need to ask who is iller
I grew from brass monkey to gorilla, the wack MC killer
Now - I'm only in this for the money
But some of you been tryin to bite my style
And I don't think the shit is funky
Now move over bacon! I'm tired of all these niggaz
fakin
You say I'm wack but look at how your girl's booty
shakin
How dare you ever try to chump me? Yo you gets nuttin
here!
Niggaz is fallin off like Humpty Dumpty
But you can come on, and try to press your luck
I'll go out like Colin Ferguson - BUCK BUCK BUCK!
And you'll be lucky if you make it
Cause any MC who steps to me will have to be
rehabilitated
You'll need more than a lawyer to defend ya
Yeah, Mr. Funke man - up in ya!

[Chorus] - 2X

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