

Spooks "Other Script"

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Spooks Is on some other script
That's why you be lovin' It
My crew that's the butter clique be glad you discovered
It
Hip hop originals spook rock we runnin' this
Playin' In the club It hits radio be bumpin' It
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Consensus these cats are forever flippin' hits
But every time I turn around spooks got to prove this
Old hits to new hits next hits to crew hits
You fuck with It poppin' that nonsense we true to this
My alternator flow be flippin' radio we done that
Spooks still spit It for you thugs yeah we done that
You want It then battle a spook we can't lose for god we
fight
Suffice the plight with the might from piety rights
Plunge you with lice plead your plight spice for spite
On judgement night with three strikes
The wicked Is right livin' In trife recite songs
Repent crimes It's pendulum time
The comin' of christ for mankind

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Most of these stupid Mc's could never handle the steez

Spooks be bringin' when we singin' man y'all wing It
and please
I got the crucial chromosones to stimulate these
microphones
The hardware plus the software plus the hormones
A prerequisite for wreckin' cliques keepin' It hectic
Phenobarbital could never stall this wild epileptic style
Electric and mental spasmodic erotic
Type of flow that could only be described as hypnotic
Man It's a fact that I got It hemmed up and guaranteed

Mc's approach me but they gainin' In the cranial bleed
You need to learn to read between the lines of coke
dust and weed
You're smokin' chokin' off the speed of Illusion Indeed

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I speak the spookanese
Like abominable dominos crushin' crews with ease
Who never had the need or the beats the loser's theme
Oh what I'm always luke warm
Then put that group on and wham your necks under the
Yukon
I crash the savage talkin' badly while livin' lavish
Put your cabbage on the block chop straight drop the
hatchet
Now your head's rollin'
Put my fingers In your eyes and my thumb In your
mouth
And make up a new sport called head bowlin'
Oh Is flow In It boy you're finished
Bite my script and I'll extort my percentage
Of your royalty not waitin' to disregard It's blatant
When chhh chhh ahhh ahhh I sneak up like Jason
So got me when ya can't get It bitin' me's a grand
mimic
This Is from Popeye but even he gon' eat some bad
Spinach
Cause I'm forever spittin' for cheddar fixin's

Make clever kittens do the wop outside the reverend's
mission

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