

## Spooks

### "Other Scripts"

Visit "[Other Scripts](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus:] X 2

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

[J.D.]

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

[Chorus] X 2

[Hypno]

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

[Chorus] X 2

[Water Water]

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

[Chorus] X 2

Visit [Spooks](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.