

Yagfu Front

"Slappin' Suckas Silly"

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Smackin suckas silly, a remix
Take two thousand, and seven, or is that eight
(Hanna Barbera)

chorus

Well it's one two three of us, never ever solo
It's one two three of us, never ever solo
It's one two three of us, never ever solo
It's one two three of us, never ever solo

[Jingle Bel]

I gets mad freaks to this beat, it's a pleasure
grammar leisure, and start motivatin concentratin
On the *DJ cuts*, can you hear it?
Spin 4th diggin in nuff crates, so great
Oh golly jesus snow is handed and demanded so I
supply the
one of da tings, to da vibe
I'm fly, like Jimmy's snooker with ass like TJ Hooker
So book em, Dano, voice soprano, break the glass
on the mantle, cause my flow lasts for miles like the
Nile
Make the people say AOWWWWW!
And I'm a black man Egyptian lover
Pharoah bone dig digger, skirt tigger, this is butter
Cause many bust with gimmicks so now I'm livid
So now you're forgiven
Cause way back Jack you came slack on the help
why play yourself, go play somebody else!
I got the rhymin skills and I gotta
The super fat rhymes and lines and I gotta, bo bo
for the niggaz who pop shit like gum
Do come like a penis get kicked, in the anus
Play famous, and you gets nowhere (uh-huh)
Who cares about a punk who talks junk?
You're silly

chorus

[Spin 4th]

Well it's the rippin rebel and ruckus sport the rhymin

rap 4th Spin

Uncanny most ability to split my verse at will
I slam through the home like a photon phaser beam
While fools decay like children's teeth on Halloween
Straight from Princeton it's ridiculous rhymes live
So get up off the beach, cause I'm coming high tide
with the force of the fart of a flatulating Batman
Obese I release vocal fury (nice sack man)
Kick this in Cato, burn this in Waco
Trippiest in potato, or maybe even microbe
Silicon bass like a breast up in Cali
Greedy like Rally's, cajun chicken meal
Is this kid for real? Am I really ill?
No, this is my regular flow
So if I was to flip, you'd hear some CRAZY shit
Like how, now brown, cow, wow I'll, pow
Here is the face, come with the bass
Face case and race, you're dead!
Get away from the motherfuckin spin
So you would ask when did this nigga, begin
to get the freestyle, not really, not really
Spin 4th fool, I'm smackin niggaz silly

chorus

[Damage]

Flavorific, to be specific hot damn I'm spicy
There's four of us my dick is long a-bolish niggasaurus
I absorb it cause I'm forest, sporest, fuck you
I span the globe to storm like Hurricane Andrew
Super rhyme ripper clipper break a nipple tweaker
A friction equal when she meets the big heat seaker
We could cruise booze when I swing my verbal news
Extra extra lyrical setter tears your sneakers with no
feature
It's the creature from the swamp, as I romp on
rabblers
Trouble make us take a stand, as I command the
sample houses
We don't pillage and raid, we take a plate and then
rotate it
If it's rugged then we scoop it then truncate it then we
loop it
then we drag it, the kids from Cakalak are comin with
force
Mr. Spin the broken reigner, and my man from over the
chorus
And the man whose name stands for, massive wide
destruction
it's my instruction to combine incredible rhymes and
spits ill production

It's the muddy marsh givin creeper, passin the grim
reaper
Your mother and my closet keeper *beep beep beep*
excuse me that's my beeper
So I think you hear me knockin and I'm comin in with
the crew
That creates more tracks, than horses make glue
So, on with the who, and ninety-one to willy nilly
Huh! Damage slappin motherfuckers silly

*chorus 2X

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