

## **Die Ranchers**

### **"You Know My Style"**

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[Biz Markie]

Yo! Your moms so poor  
she went in Kentucky Fried Chicken and licked  
everybody else's fingers

[Kid Capri]

Yo Biz man you know that ain't my style

[Biz Markie]

Tchk, yo man what IS your style Capri?

[Kid Capri]

You know my style..

Give me the mic, Lords of Funk is in full flight  
I keep you goin and flowin, all day and night  
So lets proceed with the sounds that you really need  
The Kid is funky and my DJ got a lot of speed  
Silver D and Money Mark, is blowin up  
Don't think we won't be at a battle cause we're showin  
up  
And if you ever try to diss you're gonna get stomped  
I'm gonna make it plain and simple - there's no COMP!  
Yeah I said it, so whatcha gonna do about it?  
The Kid Capri is super dope, I just gotta shout it  
The Lords of Funk will rock a party for a while  
Now I can tell you that, but you know my style  
You know my style..

Now my country 'tis of thee, let me tell you what it  
means to me

I really love it when them crowds scream for me  
It gets me hyped, makes me wanna rock right  
From tonight, all the way until tomorrow night  
You know the flavor, so now, do me a favor  
Please respond to the sounds Kid Capri gave ya  
I worked hard, to do what I do for people  
I'm not conceited, cause everybody is my equal  
I had a problem, with suckers, that tried to diss  
I overlooked 'em but they still wanted to persist  
I had to blow up, and blow up on 'em very large

Cause chaos, and war, and sabotage  
They made me mad, even though they didn't harm me  
They stepped off when I went, and got my army  
Money Mark, Silver D, and Troopa Love  
Poppa Duke chillin with, the man above  
You couldn't diss me, no matter, how much you paid  
You made the record, but I'm the one that gets it  
played  
Red Alert, he's blazin on my radio  
And I'm the man, that's blazin in your auto  
I go cameo, you think that youse a super hoe?  
You get sprayed, and played like a afro  
So go ahead Hobbes, I make fingers pop  
And you could never, get what the Kid Capri got  
Before I blow up, my man you better show up  
Cause once I'm finished with you, you're gonna throw  
up  
I get respect, I teach 'em, and then correct  
You're out of order out of style like a mock neck  
I'm gettin papers, while you suck Now or Laters  
I wear a silk Guess denim, and alligators  
So go ahead chump, I'm not the one son  
I grab the mic and wax that booty like a shotgun  
I'm not frontin, or fakin, or 'fessin to ya  
I'm Kid Capri, so let that be a lesson to ya!

Punk, you know my style  
Don't ever try to front kid, cause you know my style  
On the down low, you know my style

Oh man there go my main man Spud Luva for the  
Troopa Love crew  
He got it goin on  
There go Shabar, she she got a little flavor right there  
Money Mark, Silver D, Lords of Funk, Kool V in the  
house  
Knahmsayin, pushin Kid Capri  
My main man the brother (?) BZZZZZZZZ Markie  
My man Kool V in the house  
That's my man Grand Daddy I.U.  
Knahmsayin, Diamond Shell, Dapper Jay, they got it  
goin on  
My main man the Chief Rockin Starchild  
He in the house, he got it goin on  
My man the world famous BUSSSSSSSY Bee  
He kickin flavor, yknahmsayin?  
Everybody doin this for the do  
Puttin flavor where it's supposed to be  
The Kid Capri is outta here like last year  
And I'm gone, SEE YA!  
Cause you know my style

You know my style.. uhh! C'mon.. woo!  
Cause you know my style.. {\*echoes to fade\*}

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