

DJ Skribble F/ Cru**"Stix & Stonz"**

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Chorus: All

If you can dig it, deal with it, if you can't, just forget it
Cause nobody rocks the party like we
Get loose, get loose, Sunshine get loose
Just rock, and show 'em you got juice
And have, have, have, have, have, have, have
fuuuuuuun!

Verse 1: LA Sunshine

I know it's been a while since the last time
You're heard LA Sunshine pick up the microphone and
rhyme
But now I think it's time to go for mine
So you can sit back, relax, just max and unwind
Because it's time for me to out a few heads to bed
Because I'm upset at what somebody said
I've heard it through the grapevine it's been said
That Sunshine, can't rhyme?
Ha! That's the funniest line that I heard in a long time
The wanna be me's that they I sound off beat
I'm not off beat, I'm totally unique and it sounds real
sweet
So if you're ready, get set for a trip to the sun
You'll be guided, and I've decided to become
One to take total control of your soul
Young or all be bold because it's a sight to behold

Chorus:

Sticks and stones might break your bones but Pos is
gonna blow your mind
Ain't no need to hold it (Let it go!) Just one more time!

Verse 2: Posdnuos

Now you can bet that I'm first kick a watt
Soul son, Plug One, Posdnuos I'm top notch
Forward, backstep, got cabbage on the brain
So I'm leafy, peasy, and I act kind of sane

So homeboys and girls just come follow me
I'm the fried pipe piper down with dub and Plug Three
I like my mans, freestyle is not my flow
But I gets mad respect from Norfolk to Glasgow
I run this up to court about a minute to the sec
Cause my hoodie won't clash with Whipper Whip's
mockneck
So my hip-hop teachers please show me the math
And after this give me your goddamn autograph

Chorus:

Whipper Whip, you can make the microphone sing
Walking around sporting your diamond ring
All the ladies know you as an MC king
So get on the mic and tell 'em it ain't no thing

Verse 3: Whipper Whip

Well the Prince is my title and, I do what I must do
When rappers get beside themselves, that's when I
bust two
Or three, see it doesn't matter to me
Cause the W-H-I-P's got an army
Whipper Whip, the Whipster, money gripster
Can't stand the tipster unless she got the hips to
Move a mountain, left on Kingsly and Fountain
1345 is where I used to count them
The grips in my bucket's the kind that choke horses
No more losses and no toy mosses
It's the Kings of Kingsly, from Bronx to Hollywood
I'm Whipper Whip, I but the G in "good"
Yo I can blow like a whistle, run far beyond average
Been rapping to the man like Randy Savage
You be the judge, come stand as I slam some
There's open invitation to all and then some

Chorus:

Sticks and stones might break your bones but JD Dub is
gonna blow your mind
Ain't no need to hold it (Let it go!) Just one more time!

Verse 4: Dove

I kick the Chatanooga Choo Choo so listen to the calling
Next stop's the body rock, here's the ticket to my clock
It's the flips, but keep your jaws on your hips
>From back in the days I used to air it to the hits
Earn the dance step and guaranteed to play the wheel
to wheel

And Wild Style was the real, dig it?
I block the heckles and hecks and gets nuff respects
Without the "bah diddy bah" I couldn't go and cash
checks

Chorus:

DJ Mase, since you got the bass, why don't you hit it, hit
it?
Hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it!

The do re, the mi phi, the sol la, the Tito
Rocking it, rocking it, yes he is rocking it
Tito, rocking it!

Verse 5: Tito

Smiggity smoking, no joking, turning styles like a token
No singer, but swinging rap lyric like a ringer
I'm solo, like Bobo, breaking backs like Bolo
No kitten, no hitting booby traps for the sitting
Ducks should I mention rhyme breezing like Benson
Or hedges, I'm fuming autographs for the human
Being, I'm g-ing, off like keying
Or Keenan, live Ivory, Waynan, who's slaying?
A TV or movie, hit singles often move me
Like groove me, they got me lingers like a ???
No slipping, no tripping on me while I'm ripping
Slam dunking like a donut on the Bulls Scottie Pippen
A vocab that's no fad, I'm Heftier than Glad bags
My son's about 2, buckaroo and yelling "Go dad!"

Chorus:

Sticks and stones might break your bones but
Superstar's blows your mind
Ain't no need to hold it (Let it go!) Just one more time!

Verse 6: Superstar

I get the honor to rap with some old school greats
Caz, Whipper Whip, Tito, and LA
Maseo, Posdnuos, Trug, they from the new school
A perfect blend from the old and new
Superstar, where did I fit in? How did I get in?
Where did I begin, sin?
I'm known from Belcourt to Freeport, not a West Coast
or Five Boroughs
Yeah, my name's whispered in the ghettos
When I'm on stage, I write a book, flip a page
Write a chapter, and leave a hell of a phrase

Now, before I go, you know that I'm a pro, yo
You won't forget me, why, because I flow

Chorus:

So GMC, ha, GMC, ha ha, GMC ha, GMC, ha ha
GMC, ha huh! (Yo my throat is sore)
Yo, get on the mic, stay on the mic (dammit)
Rock on the mic with your rhymes galore!

Verse 7: Grandmaster Caz

Well I'm a black act back to attack the wack New Jack
Smack the sad sack track with the stack of facts
True old data, see you later alligator
Raid or raider Darth Vader, cause I'm greater or rater
Made a plate of soul food, barbequed a rude dude with
the attitude
Who got screwed cause he chewed
But I'm a writer, you can't take a bite of
So light up your lighter and watch me recite a
Dope verse or two with the curse or two, yeah rehearse
a cue
But first a few minutes of funk, preferably seven
Microphones, all I need is one
MC's to school, ten or eleven then a bottle of Don
When the job is done, but don't stop me now
I'm on a roll, control the whole stroll
And bowl the whole toll, fold the known souls
Patrol shoot the fruit, toot toot the hoot
Scoot with the loot and knock a cute suit boots
Entertain your brain like Kane, not strain to maintain my
main (shit) stain
Walls record us, break through the borders
All the manslaughters and kidnap daughters
Who are building and chilling in the building with a
villian
I'm killing and illing but still in like Bob Dylan
I'm Democratic emphatic erratic static I'm good at it
And suckers get gatted with the automatic
Rhymes are plenty, styles are many
Yeah, and that's as real as Jimmy sticking Jenny
If anybody knows a trick to slip my wig
With a lick or real sick with a lyrical brick
He's a vick bound to get tracked off
Step to the Grandest and you'll get slapped off
Stage, and thoroughly stomped with the quickness
Now can I get a witness, cause I'm out

