

Lil' Jon And The Eastside Boyz F/ Big Kap, Chyna

"Swung it, Blunted, Brung It"

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1- "My style is fat, so I swung it, blunted
The riggedy ruffneck Brooklyn nigga brung it" -> Das
EFX

repeat 1 (4X)

[Daddy-O]

Yo Rick, bring yo' ass home..

The sounds of my voice make the honies wanna flip
and the flow of my phrase make you have no choice to
get wit

There used to be a Stetsa, comin out to get ya
so beware; takin it to your punk-ass like (UHH UHH)

Take two to the gut

I come to kick a scrumpdelicious bone out your butt

You're funkkin with the O-Dad; and yo, guess what

I got a RHYME and I'm puttin it where the monkey put
his nuts

RAGGIN on you wannabe-a-screamer MC's
and all you Diggity Das triple-toungin wannabe's
who just don't have the fat flavor for the FUNK

And just in what I heard - you lack the spunk
and you lack the style, and you lack the poise

And all you MC's sound like little boys

Actin like hardrocks, STARIN in my face

BACK UP OFF ME 'FORE I PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE!

I'm the same brother that likes +Sally Walk+ and I'ma
"bad motherfucker from East New York"

You see me callin them SHOTS like I'm Jimmy the
GREEK

and when you see me on the STREET I make a HEART
skip a beat!!

2- "My style is fat, so I swung it, blunted" -> Das EFX

repeat 2 (2X) + repeat 1 (1X)

repeat 2 (2X) + repeat 1 (1X)

[Daddy-O]

Ride along with the wave cause my tides never end

Dippin through curves as I come around the bend

Feedin you the floor, without Johnny Gill
and get you all messy like your drink when it spill
I got that nat-urally legitimate dope
being slung by the (??) coast to coast
And it's so cold, I'm callin it wintery
If you don't understand you must be thinkin
elementary..
Badder than this it don't come
And you get strung from my ability to blast like a gun
SO WHAT'S FOR DINNER HON?
Beats breaks and funk-fritters; punches and hard-
hitters
BUT YOU DON'T WANNA GO THAT WAY
So my advice to you, is that you pu-puh-PARLAY
And bring it on back to the street
Turntables microphone and dope.. beats
Cause it ain't no secret to it black
And the only rule is don't be wack
And you best stay out of my path
or I'ma haveta put this SIZE NINE IN YO' ASS
So I'm keepin it - ON AND ON AND ON
And you know why you're movin UP cause it's a rap
song
My years in the game equal about eleven
And when I die, I'M GOIN STRAIGHT TO HIP-HOP
HEAVEN
with MC Trouble and Cowboy rockin the mic
and (??) playin the drums so the beats are tight
Cuts courtesy of Subroc and Scott LaRock
Peace to Trouble T-Roy, YA DON'T STOP!

repeat 2 (2X) + repeat 1 (1X)
repeat 2 (2X) + repeat 1 (1X)
repeat 1 (4X)

[Daddy-O]

So now you think you know me; and maybe you
remember
I was in a group and we had six members
We freaked (fake??), and saw +Sally Walkin+
Spoke with +Susie+ and had the +Jazz Talkin+
But now it's kinda different, rap is gettin TRICKY
Gettin all commercial like watchin Mork and MINDY
Niggaz writin rhymes - thinkin of the video
but even a good video don't make a good song do it?
(NO!)
So back to the FOOD on my plate
I'm comin at you non-stop and there's no escape
So whether I'm schoolin neighborhoods on how to
speak and act
or coolin with my homeboys, smokin chunky black

I give a little HEART-BEAT HEART-BEAT PUMP
and watch the whole dance floor SHAKE THAT RUMP
to the sounds of the O-Dad ridin the funk
And it sho' sound good COMIN OUT YO' TRUNK
Watch me as I pump like a fist in a fight
and get you all strung like a FIEND on a crackpipe
with the sureshot, not that BULL-SHIT
cause the Daddy-O sound is legit - BEEEEOTCH!!!!

repeat 2 (2X) + repeat 1 (1X)
repeat 2 (2X) + repeat 1 (1X)

[Daddy-O]
Yo I'd like to give a big up to Run-D.M.C.
The Unknown Ruffnecks.. and DJ Kiilu

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