

Tung Twista

"Razzamatazz/jazzmatzz"

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VERSE 1]

Oh - back again makin the rhythm kick jazz
Used to be wick-wack, now I got funky pizzazz
Idryss'll do my fade-up cause he cuts em like class
And the chicks want me to lick cause I'm too quick, I
think I'll pass
Dollars, if I don't fold em, I roll em like a bolo
Other steppin to brothers cause he be God? Oh no
G-o-d, I be not he, it's true, don't call me loco
And my man Eric the Wiz will stir the mini mix up like
Coco
Cut like Michael Myers, start up fires, I'm a scar hard
Thinkin I be wimpy, I just simply rip em far apart
Ansaars in New York, I know that you know that you are
God
This brother's from Chicago, so I guess I'm a Chigagod
Rhythm is my producer of rhythms on the wax
The posse Lower Level be kickin some funky tracks
Never ask, I ax, I get madder than Max
Diggem smacks, if they try to tax I play em like a sax

[CHORUS]

Rock - me call it what?
(Razzamatazz)
Rock - me call it what?
(Jazzamatazz)

[VERSE 2]

Styles, I hand em, I brand em like cattlecakes
Better get flows from your bros if a battle takes
I hear a hiss, the tale of a taddle shakes
Backs this breaks givin aches to the rattlesnakes
I get spunky with funky stylin
Rhythms I flow, I kick them wild and
Tryin to get with the styles I'm pilin
For your sob story I better get the violin
Come again - watch a fun one construct
I don't like sissy chickens and I hate a sucker duck
Some label me a sucker because ducks I like t pluck
The only way I be a sucker is if women wanna suck
Always goin broke so I don't dig into my stash

I'm cool as Brian Robbins on the show _Head of the
Class_
If you don't get the picture, make the camera go flash
When this rhythm was a baby,

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