

Das EFX, East Coast

"Now I'm gonna show you how the East Coast rocks" ---> KRS-One
"Baby, baby, baby, baby, clap to this"
"It's like that y'all, you don't stop"
repeat x2
"Now I'm gonna show you how the East Coast rocks"
"MC's are jumpin out of shoes and socks"

Verse One: Dray, Books

Higgity-hey hun, check out the way I friggity-freak the track, umm
I diggity-do-ray-me-fah-so look at me me go like that, umm
wit the Books, iggity-oops, I get more poopcrocks for jingle
I giggity-gots the rhymes like Ronald Reagan got the wrinkles
Check the real wild, my ill style gets worked out like Bundy
I piggity-pack the skits, so save the shit, for Peggy Bundy*
Yes it's I, the yippity zippity bad boy with papers
I higgity-hump and rump cos I'm rough like sandpaper
So pucker up and whistle, I blast just like a pistol
and sharp like a thumbtack and kick like ninjitsu
I sling raps for hand claps and toe taps, I'm bound, silly creep
I leave a rapper with a single bound
Yes I rips up the West, I'm the best, I'm no jokin
I run up shit creek and freak the backstroke
So Books freak it, provide the funk alligator
Yo I'm out but "I'LL BE BACK" like Schwarzenegger

Wiggity-wait a minute, giggity-guess who, well it's, umm, me
The bumble B boogity woogity book the loopy
double O-K-iggity S, I'm slick
I giggity-got more stiggity-styles than Moby got Dick
Aw shit, I'm swingin it from the East Coast, jerk
I don't surf, but got more props than Pop Smurf
Who? Me, yep, look at the way I'm slingin it to ya poppy
I riggity rock the crowd at the Grand Ole Opry
But when speakin upon myself, I stays private like Benjamin
Honey, I'll knock the boots and if you're tough I'll knock the Timberland's
Ooooooh, Miggidy made your Rolex say tick tock
I'm runnin my tongue with the quickness now I'm back like Alfred Hitchcock
I'm shod-dy, I'm swingin it like a San Diego Padre
Brooklyn's in the house so motherfuck Rico swavy?*

I don't need to diss ya but excuse me Mister
I'm sinkin ya battleships just ask Professor or the Skipper
and downnnnnnnnn

Chorus

Interlude: (*Das EFX giving shoutouts to other East Coast rappers*)

Verse Two: Dray, Books

Yo I'm back, black, heavens-to-Betsy, time to get loose
I take a bite outta crime, wash it down with some juice
I'm not the new kids, but I'm knockin blocks off, sonny
Yep I rock like the Stones cos I'm rollin in the money
So diggity-ask about, I know you digs me like a shovel
I kick straps for sport cos I'm short like Barney Rubble
Check the slang, boogity-bang, umm, I goes berserk
when I flex like Popeye, I fight like Cap' Kirk
So bozo, I'm knockin em out the box by the pair-em
High strung, my tongue got moves like Fred Astaire
Tally racker, I'm dapper, the rootin tootin rapper
I diggity-drops the funk so you can call me yippity-yapper
The slippery slick sister, stiggity-start the grammar
I'm comin like the Red Coats to toast an MC Hammer

So jumpin jahosafat, yesiree
The Books-in-reverse kicks a verse.....

.....like, aah, BBD
I whips it, I smacks it, I flips it
with slick shit, when shit hits the fan, man, I slaps lips
like lipstick, I'm harder than a hard-on, never tend up like fiddles
I bust foots for kicks, eat up Trix and some Skittles
then I'll giggle, hee-hee-ha
Higgity-Hallelujah to-to-dabber-day I'll do ya
I'm the baddest, got more fans than Randy travis makes a cowboy
I skip, flip back to Dallas
He's the Don, have you seen my grey poupon?
Bust this, we roll more spliffs than Cheech and Chong
We can do this, I kiggity-can't lose like Parker Lewis
Get the picture? I rock the barmitsfa if I was jewish
Goddamn, I'm sittin on the bay by the dock
Smokin, strokin on my big fat cock
Cos spare you, breaker 1-9, what's ya handle?
Cos now I got the siggity-sock soup like Campbell's
and downnnnnnnnnnnnn

Chorus: (x8)

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