

Das EFX, Rappaz

Verse 1: Dray

I gotta suprise-uh, I is a bit wiser, oh yes I gets biz, G
I mention I sling the slang wit me and my man just like it's a frisbee
Ya flimsy, my thinga-majig is the illest, I throw it like Willis
Heiman, when I'm rhymin I'm makin the pape's like Simon
says ta, my stick it ta master, I still be the best-a
I figgity (fuck) the flame but in the sun, now time for Esther
So hi-ho I'm Silver, I'm makin the pape's when I kicks
the (shit) that'll make you muck when I lose his fleas, lice and his ticks
For the chicks, I be on my good foot, check it, that ass kicks
So yibbida yabber yoozy, (fuck) that floozy Suzy Chapstick
So here boy, here boy, come get some, it's Krazy
I'm swingin my Dukes of Hazard just like ???? on Daisy
I'm swayze

Hook (x8):

(*Rappaz just ain't what they used to be*)

Verse 2: Books

I hears ya snorin, you niggas is sleepin, nighty nighty
Lord almighty, I'm bringin it live G, see I be
rippin and flippin a tongue but some niggas don't seems to digs me
so I switch, B, like Billy Bigsby cos I'm the (shit), G
U hoo Dixie, they dribblin in they Timberlands
I criminal mix styles, oh I flow like adrenaline
Yikes man, the nigga is nice man so thinkin I lost it
but I hypin crews wit the bass then they crossed it
So hip hip hooray, wantin me while I do a
new way to school a new jay, you say
"Holy Shamrocks, the man rocks with no beat or ham hocks"
Oh yes-in, send the rest in, peace to grandpops

Hook (x8)

Verse 3: Dray

Well um, knock knock, who's that? Guess what? My crew's back
rippin the hip-hop, Penelope pitstop
Doin the bitin, the shit I be writin, you're givin me rabies
They oughta be usin my trims for sperm and makin babies
Hey ladies, I know A-B's, I'm makin CD's
I heard you was eatin your spinach kid, you better be eatin your Weeties
Comprendo, so let your friends know I'm losin my noodle
cos when it be time to doodle, I lose my scruples, ask my pupils
I'm the slippery slang slipper, quick tp rip a QB
Shooby dooby dooby, I do that new G
So you be Kool & The Gang and I puts my slang in
Hangin loosely, oh yes G, niggas be tryin to test me

Hook (x8)

Verse 4: Books

Hear ye, don't look any further G, see he here is
Still mic checkin (shit), still Dead Serious
Hello there, I didn't go nowhere, whatup with the static G?
I be damagin niggas' fronts like them creases in your cavity
For real though, jumpin jallopy's huh, I'm robbin that hockey huh
I drop these bumpy cos my style is knock-kneed
So me and my-a, I's flyer then the witches sweeper
Deep, as keep ya's drunk, jump into it like Aretha

I Boogie Bang bang the thang like a cramp style slant
Niggas be tryin to hang but they can't G
Will agains, I'm gettin elegant with the skill again
It don't mean a thang if I ain't got my philly friend

Hook (x8)