

Kid Capri, You Know My Style

(Biz Markie)

Yo! Your moms so poor
she went in Kentucky Fried Chicken and licked everybody else's fingers

(Kid Capri)

Yo Biz man you know that ain't my style

(Biz Markie)

Tchk, yo man what IS your style Capri?

(Kid Capri)

You know my style..

Give me the mic, Lords of Funk is in full flight
I keep you goin and flowin, all day and night
So lets proceed with the sounds that you really need
The Kid is funky and my DJ got a lot of speed
Silver D and Money Mark, is blowin up
Don't think we won't be at a battle cause we're showin up
And if you ever try to diss you're gonna get stomped
I'm gonna make it plain and simple - there's no COMP!
Yeah I said it, so whatcha gonna do about it?
The Kid Capri is super dope, I just gotta shout it
The Lords of Funk will rock a party for a while
Now I can tell you that, but you know my style
You know my style..

Now my country 'tis of thee, let me tell you what it means to me
I really love it when them crowds scream for me
It gets me hyped, makes me wanna rock right
From tonight, all the way until tomorrow night
You know the flavor, so now, do me a favor
Please respond to the sounds Kid Capri gave ya
I worked hard, to do what I do for people
I'm not conceited, cause everybody is my equal
I had a problem, with suckers, that tried to diss
I overlooked 'em but they still wanted to persist
I had to blow up, and blow up on 'em very large
Cause chaos, and war, and sabotage
They made me mad, even though they didn't harm me
They stepped off when I went, and got my army
Money Mark, Silver D, and Troopa Love
Poppa Duke chillin with, the man above
You couldn't diss me, no matter, how much you paid
You made the record, but I'm the one that gets it played
Red Alert, he's blazin on my radio
And I'm the man, that's blazin in your auto
I go cameo, you think that youse a super hoe?
You get sprayed, and played like a afro
So go ahead Hobbes, I make fingers pop
And you could never, get what the Kid Capri got
Before I blow up, my man you better show up
Cause once I'm finished with you, you're gonna throw up
I get respect, I teach 'em, and then correct
You're out of order out of style like a mock neck
I'm gettin papers, while you suck Now or Laters
I wear a silk Guess denim, and alligators
So go ahead chump, I'm not the one son
I grab the mic and wax that booty like a shotgun
I'm not frontin, or fakin, or 'fessin to ya
I'm Kid Capri, so let that be a lesson to ya!

Punk, you know my style

Don't ever try to front kid, cause you know my style

On the down low, you know my style

Oh man there go my main man Spud Luva for the Troopa Love crew
He got it goin on
There go Shabar, she she got a little flavor right there
Money Mark, Silver D, Lords of Funk, Kool V in the house
Knahmsayin, pushin Kid Capri
My main man the brother (?) BIZZZZZZZZ Markie
My man Kool V in the house
That's my man Grand Daddy I.U.
Knahmsayin, Diamond Shell, Dapper Jay, they got it goin on
My main man the Chief Rockin Starchild
He in the house, he got it goin on
My man the world famous BUSSSSSSSY Bee
He kickin flavor, yknahmsayin?
Everybody doin this for the do
Puttin flavor where it's supposed to be
The Kid Capri is outta here like last year
And I'm gone, SEE YA!
Cause you know my style
You know my style.. uhh! C'mon.. woo!
Cause you know my style.. {*echoes to fade*}