Rampage, Beware Of The Rampsack

Verse One:

I can fall from a building and fall from the sky Make a rapper wanna know why, who's the fall guy? A lot of people wanted to know, what I was comin with The buzz was that the Boy Scout was the shit Now I got to maintain in my rapper brain Put a rapper rapper to shame, what's my effin name? The Boy Scout, Rampage, still makes the hits Straight from the Dungeon Shack with the rugged Don't even hold me back my brain it start to work I make, others do the dirt, because the Boy Scout, is the expert I'm rated six from the new school ford, I'm the microphone lord Don't cock block me, and put it on record Cause you would get gunned down, in a blood bath Niggaz don't know the half, the Boy Scout got a craft Death to all, I'm havin a ball, watchin motherf**kers fall That's the way it is when ya bounce the ball Nuthin but the dog in me, I'm smokin niggaz like a chimney Me and the Boy Scouts with the remedy Pull up a chair it's a world premier, I'm about to bring it here Just like 2 Black Guyz great, and I'm swift I be the dope nigga for the nine-four And I'm kickin down doors, score with a metaphor With my knapsack raps and my funky fly tracks Beware of the rampsack

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Verse Two:

I'm comin Off the Wall like my name was Michael Jackson New attraction, I'm showin brothers I got action Step to the Ramp the Boy Scout is here in nine-four Wack rappers hit the floor I know there's been competition, Ramp and Alge's on a mission Plus we got crazy ambition Now I walk around girls wanna say hi to me Cause I'm rollin with Busta and the New School society Some wanna see me cause I'm on another level Skippedy-dippedy-whip and showin brothers I'm the rebel Now I'm on the dash that's gonna last, I'm only fast Whippin a rapper f**kin ass He didn't get enough of the Boy Scout stuff That's why he got stuffed, plus his heart pump Cocoa Puffs With my knapsack raps and my funky fly tracks Beware of the rampsack

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Verse Three:

Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of an englishmon Straight from Brooklyn, Crooklyn Where I rest, as I'm puttin two to your chest The Boy Scout man is takin no arrests Rappers try to hold me about a buck and some change Now I'm goin midrange, wreckin my brains Some wanna bite my name just to get fame
You know that f**kin game, yo Bin toss em in the flame
Like the infrared, of the words that I said
Killin rapper niggaz dead, and I'm goin straigh to the head
Another bad creation, ramp is on station
I got my foul MC, to build a bigger nation
I'm droppin hard just like your girl on the Kotex
Like Funkmaster Flex on my brain it's like Memorex
With my knapsack raps and my funky fly tracks
Beware of the rampsack

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