

Spooks, They don't now

Yeah come on chumps, y'all ain't girl
We pretty, we hit hard, we takin' over the world!!

[Chorus]

Reminiesce, we takin' you back to your school days
Hand us the mic and we flip it fifty million ways
"They don't know"
Sloppy with your flows, you bore me at your shows
Whack clothes and pitiful karaoke demos
"They don't know"

[???

Aight, you caught me stalkin', studios and stages
Chasin' the outrageous
Ecstatic sensations, I'm tragic trapped inside the pages
Of melodramatic rages to dark to mention
Over the fact most of these cats lack comprehension
In other words: They Don't Know
I see 'em cringin' when Spooks mediate
To penetrate the next dimension
Ming rhymin' and singin' it, Spooks climbin' and bringin' it
This black light'll swallow your shine from diamond ringin' it
How many times must I remind? The Spooks is killin' shit
We on some thrillin' shit, nothin' but hits on my disc
And I am witness to this, lyrical fitness and rip
You still don't know, so you'll be frantic as we hijack the planet

[Mr. Booka-T]

They Don't Know
We expose flows like no clothes and blow
Chest full a holes with (???)
I spit stormshadow and tomes that's reminiscent of monks
Blowin' up lungs with C4 laced in bones
You mentally tour my rhyme book is covered in thorns
"Some givin' a fuck" Some fuckin' hip hop like porn
Booka-T testin' mc, a dumb mc, I said who's the best mc
You said "Young MC"
Let me guess, you started rockin' hip hop in '88
"Naw naw man, it was like, it was like 19-" Nigga too late!
I'm smackin' up cats to back slap crack in my hand
Bitch blood bouncin' off of your dome and splatter your van

[Chorus]

Remineisce, we takin' you back to your school days
Hand us the mic and we flip it fifty million ways
"They don't know"
Open up your mind and you'll find The Spooks in it
Experimentally sick, pusin' the limits
"They don't know" (They don't know!)

[Ming Xia] (sung)

Shoppin' for a deal with persistance
Initially label heads were like "What is this?"
It won't get y'all from original to different
Conceptual hip hop will be resistant
The pendulum will swing back again
Pass accept, now follow the trend
Hard to believe, but easy to pretend
Revolution (Revolution!) is why we began
They don't know (They don't know)

[J.D.]

Too many soft niggas stress, try your best to same some hip shit
Get caught up in these lyrics with me, you get your wig split
You tired of me? Try me, can't even stand beside me
I be havin' people you study big up and high five me
Forty million one thousand nine hundred and sixty two
I'm irresistable, unpredictable and so is my crew
Never accidental, everything I do is intentional
Joe Davis, premeditated, creative and unconventional

A lot of truth seekers are people peepin' for secrets
Some assembly tryin' to find my Safe House
And I got beef with everyone of you wannabe's
Tryin' to infiltrate my company
You swear you know the business but actually you don't know nothin'
[Water Water]
Ah ah ah, ah ah ah ah (Who dat?!)
It's the killer, ha ha ha (What?!)
Niggas don't hate me cause I'm fly (Come on!)
I'm the one bankin' on driveby's (Yeah!)
I keep pleasure packed in my clever raps
Once I sever the track, I'ma live inside a cheddar stack
I don't stutter once my tome shudder
And I become the bone crusher, I scream on my own mother
What a pimp, I roll with the gangsta limp
In the cut, drinkin' wine, eatin' shrimp
Yeah come on chump, y'all ain't girl
We pretty, we hit hard, we takin' over the world!
[Chorus]
Remineisce, we takin' you back to your school days
Hand us the mic and we flip it fifty million ways
"They don't know"
We can see us niggas, my crew is causin' you fear
Spooks takin' it there, industry ain't prepared
"They don't know"