

# Afu-Ra, Prankster

Back in the days, I never snatched pocket books  
I just snatch your mind up with the flow and the hook  
That's right, be on alert, comin' faster  
Corny MC's, body snatcher with the rapture  
Dismember your body like I was a raptor  
Pluck your eyes out, so you can't see my laughter  
Don't care how many gold and platinum plaques you got  
I put my foot in your ass up in the spot  
A beast break necks, that's right, you couldn't sit through  
I'm bone crushin' on the mic like a Pitbull  
Foamin' at the mouth, ferocious to start again  
Rockin' hard body cardigan with the Timberlands  
PF drop the beat, Afu drop the grammar  
Was swift with the gift, old school like cold bangers  
The five mic slangin', head bangin', chitty, chitty bang bangin'  
Name your whole rap crew like I'm gang bangin'  
You ain't no gangsta rapper, you're an amateur  
I seen you back in the days, they used to laugh at you  
You ain't no gangsta, nigga, you just a poser  
I grab the mic and do it like it's supposed to  
You ain't no gangsta, nigga, you just a wanksta  
I schooled you back in the days, you just a prankster  
You ain't no gangsta, rapper, you're an amateur  
I saw you back in the days, they used to laugh at you  
Am I brother's keeper? Don't get swept beneath the rug  
Stomp these posers out like they water bugs  
Tired of these rappers with these ice mugs  
Claimin' that they spitting slugs but they spitting duds  
Tired of these fake thugs, that's lighter than feathers  
With all that nonsense, they puttin' together, screamin', "Murder, murder"  
I thought they would of learned from Biggie and 2Pac  
That you can bring to life, what you spittin' in your art  
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I schooled you back in the days, you just a prankster  
You ain't no gangsta, rapper, you're an amateur  
I saw you back in the days, they used to laugh at ya  
It's Mr. Spectacular, tacular  
'Bout to swat that ass out the sky like he gammara  
The flex of ego on your little pedestals  
In front of your people, now what you wanna do?  
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I saw you back in the days, they used to laugh at you  
You can't stop this hard rock, rock, ready to rock this  
I got lyrical ability to bring you hot shit  
I swat so many cats, it's rainin' birds  
'Cause I'm cold as ice, forget the ice in ya watch, kid  
Spit more flames than the back of a rocket  
Mic check, one, two, linin' up my targets  
I be the mad man in front of the cam  
That be stealin' ya fans, yup, up on the red carpet  
Make more connections than Nextel, ring the bell  
My first connection, make you fuckin' lips swell  
Make more noise than a terrorist attack  
I'm dangerous like anthrax, my voice burn up the wax  
Against the way, I put myself up on the map  
I'm a dope MC, I put the squeeze on the dope tracks  
Body care free on the dope tracks  
A hundred 'round banana clip, leave you where you at

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