

Busta Rhymes, Sound Of The Zeekers

Verse 1: crackerjacks

I got the adibles
De-deing-zak-zeek-zo goods to eat
What to the manilla on your paper
It's the rattle with the crackerjack caper
Now who's said that I was all for my own
Not did a flesson-flit to brontosaurus on
Here goes the edible eats cos I eat sweets
Not stakes summits I got styles
Styles!
Get it honney tell inning to winning
Run miles and miles to the speaker
Super-propelicker it's the sound of the zeekers

Oh!

Verse 2: gollie g

Gollie g bumblebee ring around the rosie
A quacka full of hosie the hip hop scooby doo why
Whatch the jar drop let the sunset stop
Bang!
Was my friend to the end
Chukie was a lucky so here's your end friend
I sets the show ain't brocoli and rice
The newer to the new not the old spice
Mind over matter it's got a true-school-blue
Betty cracker made it better
Poindex the flex to track by busta
With a little bit of sore from the crackerjack store
Still at will
For field up the skill for the jill by the jack
Misguided mojo swing low string
Sing along as I bring along with the song
Sedated by the maid, meenie mi mo
Yo, gotta go, gotta gotta go so!
On and off but the ending yet stick around
Cos the zeeko gots the sound

Chorus 1:

Jeepers, creepers, it's the sound of the zeekers x2

Verse 3: sha-now

Neverlettheysaid I like a tracks
Leaders of the new school want the first path
Flow with this groovy track
Welcome to sound of the zeekers
Just not get trap taste this lyrical bliss
To the brain sha-now here there's no shame
In my game let me be your remedy man
I can hit your ears with the words that I share
So
Taste this feel forenow I made the grave
A rumpely sound that you have to obey
Sha-now in tropical later or here on the scene
Sounds of the zeekers just not a dream

Verse 4: rumpletikin

I'm drizzy on may I'm be on the ill tate
I'm simply teaching I representing tripulate
Down the negative add the positive
Pass me why that's my polarity
I just ghetto, look ghetto, came from the ghetto
But now I got elevel with the flow
I riding from the bottom go straight to the top

When I'm only in graping on the hip hop pop
I'm crossing the line heading for the border
Feel a quite thirsty, need a cup of water
Toilet in grandplans they like sub treplets
90's are the year of the rumpeltiskinz
Take it all witches in throw'em in ditches
If you front to this you just kit stitches
Down with the rumpeltil and I love the redskinz
Should I begin trancept by friends
Geronimo not the animal I dance canibal

On the dance floor I willing and able to freak
Any zeek and I'm out

Verse 5: kallie weed
Now this is kallie weed pum the version

But then it's want to me want to no understand (bow, bow!)
And when me come about it dance me understand lumpting (bow, bow!)
It want to the move now is I'm moving on bottom (bow, bow!)
De inna de dance with lons (bow, bow!)
Then bu-bum you janord and northeast (bow, bow!)
North east south and west everybody move unploress (bow, bow!)
Inna de 90's hit aye aye (aye aye, aye aye)

Chorus 2:
Fim fi fo fum, let all the zeekers in the dance
Fim fi fo fum, charlie brown make the dance around

Verse 6: charlie brown
Zipiddy dooh doh zipeddy dah, ow!
That's only one charlie brown zeeker of the speaker
Much getting louder lunchtime all out with the chines
(peanut's teacher speaking) ow!
Crackerjacks taking your back
Ainer like a track now relatereact
Come in to flow, come in to flow
Better vacation never the less kick pick stick
Jump the pump grass, noooooow
No bizz like showbizz, brown there is!
Babble vibrate the ground got speakers
Ow, ow, zeekers!

Verse 7: dinco d
L - o - n - s!
Zeeker with zest zen jive as crazy
Minds combine elevating the maze
Of a cartible character scripture of a picture
Picture mister d - l - n - c - o!
Be a fool but speaker with average
Ever number one but ain't not it's rattle game
So I zone and zones of I been
A special with sounds so ill I be witness
See like zack the lego maniac
You ask what's that? I said bring it back

Verse 8: cut-monitor milo
I got short dreadlocks and right pad seekers!
Illing on this track call sound of the zeekers!
Before I cut low miss this go-ne
Doing all the merger a fiss in a bledger
See I don't ride wolves cos I know be faking
Don't eat bacon cos that's for saking
My heavy-digits stay ultra maked

No need to play hot cos I can't be frozen
Just take this as a mailpress token
How many pennies do you need to laces?
How do you know when you have a six cents
Peem peem peem! it's the sound of my beeper
And the name of this track it's sound of the zeekers

Verse 9: busta rhymes

I love the feminine fats when they go (hah, hah)
To the hitty-bitty bust then show (hah, hah)
Babe babe doll, babe babe babe doll
Showing you busta rhymes will never fall
Everybody in the house have you zeeking make some noise
(aahhhh yeah yeah yeah!) people that we recoging
Beam back that sound from the blooming (hah, hah)
That beatiful sound I'm loving (hah, hah)
You find a move riding to the show bizz
Come to speak, what? in the lab of noizes
So back off your bats and your creatures
React sit back and listen to the sound of the zeekers!

Done!