

# Das EFX, Brooklyn To T-Neck

Intro/Chorus: (x4)

"The kids from Brooklyn to T-Neck" "Y'know I'm sayin'"  
"Brooklyn's prime time"

Verse One: Skoob, Dray

Now ain't this some old shit, I'm bringin it round the back like no  
question  
I'm swingin em with the cranes and I'm swayz like the Jetsons  
I wreck shit, I biggity-blast off, duke, I'm hectic  
Just look at the funk that I brung from the young and the restless  
Don't test this, I'm miggity-makin yens in Japan  
Diggity-don't give a fuck cos I rap like Saran or  
antipersperant, I riggity-roll my punctures like a speed stick  
I giggity-got the pops so kniggity-knock when you need it  
So freak it, I speak it, I giggity-gots ta bring it  
We're freakin a track for Jersey, yo Krazyie spring it

Speak of the devil, figgity-fuck the dumb shit, it's over  
soldier, I riggity-roll just like a bulldozer  
I'm kniggity-knockin butts and smokin blunts that's my slogan  
Check it, I wriggity-wreck more heads than Hulk Hogan  
No jokin, I be's the, um, best at how I'm speakin  
I riggity-rock a show and pack em in like Puerto Ricans  
I'm phat, I biggity-bang heads like Jerry Cooney  
I'm swingin the shit from West, pump her up to the booty  
Buster, I miggity-musta stunned ya, blunder  
You blewa, I speak it, I freak it, I'm super, so do a.....

Chorus (x4)

Verse Two: Skoob, Dray

Biggity-bang boomer, biggity-bust the lunatic rhymer  
I riggity-rings more bells than Flo from Mel's Diner  
I'm giggity-gettin props because of the rhymes that I be bustin  
I'm sorry about, the condoms, sugar, you must provide the suction, cuz  
I got more greenbacks than the land of the West got sea stacks  
Simplest, I'll call you Snaggle if you puss-sy gab, so  
Look at me flippin the tongue, bringin the fun, pass the Hoover  
I'm swingity-swingin the funk, bangin her trunks in Bermuda  
I dribbity-drop rungs, smoke blunts then drop my dipper  
I piggity-pass the miggity-microphone to my nigga

Hot damn, higgity-here I am, check it Mister  
I'm rippin the track to dreads or you're dead from my fists of  
fury, I biggity-be's the damn judge and jury  
I'm cliggity-clockin G's cos these chumps always bore me  
Yo baby, I drippity-drops nuff grammar  
I'm rippity-rippin shop wit my nigga Boogie Banger  
I got loot, I got knock boots to Argentina  
Ya stupid, I either wanna Benz or a beamer  
So take that, I'm piggity-puttin your pipe when I'm smokin  
Y'know kid, I ripped it for fun, no jokin, cos ya.....

Chorus (x4)

Verse Three: Skoob, Dray

Well I'll be damned, higgity-here I am, check the slang, hops  
I biggity-bump chicks wit them chicks from here to Bangkok  
You're Bedrock, now piggity-pass the blunt, sonny  
and let me piggity-pucker up and grab my nuts like Al Bundy

I glassed em, I grits em, I shiggity-shoots my jizzum  
I giigity-gots more loot than your tooth got the wisdom  
Believe dat, I'm criggity-crackin skulls when I'm rowdy  
I biggity-bang boots and hang loose like Jim Growlski  
I miggity-makes em rock like Mr.Gillespie makes em dizzy  
I piggity-pass the mic now, yo Krayzie get busy

Shit's thick, I'm quick to stick a chick wit my dick like a sniper  
Type o, fella that's hyper  
active, captive, plus I'm attractive  
Horse for the course, suck my drawers then I'm back, kid  
Styley, rowdy, then yo I'm audi  
5 wit my loot, got more troops than in Saudi  
Arabia, maybe I, marry me an actress  
Find her, phone her, bone her on the mattress  
Tasket, tisket, Polly wanna biscuit  
Figgity-fuck the cracker, I'm the rapper that rip it, cos yo.....

Chorus to fade