

Das EFX, Krazy Wit Da Books

Intro/Chorus:

Now ya got the Krazy, Krazy wit da Books
Yes yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all
Now ya got the Krazy, Krazy wit da Books
Yes yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all
Now ya got the Krazy, Krazy wit da Books
Yes yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all, yes y'all
Now ya got the Krazy, Krazy wit da Books
(Fire em up higher on some new rhyme flow)

Verse 1: Dray, Skoob

Well comin to school ya it's the hooligan, I'm in the mood again so watch
me do this
I'm out to do these rappers just like Popeye did Brutus
The super dooper trooper, oops I'm no beginner
So watch me get loose and run (shit) like Bill Skinner
I formulate my raps, perhaps you wanna kick it
There's niggas down my slack, yes I'm the baddest when I wreck it
See I'm nicer than the rest, I guess I gots ta prove it
Ya cruisin for a bruise if ya bite it when I use it
See I'm quick to shoot the giff, and if ya tryin ta stop it
I got mad skills like loose change in my pocket
I drop it from the East, at least I'm gettin mine in
Some niggas gettin jealous cos of the way that I be rhymin

Ooh, hello there, how the hell are ya? Sorry to keep you waitin
It's like nuttin when I'm throwin somethin rougher than menstruation
Crabs, I'm followed by a camp like John Cougar
Mellen, tell them punks I put a swellin, for the lords split'cha
I kick tails that tips scales on the rictor
I dip-dip-dob wit more drive than the Harlem River
Oh what the hell, I smoked a half a el then ????
Pick up my grip then spark the clip and get puffin see
It's back to basics if you're wacked then niggas hate we
got the knack to freak a track like I was printin in some nations
Boy, I'm slipper than soap-on-a-rope
I'm madder than the Mad Hatter and Yabber Dabber Dope and you can quote...

Chorus

Verse 2: Dray, Books

Well once again it's the spectacular, I checkin the back and ya (fuckin)
face it
Terrorisin MC's as if my name was Jason
I crash 'n' clash em, monster mash em til they suckle
I'm quick to switch up and kick ass like Mr. Jekyll
I bring it from the guts, my DJ got the cuts
The (shit) that I bringin got'cha swingin on my nuts
I'm not the typical lyrical guy that be a miracle
Drop the type of (shit) that make ya flip and get'cha swivacle
I'm nasty with the verbs, kid, I serve ya, rip the faucet
My raps they never collapse cos on the tracks, see I be bustin like
fireworks, I fire jerks scullin then I step
I'm back from hibernation and I'm ween to keep a rep

Give it a rest fool, straight balls of fire, boy I'm flyer than a cockpit
Hah I rocks (shit) and knock niggas out the blocks wit
Uncontrollable lyrical motions from my larynx
I'm slick, watch your tip cos my clique might slam ya next
like BOOYAA, no ya not true, don't mean illusion
Kickin a styles til '96, taking backs to the future

Plus I'm cool to fuck the brain, I drain a 40 for the belly
I'm aimin for the charts just like this was a game of scelli
Plus I'm sinkin ships, doin whatever makes the blow rock
My crew is givin nothin, stuffin chicks without the showtime
When I groove up put your dukes up or catch a oops-up
Sad ya sleazy heart cos this the piece beneath the steps, boy

Chorus to fade