

# Everlast, B-Boy Punk Rock 2001

Ha Ha  
Whitey Ford  
X-ecutioners Style

MC am I  
People call me "Ev";  
When I'm busting up the party hear my engine rev  
With high resolution in the late p.m.  
X-Men scratch this beat while I drop this gem  
Got tints on my window so you can't see in  
"Pack it up, pack it in"; baby once again  
Ain't no way to check me (check me)  
No way to wreck me (wreck me)  
When shit gets hectic if you disrespect me  
While you stare at my knife imma see my life  
On the top of the mall, kid can build me right  
You know it ain't right, but yo it's ok  
Cuz see  
This type of shit happens every day  
Cuz see  
This type of shit happens every day  
(X-Men.. Everlast)  
You know  
This type of shit happens every day

It go  
One for the thugs  
Two for the chickens  
Peckerwoods stats classic like Slim Pickins  
Cut the democrats and republicans  
Got all your cars bouncing like a bunch of mexicans  
Quarterrock style, I "Touch"; you like Tony  
You claim you keeping it real but still coming out phoney  
Just one MC and four DJs  
Give them six turntables and a mic to blaze  
Now imma set it like Run  
In the house of Fun  
I burn hotter than the heat that's made by sun  
Got a gun and a uzi  
But it weighs a ton  
It's B-Boy Punk Rock 2001  
It's B-Boy Punk Rock 2001  
(X-Men..Everlast)  
It's B-Boy Punk Rock 2001

The world keeps spinning  
X-Men keep winning  
X-Men keep winning  
X-Men keep winning  
It's B-Boy Punk Rock 2001  
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