

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
It's B-Boy Punk Rock 2001