

Kurious, What's the Real

KURIOUS: Woddy. Woody. uh huh! Ya don't stop!

(Chorus:)

CASUAL: What's the real, what's the real on the skills?

KURIOUS: What's the real, what's the real, what's the real?

CASUAL:

As long as I remember
I been rockin' shit since then
when. you wasn't in
I can get a trend, broken
cause too many people pay atten-tion
not extracting the proper com-pre-hen-sion
when one of those flows who chose to kick
I stomp
the new school ruler
is cooler than Bartles & James
I make you think
I make you blink
cause you wouldn't dare stare
when you pretend
to contend
with the, men
I put out my music to make fools get petrified
here's somethin' I bet ya tried
anylizing me
taking notes of every little movement and action
well, you're wiser, G
cause other rappas aint doin' that
so that makes you fresher than the rest of the weak, ones.

(Chorus:)

KURIOUS:

Kurious
Ginseng
Wheat Germ
break the butra beth
then I jet like Eastern
jaws in description
conniption ya suffer
uh, never was a booty buffer
hit it from the back, though
specially when the face look wack
you don't believe me
the man with the yellow hat'll tell ya
first I'll smell ya
if the whiff is fishy
reply is kinda iffy
if, ands, or buts
I'm sure to tear the guts
I'm trippin' on a Tab
so I'm clumsy like a clutz
struts is smooth
sorta like a pimp
ya call me King Jorge
cause I'm swift with the ink
which is drippin', off
the point of a felt
tip pen, I'm flippin' and I might leave a speed, not
I need not

the words of a sucka
I play the rice & beans & I'm out muthaffff...

(Chorus)

CASUAL:

Oh yeah!
here I go again to win
I got the ill phat shit
so watch me kill that shit
I kick styles, to tease
MCs you know me
I'll whip that ass so bad
you'll change your rhyme name to To-by
gimme ya new shit to jock
cause Casual had past you all
and I don't stop
cause I'm the phattest at this
to every bitch you clown
here's a big fat, dissss...

KURIOUS: So baby, baby, baby! (Ow, wow, ow), I wanna, get me off, ya

got to blow me, got to blow me
dumb motherphukk
ya don't know me from shit
so get familiar
illa, I be the monkey, constipated
gorilla, what's the real? unga-bunga!
I've brung the rhymes
sip wines on the Tundra
thunder because the lines equipped
no time to slip, cause I'm grippin'
the concrete street
and black & red Scottie Pippens
whth the funk in ya back trunk
let the spot get loose
Kurious, Hieroglyphics
we hangin' like a noose...

(Chorus)