

# 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)