

# Spooks, Spooks

chorus x 2

spooks is on some other script  
that's why you be lovin' it  
my crew that's the butter clique be glad you discovered it  
hip hop originals spook rock we runnin' this  
playin' in the club it hits radio be bumpin' it

j d

consensus these cats are forever flippin' hits  
but every time i turn around spooks got to prove this  
old hits to new hits next hits to crew hits  
you fuck with it poppin' that nonsense we true to this  
my alternator flow be flippin' radio we done that  
spooks still spit it for you thugs yeah we done that  
you want it then battle a spook we can't lose for god we fight  
suffice the plight with the might from piety rights  
plunge you with lice plead your plight spice for spite  
on judgement night with three strikes  
the wicked is right livin' in trife recite songs  
repent crimes it's pendulum time  
the comin' of christ for mankind

chorus x 2

hypno

most of these stupid mc's could never handle the steez  
spooks be bringin' when we singin' man y'all wing it and please  
i got the crucial chromosones to stimulate these microphones  
the hardware plus the software plus the hormones  
a prerequisite for wreckin' cliques keepin' it hectic  
phenobarbitol could never stall this wild epileptic style  
electric and mental spasmodic erotic  
type of flow that could only be described as hypnotic  
man it's a fact that i got it hemmed up and guaranteed  
mc's approach me but they gainin' in the cranial bleed  
you need to learn to read between the lines of coke dust and weed  
you're smokin' chokin' off the speed of illusion indeed

chorus x 2

water water

i speak the spookanese  
like abominable dominos crushin' crews with ease  
who never had the need or the beats the loser's theme  
oh what i'm always luke warm  
then put that group on and wham your necks under the yukon  
i crash the savage talkin' badly while livin' lavish  
put your cabbage on the block chop straight drop the hatchet  
now your head's rollin'  
put my fingers in your eyes and my thumb in your mouth  
and make up a new sport called head bowlin'  
oh is flow in it boy you're finished  
bite my script and i'll extort my percentage  
of your royalty not waitin' to disregard it's blatant  
when chhh chhh ahhh ahhh i sneak up like jason  
so got me when ya can't get it bitin' me's a grand mimic  
this is from popeye but even he gon' eat some bad spinach  
cause i'm forever spittin' for cheddar fixin's  
make clever kittens do the wop outside the reverend's mission

chorus x 2