

# Alright

Das EFX

Alright, alright, alright, alright  
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No doubt

Aha, see what you want baby?

Check it out! One-two for my peeps like this, check it out

To the, aah, tick tick, my clique is mad thick so don't slip (yeah)  
'Cause mad nigga's throats gettin' slit  
By the mister wit the heat ta burn ya til ya blister  
You punk bitch, when the funk hit, the tongue twister (yeah)  
It's the now I'm the maniac with the flow (what?)  
til I knock out your regulars and your gold teeth (nigga)  
Be doin' my thing on a day-to-day (ha ha)  
Some say I got too much posse like Flavor Flav  
Books in reverse, the worst nigga out the clique (what?)  
Ci-lo Satan when I hit you with the triple six  
Your shit be stressin' it's lessin', I'm flexin' with the adjectives  
Shittin' on emcees like I just took a laxative  
Now niggas know I gives a fuck about ya crew  
You try to keep up but got stuck like the two  
Between nevers and Atlantis, I kicks a frantic  
And goddamn it, watch me and my man rock the planet  
Like this, boy!

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Well uh, one-two, comin' through next  
Nigga Krazy Drayzie representin' Das EFX  
Stompin' wit my crew comin' through your projects  
Bring ya from the east so fuck the peace so if you spot us  
You do us a fave bip, you pull your piece and shot em (baa)  
You're makin' dollars overseas (uh), nigga please (uh)  
Squeeze these 'cause we're gettin' paid by the G's wit ease (word up)  
We're blowin' up your fuckin' spot (no doubt)  
'Cause when you're hot, you're hot and when you're not, you're not  
Now everybody be the nicest but Jesus Christ this  
It's a crisis, I kill em dead with my devices  
My advice is you better learn a trade  
Before you kick a rhyme and end up fuckin' gettin' sprayed  
I keep you open like you're fuckin' sessin' me  
You're just a pest of me, you'll never get the best of me  
'Cause justa me, the K-to-R-A-Z-Y  
Use to rock Fila, bettin' like I'm Eli  
With Houston your style in need of boostin'  
Your crew that need to stomp, no conk, you know you're losin'  
I put my dues in so you know it's only right  
I gots ta hold it down so all my niggas hold tight (hold tight nigga)

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To the, aah, boom bang, my slang is mad thick  
My rappin' antics'll keep 'em runnin' fran-tic  
The shit the man kick'll make ya fuckin' ass sick  
I bring you from the pit and never quit 'cause it's the Krazy  
Poppin' all this shit 'cause his rhymers don't amaze me  
It pays me to rock it so why not I stop it  
I make it by the bucket so fuck it, I stock it  
It's just for safe keepin' so when I'm sleepin' I sleep safe  
I'm comin' with my Timbs in ya face (motherfucker)  
Back in the place I'm gettin' stupid in ya sector  
I be the Krazy Drayzie, nigga check the way I wreck  
Fuckin' flow to final, mother fuck the title  
My nigga DJ Dice is on the vinyl (motherfucker)  
That's my recital, kid I flipped it til the end  
I bring it from the sewer , here my nigga come again

The Books in reverse kicks a verse  
I'm takin' it to ya face, I'm iggity on the case I pursuit  
To stomp an MC like grapes and then scrape em with the boot  
I bring swing to the ring like Luke Doover  
Diggity-got land like a cruiser, Pop Duke he rip a cougar  
For pages, I kick it raw til my jaw caves in  
Amazin' and plus off-beat like caucasians  
Me get done? Never son, I hold it down for 7-1-A  
Where niggas fuck around and where niggas lay  
Ain't nuttin' slim, I got game like Tim Hardaway  
Fouls like the proudest so I'm labbin in RCA  
Aw shit, I got you buggin', flippin' that shit that you lovin'  
Plus I got another back in the oven  
Some heard the style and then construction on it  
But they just touching on it, bitch ass niggas ain't got nuttin' for it  
C'mon, broke my blocks or I'll blow ya spot  
I rock like that bald-headed nigga on Fox  
(So how we do?) No shorts from niggas or they fuckin' girl and (what you got  
?)  
More styles than the last got served (no doubt)  
So if you wit me and you're higher than a hippie, hold tight  
'Cause everything gon' be aight! (No doubt)

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