

# East Coast

Das EFX

Intro/Chorus:

"Now I'm gonna show you how the East Coast rocks" > KRS One

"Baby baby baby baby clap to this"

"It's like that y'all you don't stop"

\*repeat x2\*

"Now I'm gonna show you how the East Coast rocks"

"??? are jumpin out of shoes and socks"

Verse One: Dray Books

Higgity hey hun check out the way I friggity freak the track umm

I diggity do ray me fah so nigga me go like that umm

wit the Books, iggity-oops, I get more poopcrocks for jingle

I giggity-gots the rhymes like ??? ??? got the wrinkle

Check the real wild, my ill style gets worked out like Bundy

I piggity-pack the skits, so save the shit, I'll take you \*?mundy?\*

Yes it's I, the yippity zippity bad boy with papers

I higgity-hump and rump cos I'm rough like sandpaper

So pucker up and whistle, I blast just like a pistol

and sharp like a thumbtack and kick like ninjitsu

I sling raps for hand claps and toe taps, I'm bound, silly creep

I leave a rapper with a single bound

Yes I rips up the West, I'm the best, I'm no jokin

I run up shit creek and freak the backstroke

So Books freak it, provide the funk alligator

Yo I'm out but "I'LL BE BACK" like Schwarzenegger

Wiggity-wait a minute, giggity-guess who, well it's, umm, me

The bumble B boogity woogity book the loopy

double O-K-iggity S, I'm slick

I giggity-got more stiggity-styles than Moby got Dick

Aw shit, I'm swingin it from the East Coast, sure

I don't surf, but got more props than Pop Smurf

Who? Me, yep, look at the way I'm slingin it to ya poppy

I riggity rock the crowd at the Grand Ole Opi

But when speakin upon myself, I stays private like Benjamin

Honey, I'll knock the boots and if you're tough I'll knock the

Timberland's

Ooooooh, miggity-major Rolex and tick tock

I'm runnin my tongue with the quickness now I'm back like Alfred

Hitchcock

I'm shod-dy, I'm swingin it like a San Diego Padre

Brooklyn's in the house so motherfuck \*?we go swavy?\*

I don't need to diss ya but excuse me Mister

I'm sinkin ya battleships just ask Professor or the Skipper

and downnnnnnnnn

Chorus

Interlude: (\*Das EFX giving shoutouts to other East Coast rappers\*)

Verse Two: Dray, Books

Yo I'm back, black, heavens-to-Betsy, time to get deuce

I take a bite outta crime, wash it down with some juice

I'm not the new kids, but I'm knockin blocks off, sonny

Yep I rock like the Stones cos I'm rollin in the money

So diggity-ask about, I know you digs me like a shovel

I kick straps for sport cos I'm short like Barney Rubble

Check the slang, boogity-bang, umm, I goes berserk

when I flex like Popeye, I fight like Cap' Kirk

So bozo, I'm knockin em out the box by the pair-em

High strung, my tongue got moves like Fred Astaire

Tally racker, I'm dapper, the rootin tootin rapper

I diggity-drops the funk so you can call me yippity-yapper  
The slippery slick sister, stiggity-start the grammar  
I'm comin like the Red Coats to toast an MC Hammer  
So jumpin jahosa, that's yesiree  
The Books-in-reverse kicks a verse.....  
.....like, aah, BBD  
I whips it, I smacks it, I flips it  
with slick shit, when shit hits the fan, man, I slaps lips  
like lipstick, I'm harder than a hard-on, never tend up like fiddles  
I bust foots for kicks, eat up Trix and some Skittles  
then I'll giggle, hee-hee-ha  
Higgity-Hallelujah to-to-dabber-day I'll do ya  
I'm the baddest, got more fans than Red Jarvis makes a cowboy  
I skip, flip back to Dallas  
He's the Don, have you seen my grey poupon?  
Bust this, we roll more spliffs than Cheech and Chong  
We can do this, I kiggity-can't lose like Martha Lewis  
Get the picture? I rock upon misfa if I was you-is  
Goddamn, I'm sittin on the bay by the dock  
Smokin, strokin on my big fat cock  
Cos spare you, breaker 1-9, what's ya handle?  
Cos now I got the siggity-sock soup like Campbell's  
and downnnnnnnnnnnnnnn  
Chorus: (x8)  
"Now I'm gonna show you how the East Coast rocks" ---> KRS-One  
"Baby, baby, baby, baby, clap to this"  
"It's like that y'all, you don't stop"