

Host Wit Da Most (RAPPAZ REMIX)

Das EFX

Intro/Chorus:

Yo it's the host wit da most kid
Comin from the East Coast
Yo it's the host wit da most kid
Comin from the East Coast
Yeah it's the host wit da most kid
Comin from the East Coast
Word bond it's the host wit da most kid
Yeah comin from the East Coast

Verse 1: Dray

Well I'm suprised open your eyes because it's me G
I mention I sling the slang wit me and my man just like it's a frisbee
Ya flimsy, my thinga-majig is the illest, I throw it like Willis
Heiman, when I'm rhymin I'm makin the pape's like Simon
says ta, my stick it ta master, I still be the best-a
I figgity [fuck] the flame but in the sun, now time for Esther
So hi-ho I'm Silver, I'm makin the pape's when I kicks
the [shit] that'll make you muck when I lose his fleas, lice and his ticks
For the chicks, I be on my good foot, you get that ass kicked
So yibbida yabber yoozy, [fuck] that floozy Suzy Chapstick
So here boy, here boy, come get some, it's Krazy
I'm swingin my Dukes of Hazard just like ??? on Daisy
I'm swayze

Chorus

Verse 2: Books

Aiyo well here's the story, niggas is sleepin, nighty nighty
Lord almighty, I'm bringin it live G, see I be
flippin and rippin a tongue but some niggas don't seems to digs me
so I switch, B, like Billy Bigsby cos I'm the [shit], G
U hoo Dixie, they dribblin in they Timberlands
I criminal mix styles, oh I flow like adrenaline
Yikes man, the nigga is nice man so thinkin I lost it
but I be icin crews wit the flakes til they frosted
So hip hip hooray, wantin me while I do a
new way to school a new jay, you say
"Holy Shamrocks, the man rocks with no beef or ham hocks"
Oh yes-in, send the rest in, peace to grandpops

Chorus

Verse 3: Dray

Well um, knock knock, who's that? Guess what? My crew's back
rippin the hip-hop, Penelope pitstop
Doin the bitin, the shit I be writin, you're givin me rabies
They oughta be usin my terms for sperm and makin babies
Hey ladies, I know my A-B's, I'm makin CD's
I heard you was eatin your spinach boy, you better be eatin your Weeties
Comprendo, so let your friends know I'm losin my noodle
cos when it be time to doodle, I lose my scruples, ask my pupils
I'm the slippery slang slipper, quick to clip a QB

Shooby dooby dooby, I do that new G
So you be Kool & The Gang and I puts my slang in
Hangin loosely, oh yes G, niggas be wantin to test me

Chorus

Verse 4: Books

Hear ye, hear ye, don't look any further G, see he here is
Still mic checkin [shit], still Dead Serious
Hello there, I didn't go nowhere, whatup with the static G?
I be damagin niggas' fronts like them creases in your cavity
For real though, jumpin jallopy's, I'm rougher than hockey
I drop these bumpy cos my style is knock-kneed
So me and my-a, I'm flyer than the witches sweeper
Jeepers, keep ya jump, jump into it like Aretha
I Boogie Bang bang the thang like a cramp style slant
Niggas be tryin to hang but they can't G
Will agains, I'm gettin elegant with the skill again
It don't mean a thang if I ain't got my philly, kid

Chorus (x2)