

Crumbs to the floor
Bums off the wall
Stage lamb they're sure I hate ya all
like a real brawl
One to the two, two to the are
E to S-E baby pall
Doin my thing with my peeps

I bounce around the city like I was a personal check, see
I'm only runnin with niggaz catchin, dayroom wreck be
Keepin it real with appeal I gets filthy like I'm dirty
Straight up and down you'll say that them the niggaz seven thirty
What nah, bumba claat babble like you got to say
Neither one no got jack, then me not come to play
So move it away I say before you can't move it away
Black Sheep, aight? Black Sheep, aiyyyy!
Iiiii, oweee, who? You so
I'm rockin it on the regular I pick it up like a fro
and your radio's fly when the Sheep's on the dial
YOu flaunt it and freak it and flip it, freely with style
On top of the pile, funky laundry, for Ron G
Crazy shout out to papi pop, and Kanji
Keepin it tight making it right since I left
Though it was never wrong, don't hate me cause I'm def
I'm just

Bubblin brown sugar (4x)

Plop, plop... fizz fizz, oh what a relief it is
To be the epitome of an MC, gettin biz-E
after are, are after D
S at the end yes y'all it's me
No need to doubt it, New York's got my loyalty
Boogie down astoundin sound representin royalty
Oop-a-daisy maybe, opps-a-daisy
Boots upside the head of niggaz who played D
Emblamin like fluid I'm keepin bullets like you threw it
Tip-top, hip-hop, Black Sheep, new shit
The brown bubblin down to rip it on the double
and it's been three joints everybody thinks we're smugglin
Ahem ahem, yeash well you know me
I put dope inside your vinyls, cassettes, and CD's
A shoe-in when I kick it in the Bronx like Danny Branko
My flows dodge trucks when I pickup like a Bronco

Bubblin brown sugar (4x)

Yo, I save the drama for my mama comma for your comedy
With a condom for your momma when she's up on top of me
I call it jealousy and you can call me hoe
Cause I was hittin bahbazahsn that you're never gonna know
Alls well, that ends well, here's to welfare
And friends that confront, and lovers that care
I get down Uptown from dawn to dusk be
Takin the whoopin streets like I was Billy McCluskie
Fuck retro, nineties in Harlem you'll get wet bro
Get low, or you might need assistance from your head hoe

Dolo wreakin havoc on your phono the igniter
I'm smokin cheeba sonny, I run with street fighters
And I'm not hearin your noise fearin your boys playin with toys
I'm crashin with a passion trashin and smashin decoys
Bright lights in action, yours you'll beg my pardon
Cause you can't be a Harlem player unless you play in Harlem