

Gimme Dat Microphone

Das EFX

[Books] Gimme gimme dat microphone

"One wrecks the other destroys" > Erick Sermon (repeat 2X)

repeat all 4X

Oahh kay oahh kay; as we go and do it do it like this

It's like this and you don't stop

Word is bond when we kick

So I'ma get on and swing it somethin like this

Verse One: Books Drayz

You punk niggaz gel up when I swell up spark the el up

By the way troop oops I feel a new style developing

So safety stellar, I'm not the Baby Bubba on the level

I crush shins, the roughest hardrocks to Fruity Pebbles

Well nigga, boo hops, you know my crew rocks, who wanna test me?

I'm next G, heavens to Betsy, I sting like Pepsi

or Coca, Cola-swola, niggaz higher

when I fly up these niggaz bitch-ups, but y'all can dry up

I be the jibber-jabber, quick to make a nigga stagger

like some rocka, Blanka, I bake that ass like Betty Crocker, mamma

You need to stop in-filling your pockets off that pop *shit*

Ai yi yi my dreads, I think I'm toxic

Well yo I'm cuckoo but not for Cocoa, some say I'm loco

Fuck around and catch a cap like Mary Buttafuoco

So you know, that I'ma follow you wit the drama

Slice em, dice em, and ice that ass like Jeffrey Dahmer

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Verse 2: Books, Dray

Tick tock, can I slide that cock up in your tummy dear?

I drop a ounce and then I bounce just like a Gummy Bear

Be kickin it like the rapper kicks the bucket dig it

Uhh, ah *shit*, now whatta I have to do to prove I'm rugged?

I wear my hair crazy like them niggaz Red and Grady

Punks just serve up, clever like Alice, serve the Brady Bunch

I makes em wheeze up, cause when I ease up, I eat MC's up

I leave em on their backs layin flat with they knees up

Eureka, musta speak uhh, re-aversin person

No rehearsin I can flip it in reverse and

change em, rearrange em, supa-dupa

Faze em, daze em and blast that ass with diff'rent days-in

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Verse 3: Skoob, Dray

Well blow, me down, great Scott, I'm wilder than the rock

in the winter, man my 40 Timberlands hit the spot

His pops name is Alvin, my sister's name is Kitty

My rap was for fools like some silicon titties

HIYA, I kicked it and there it goes my *?an?* abuse

My style is a child like now it's fatter than Roseanne's

Well check how I'ma wreck it when I'm, droppin, this rhyme

Don't let me have to transform like Op-ti-mus Prime

Cause then I'ma have to flip the script and get dready

Run laps around your *faggot* crew like Mario Andretti

When I expand like spandex, my jam wrecks the Ampex

You better be on the way before I'm doin you and ya man next

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