

Pass It Off

Shyheim

Yeah!!

Pass it off I wanna flip (I got the loaded clip)
Pass it off and move back (I'm reachin in my napsack)
Pass it off I wanna flip (Let me show you how)
Pass it off then buck for Staten Isle

My style is mad funky, gots to show the funk
Don't need a girl who be traps like a ho
Which means I'm baggin bitches, my rhymes is gettin fatter
I dropped a lyrical bomb, y'all seem to scatter
You talk and chit chatter, it really don't matter
I'm too cold to hold and badder than the Mad Hatter
I'm a basketcase like the man with the chainsaw
Underground sounds that I rip from the core
The superfly, funktastic, never took a loss
Cause I chose to burn competition like a torch
Got a short fuse, when I'm lit I'm outta touch
I take off, blow up just like a heat-seeking scud
Missile for bob-around suckas like a pistol
You beat me in a battle? Ha ha, now that's a riddle
I like to keep my style pumpin on the regular
I'm the man, takin calls like I'm on a cellular
I pack the rhymes like a tourist packs the luggage
On one hand I'm rough and on the other hand I'm rugged

Pass it off to the right so I can flip kid
Shorty wildstyle, not for that old ill shit
Wu-Tang slang I'm puttin in your brain
You don't want it, they don't want it, niggaz don't want it
Don't flex boy because my shit is real
I'm sendin chills through your body like my man Evander Holyfield (oooh)
Everyday is get rough out in my town
That's Staple-town
Every other day a body's found, yo
Got mad stacks, don't even move kid I'm strapped
Tez got mad stacks inside his napsack
Here's a warning, I gets my meth and my forty and gets lifted
And fly in the sky like Mike Jordan

Now here we go, I'm back for mo' check the flow
Up from the Down Low as I wreck the show
Cause niggaz is borin, ohh you got me yawnin
You come and go easy like a Sunday mornin
Pass the method, I wanna get blunted
That's how I knew Wu-Tang slang was what you wanted
So I brung it, pass the mic, watch me tongue it
Now you done it
Tried to flip then you fronted

Well I'm a bad little bastard how can you ask it
Many tried to flip and stick but got blasted
And dropkicked by a nigga that's mad sick and wicked
Got more skins than a click kid
A rebel that switch his level just like a devil
For those who rock heavy metal I bash you with a shovel
Cause me and my boys make noise up and down the block

I rocks and rocks get hot and blow up the spot
Cause my styles is buckwild and it shakes the ground
With a fat sound that funk like James Brown
I hope you listen cause I wasn't babblin no mission
A blank eye then run outta ammunition
On your ass real fast, no second thoughts you get blasted
So heed the words from the bad little bastard

[Chorus x2]