

(Bae B Face Kaos/Lee Majors)

Sometimes I get so wild

I blow up (POW)

Here I come now

Check out the new style

Oh my god child

Here comes the word dripper

Word to black tripper

Lyrical whipper slicker nigger

Case closed like a zipper

Ill flip ya with the style on the mic

From the arm at PM dawn

Next plan is hype

So I excite to hold tight

The underground sounds

Jus got off Jacobs ladder

(So wont you let me come down)

Let me come down Ill kill someone

With the gats son at least some men are in

Some say Im awesome

Jus like John I got the whole Single

-ton on your back

An its like that

So I drive girls crazy

Ask Mrs. Daisy

Jump up an praise me

Nobody can phase me

I amaze me cuz yo my

Tracks got the boomers

Kickin the shit that

Make ya back flip outcha bloomers

Ill murder him

Ill murder them

Put me on the track

For black Ill kill them

(Y-Tee/Big Light)

Rudeboy I sting and a badboy I shock

Inside the clip man qwe load up the glock

On shot tocks so we hafta bust shot

Start from the bottom make we rise to the top

(Bae-B-Face Kaos/Lee Majors)

I ROCK

Hip hop the best G

I snipe just like wesley

Crunch like nestle

Tell me whos the best G

Bush Babe bad man

Ill flip the rap

Got the hand on the gat

Plus Im on the attack

(Chorus 8X)

Pon de attack, it goes pon de attack

(Mr. Man)

Ya just cant stop

The rhymentically dreadified

Lyrically ill

Booger pickin

Butt scrathin

Heads a flyin, the illest

Or should I say

The most illified

Type of hyperactive

Lyricalmactical
Boombastically bonified
Hyper technical
Unforgattable
Crazy sweatable
Individual
Quick to put up a battle
Rowdy, rapper goes bazootey
Baggin up the goodies
The rough rasta bootey
Mr. man is attackin
Thats when I get conniving
So hold your freaking horses
The boss is arriving.
I gave a wussup like Martin
Chill kid Im startin
I beg your pardon
Got it locked like a warden
Applaudin cuz I got the illified flow
Ya know the flow
Yo Mr. Man steal the show
Hecka-hecka-heck yeah
Just cuz Im the lyrical master blaster
Capitol-rapitol M/R/M/A/N
So I rhyme faster than ya moms
Could make a batch of big brown booger snacks
When I Doodle-da-doot-doot-doot ATTACK.
(Chorus 8X)
(Y-Tee/Big Light)
Pon de attacka break a DJ offa his spot
But if a DJ wan fe disc jock fe come up on top

Pon de attack break a DJ offa his spot
But if a DJ wan fe disc jock fe come up on
No me says break a leg a leg an dis boy cant jump
Because fe line shoulda drop an rise to the top
An lissen a rudebwoy know yall cant stop
Buck a bust those shot a try they move dey ass
An but dem wrote dem
Cuz when dey can not
So nigga fling two thing
So bucks those shot
Some brand new tune
An put dey pon top
Because me rough, me tough
Me light, me black
Me charm, me thin
Me sting, me shot
Me quick, no false
Me rap, me track
Me leave em on top a dey roof an make dey cant come back
An if a DJ ever test a might to chop dem foot
Mic take one, two
An bombed on dey squad
An buck a real shot
When me tryfe on dey track
Buss some buss some
An me goes to have fun
An lissen to bush babbes cuz we run things hard too.
(Chorus 8X)