

# Busta Rhymes, Sound Of The Zeekers

Verse 1: crackerjacks

I got the adibles  
De-deing-zak-zeek-zo goods to eat  
What to the manilla on your paper  
It's the rattle with the crackerjack caper  
Now who's said that I was all for my own  
Not did a flesson-flit to brontosaurus on  
Here goes the adible eats cos I eat sweets  
Not stakes summits I got styles  
Styles!  
Get it honney tell inning to winning  
Run miles and miles to the speaker  
Super-propelicker it's the sound of the zeekers

Oh!

Verse 2: gollie g

Gollie g bumblebee ring around the rosie  
A quacka full of hosie the hip hop scooby doo why  
Whatch the jar drop let the sunset stop  
Bang!  
Was my friend to the end  
Chukie was a lucky so here's your end friend  
I sets the show ain't brocoli and rice  
The newer to the new not the old spice  
Mind over matter it's got a true-school-blue  
Betty cracker made it better  
Poindex the flex to track by busta  
With a little bit of sore from the crackerjack store  
Still at will  
For field up the skill for the jill by the jack  
Misguided mojo swing low string  
Sing along as I bring along with the song  
Sedated by the maid, meenie mi mo  
Yo, gotta go, gotta gotta go so!  
On and off but the ending yet stick around  
Cos the zeeko gots the sound

Chorus 1:

Jeepers, creepers, it's the sound of the zeekers x2

Verse 3: sha-now

Neverlettheysaid I like a tracks  
Leaders of the new school want the first path  
Flow with this groovy track  
Welcome to sound of the zeekers  
Just not get trap taste this lyrical bliss  
To the brain sha-now here there's no shame  
In my game let me be your remedy man  
I can hit your ears with the words that I share  
So  
Taste this feel forenow I made the grave  
A rumpely sound that you have to obey  
Sha-now in tropical later or here on the scene  
Sounds of the zeekers just not a dream

Verse 4: rumpletikin

I'm drizzy on may I'm be on the ill tate  
I'm simply teaching I representing tripulate  
Down the negative add the positive  
Pass me why that's my polarity  
I just ghetto, look ghetto, came from the ghetto  
But now I got elevel with the flow  
I riding from the bottom go straight to the top

When I'm only in graping on the hip hop pop  
I'm crossing the line heading for the border  
Feel a quite thirsty, need a cup of water  
Toilet in grandplans they like sub treplets  
90's are the year of the rumpeltlskinz  
Take it all witches in throw'em in ditches  
If you front to this you just kit stitches  
Down with the rumpeltil and I love the redskinz  
Should I begin trancept by friends  
Geronimo not the animal I dance canibal

On the dance floor I willing and able to freak  
Any zeek and I'm out

Verse 5: kallie weed  
Now this is kallie weed pum the version

But then it's want to me want to no understand (bow, bow!)  
And when me come about it dance me understand lumpting (bow, bow!)  
It want to the move now is I'm moving on bottom (bow, bow!)  
De inna de dance with lons (bow, bow!)  
Then bu-bum you janord and northeast (bow, bow!)  
North east south and west everybody move unploress (bow, bow!)  
Inna de 90's hit aye aye (aye aye, aye aye)

Chorus 2:  
Fim fi fo fum, let all the zeekers in the dance  
Fim fi fo fum, charlie brown make the dance around

Verse 6: charlie brown  
Zipiddy dooh doh zipeddy dah, ow!  
That's only one charlie brown zeeker of the speaker  
Much getting louder lunchtime all out with the chines  
(peanut's teacher speaking) ow!  
Crackerjacks taking your back  
Ainer like a track now relatereact  
Come in to flow, come in to flow  
Better vacation never the less kick pick stick  
Jump the pump grass, noooooow  
No bizz like showbizz, brown there is!  
Babble vibrate the ground got speakers  
Ow, ow, zeekers!

Verse 7: dinco d  
L - o - n - s!  
Zeeker with zest zen jive as crazy  
Minds combine elevating the maze  
Of a cartible character scripture of a picture  
Picture mister d - l - n - c - o!  
Be a fool but speaker with average  
Ever number one but ain't not it's rattle game  
So I zone and zones of I been  
A special with sounds so ill I be witness  
See like zack the lego maniac  
You ask what's that? I said bring it back

Verse 8: cut-monitor milo  
I got short dreadlocks and right pad seekers!  
Illing on this track call sound of the zeekers!  
Before I cut low miss this go-ne  
Doing all the merger a fiss in a bledger  
See I don't ride wolves cos I know be faking  
Don't eat bacon cos that's for saking  
My heavy-digits stay ultra maked

No need to play hot cos I can't be frozen  
Just take this as a mailpress token  
How many pennies do you need to laces?  
How do you know when you have a six cents  
Peem peem peem! it's the sound of my beeper  
And the name of this track it's sound of the zeekers

Verse 9: busta rhymes

I love the feminine fats when they go (hah, hah)  
To the hitty-bitty bust then show (hah, hah)  
Babe babe doll, babe babe babe doll  
Showing you busta rhymes will never fall  
Everybody in the house have you zeeking make some noise  
(aahhhh yeah yeah yeah!) people that we recoging  
Beam back that sound from the blooming (hah, hah)  
That beatiful sound I'm loving (hah, hah)  
You find a move riding to the show bizz  
Come to speak, what? in the lab of noizes  
So back off your bats and your creatures  
React sit back and listen to the sound of the zeekers!

Done!