

# Das EFX, Undaground Rappa

Yeah, 1-2 1-2

Ha, let you know how I do

Verse 1: Dray, Skoob

Holy smokes, cheerio chap, I'm makin toe taps so watch the birdie  
Now check it how I wreck it like a demolition derby  
wit the Books, oops tutz, I used to live on Bedford  
but now I rocks the microphone and chill like Robert Redford  
So bring it cos I can swing a kid like Reggie Jackson  
I got the backs 'n' bones but now I needs some action

Aiyo you can call me Plato because my style is in there  
and I'll dig in that anus, man, as if my name was 'swimwear'  
See I rock a hoodie sweater, more wood than Woody Pecker  
I twist it like an ankle, G, or maybe Chubby Checker  
In LA I hit the chronic, I'm super like the Sonics  
I jab you with the left and swing a hook without the phonics

Okey dokey, hocus pocus, I make the dopest MC call a timeout  
Cos yo I rip the shit out when it's time to throw my rhyme out  
I'm twisted, my flow'll make you dizzy like Gillespie  
If ya test me I rip and flip ya script and then I jet-sy

Yo I be rippin it like I get busy, I gymnastics when my raps gets  
I slams a punk like Jordan slams a dunk wit the basket  
Ballsy, I got ya all three ????? so  
Fuck it what you heard, you need to get with what you're hearin yo

Chorus:

Down down down down  
Make way for the undaground rappa  
Down down down down  
.....undaground rappa  
Down down down down  
Make way for the undaground rappa  
Down down down down  
(\*All I need is just a mic and a track\*)

Verse 2: Dray, Skoob

Aiyo, my crew is top notch, I smell like sasquatch, that's why I rip shop  
My crew be on the hustle plus we tighter than a zip lock  
I freaks it vice-versa or maybe versa-vice-a  
It really doesn't matter, kid, you're sleepin cos I'm nicer

I'm growin lime to a lemon to break inside your car  
See when I be on the block I'm like that nigga Agent R  
Cos when I talk, niggas listen, I rip til I drizz em  
Perhaps Jack, I make you wanna clap to the rhythm

Well yo, I'm wicked, not Jimminy Cricket or Davy Crockett  
Some niggas wanna rock it when they think that I'm block it  
wit my grammar, cos yo I am a super flower  
Ya best ta back the hell up when I swell up like a boa  
constrictor, cos yo I rip tha mic in half, G  
Even if I slowed up your couldn't pass me

Well hello there momma, you better be bringin the drama to a pause  
like a comma or I'ma have to drop you like some drawers  
So hey hey hey, you thought I was just another bat like JJ  
cos I be usin a \*?calender?\* stupider dishin nay-nays  
So what's the way I'm flippin like a double-header drinkin

I rolls two spliffs so now I guess I'm double jointed

Chorus

Verse 3: Dray, Skoob

I be the devious, mischevious kid believe-me-est  
Not the move to rip cos in a drip I freaks the sleaziest  
Rappa-tight funk, punk I be rippin  
Niggas know my name I got more game than Scottie Pippen

Yo I be kickin it to the optic, grins for-min when I'm knockin skins  
on niggas who be clockin ends, oh next I guess I rock a Benz  
But now I be em, niggas be like "Oh did ya see him?"  
I'm creepy, I'm kooky and plus I make you scream  
See I don't understand why niggas be wantin to do me  
You don't arouse me kid, you're softer than that Cosby kid Rudy  
Huxtable, I bust a fuse like turns on a drum pattern  
That one rings around that ass, G, like Saturn

Chorus