

# Rap Scholar (feat. Redman)

## Das EFX

Yeah, yeah, who it is son?  
It's the rap scholar here to make a dollar  
(Check it out)  
Try an' follow guaranteed to make ya holler  
Check it out, everybody, everybody Yeah, yeah  
It's the rap scholar here to make a dollar  
(Check it out)  
Try an' follow guaranteed to make ya holler  
Check it out Ayyo, my dogs hold heat control the whole street  
And when it's time to bust they don't get cold feet  
You know it's me 'cause some say the boat rocker  
Big Mac not the whopper peace to Big Poppa  
The show stopper, like Salt-N-Pepa, rhyme wrecka  
Friggidy front on this, I won't letcha  
I better catch ya, stiggidy straight out the blue  
Diggidy Das EFX, Redman, comin' through We biggidy bubblin', like some bubbly, lovely  
But what trouble be, findin' me, kid he cover me  
I represent my ground, so yo, what up now?  
Non-believers hatin', what the fuck now? Buck town kid, you can get struck down for that shit  
The mack spit, accurate, make your back split  
Sewer rats get a lotta, cheese like ricotta  
The three man team, the rap scholars New York, everybody, Cali, everybody, c'mon  
It's the rap scholar here to make a dollar  
Try an' follow guaranteed to make ya holler  
Check it out everybody, everybody  
D.C., everybody, overseas, everybody, c'mon  
It's the rap scholar here to make a dollar  
Try an' follow guaranteed to make ya holler  
Check it out Ayyo, it's the rap scholar, hot around the collar  
Pack a blaka-blaka, since I was a toddler  
Drama, the nine-seven nigga Madonna  
Reptile texture be the blood of an iguana Sick, dick about nine inch thick  
I make a fo'-twenty Benz-o look like a six  
First of the month I got the bundles for the wick  
My hands big as a catcher's mitt when I brick Sucker MC's who did not learn  
If you don't this time, from coast to coast  
I'm 'The Dark Ranger', call me Don Punanna  
So hot, my chewing gum flavor's enchiladas You can tell, I don't give a fuck  
Deliver the cold to the place that shiver the erictor  
Fuck you and the ship you came on  
While you sit around bitchin' I get my bangs on East coast, everybody, West coast, everybody,  
c'mon

It's the rap scholar here to make a dollar  
Try an' follow guaranteed to make ya holler  
Check it outUp North, everybody, down South, everybody, c'mon  
It's the rap scholar here to make a dollar  
Try an' follow guaranteed to make ya holler  
Check it outBiggidy-Bingo, bangle, bust how the slang go  
Change up the angle, now who wanna tango?  
Click-clack, get back, Dunn, let me rip that  
Spit that, flip that, shit to push your wig backYou showboatin', get your whole frame broken  
Found floatin', somewhere in Hoboken  
No jokin', jump out the Benz bubble  
Pull out the pound and bust a round in your huddleSpent a lot of ghetto days learnin' ghetto  
ways  
Learn the ins and outs of ghetto trades still searchin' for a better way  
Niggidy-never stress it though, keep it come and go  
Trust me if it's runnin' low, my mic still the gunner yoFacin' towards what's mine, so throw  
your hands in the air  
'Cause of the rhyme, auto-nine, up against your spine  
Blow your spot up, 'cause yo, I gotta get this ricotta  
The three man team, the rap scholarsNew York, everybody, Cali, everybody, c'mon  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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