

# FINAL SHOWDOWN

THE CHALK-COVERED STALKER  
**WHITE**

THE PRINCE OF PREPOSITIONS  
**DEPP**



## Round 1

Bow down to the dope rhyme sayer  
Mathematical player  
I'm shiny like the mayor  
I'm the Depp dragon slayer!

I'm a hip hop innovator  
Mathematics liquidator  
Snappin' like an alligator  
Larger than a super freighter  
You ain't heard no one greater  
Than this deadly rhyme creator  
Beatin' down this playerhater  
With my graphing calculator!

White got his hairstyle from C. Ray Nagin  
And he got all his rhymes from Nancy Reagan  
I gotta "just say no" when I hear his horn blowin'  
But my rhymes are so cold,  
he's gonna think that it's snowin'

Oh-White, what a sight  
What's he doin' trying to pick a fight?  
I'm gonna shut his eyes like it's night  
My rhymes are knockin' him left and right  
Watch me reach in my bag and pull out my best trick:  
I'm so bad I make medicine sick

## Round 2

When I stepped to Depp, he just broke down and cried  
He wanted to run, but had nowhere to hide  
Stuntin' like Mista Whizz-ite, you know how we ride  
Now throw up your M's, represent the Mathside!

My angle's acute; Mister Depp's just obtuse  
The stuff that he teaches lacks practical use  
He dissed the Mathside, now he's got no excuse  
I'm 'bout to be guilty of teacher abuse

D to the E to the double P  
I like my rhymes like I like my tea  
That's good and strong Mr. White -  
why don't you come over and see?  
The only one getting' it done here is me.

J-White's been struttin' around like he's the best?  
But what was his score on the AMC10 test?  
I've been playin' my cards close to my vest  
But now I'm unleashin' my English unrest!

## Round 3

Yo Mr. Depp, boy you must be insane, see  
Ready aim fire! 'cuz I'm 'bout to slay thee  
Take that to the bank boy, just go 'head and pay me  
And throw down your guns 'cuz you shoot like Dick Cheney

And this ain't just one of your sissy slap fights  
Your students will cheer when I punch out your lights  
They'll thank me for finally restoring their rights  
To learn useful skills, 'cuz we know English bites

My vocabulary'll hit you like a boulder  
You'll spend your whole life looking over your shoulder  
I'll lay it out for you: New York vs. San Jose  
You think you can stand up to that? Ain't no way...

Oh - there's one other thing I've been meanin' to say  
Did you ride your bike into school today?  
I ask cuz my ride's tricked out like Jay-Z's  
And yours could fall down with a powerful sneeze  
Now stay on the sidewalk and wear your helmet please  
And don't even start me on White and his veggies...

## Round 4

Your newspaper boys better bid you farewell  
We'll find someone else who can teach them to spell  
I'm knocking you down, you can't answer the bell  
Now go disappear faster than Dave Chappelle

Just look at this punk, he's all nervous and twitchy  
He can't drop a verse 'cuz his throat is all itchy  
His rhymes are too skinny, his voice is too pitchy  
His rap's anorexic just like Nicole Richie

White's in his jammies doin' quadratic equations  
But I'm gonna cover him up with abrasions  
I'm messin' up all of his spatial relations  
I'm knockin' him down two standard deviations.

Shout out to my dawgs you know I'm a beast  
We shoulda cooked White up for the junior feast  
But he'd say, "I'm a vegan, can you just pass the beets?"  
He knows I alone got the cred on these streets

## Round 5

The word on the street? Your class blows like Katrina  
I'm droppin' mad bombs bigger than Hiroshima  
You can't walk, you can't breathe (gasp), you've got emphysema  
You're weak as our levees, and lamer than FEMA

You can call me King Kong, and ol' Depp's just a chimp, son  
This fool just got slaughtered; That English boy wimp's done  
Call my book "If I Did It" like my name's O.J. Simpson  
In the war of the rhymes, this big ol' math pimp won!

Yo Mr. White, your rhymes are trite, it's a cryin' shame,  
But the only one you can blame, me,  
Mr. D, is changing the game  
So when you see the light, you'll realize you're lame.  
The math teacher on floor number three  
Can't possibly, cognitively, recognize a true G  
Mr. D to the E to the double P