

Ruff Ruff

Boogie Down Productions

* voice echoing*

Think you dope? want this title?

Then you better come step up or step off!

Yo check this out, all jokes aside

Let's get busy

Word! blastmaster krs-one in the house

Hah, everybody for some reason wanna be a gangsta

You don't know nuttin about bein no gangsta

Worrrrrrrrd up! aiiyo check this out

This is freddie f-o-x-x-x

And guess what's next

Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat

Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack

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They jump pon the mic, an' wan fi do it like dat

But ahh, now dis a krs, me nah takes dat

When me open up to work, I put a cape on me back

Then me, fly all around the emcee world

Krs, the artical, is not to be Fucked with, ? with, or tampered with

Don't give a fuck if you wanna riff

But when you say kris, already derivative of kris

My eyebrows lift and that ass I get with (huh)

As a matter of fact, I attack, hijack

Set back, your career, like a quarterback

That broke his back, my tongue is like a bat

Your eye'll get black, you'll need an icepack (rrrrruff!)

I'm all that, come with your whole pack

You'll be prayin to the God of isaac

So freddie foxxx, it's time to get tough Just, get on the mic and get ruff,

ruff

Soon as I flex, cause I'm about to rip up shop

It's the return of the hip-hop master, freddie the foxxx

(bo!) rappers that see me, don't even speak, just walk

Cause I'm the maddest nigga in new york (hah!)

I see a rapper in the crowd that I don't like

I wanna fight, so when I drop the mic

I'ma jump off the stage, bumrush your crowd to whip

(suckers) that wanna be pimps

How I heard it said that a pimp'll sell his ass

If his hoe won't, but freddie foxxx don't

Cover your chest g, you better wear a bulletproof vest see

Cause I'm about to leave this place a motherfuckin mess

Open hearts on the floor as I explore

Rappers that wanted to be more than number four

Number one's a hard spot; either you fight

Or get shot, so this is what I got (bo!)

Three tec-9's, my uzi, ten grenades, my razor blades

And I aim to get paid!

So who wanna step to this, don't come soft

Cause i'ma straight up knock niggaz off (pom! pom!)

And when the cops come to get me
I'ma take a dead body, and bop ten cops with me
I'm sick and tired of hearin rappers talk smack
About who's nice, and who's whack, motherfuck that
They know my style, and my rep, every stage
That I stepped on - I was the rapper they slept on
But y'all rappers keep sleepin - cause when they plant
Bombs in your house, i'ma wake you up and punch you
In your motherfuckin mouth, knock your wife out
Take your sons to safety, cause they're just kids
And I wanna raise em to face me
And when they get a little bigga
I'ma mark them little niggaz, and put their fingerprints
On the trigger -- double homicide, call the vice
Another rapper and his family with no life
Yeah you're mr. tough and, you're full of stuff and
And freddie foxxx caught you bluffin
I got you in my torture chamber and you scream
Oh God damn, it's like _silence of the lambs_
But I don't mangle em and eat em
I take mc's to the war zone, and there I defeat em
It gets much worse, with every verse
As the f-r-e-d-d-i-e f-o-x-x-x, hurts!
Punishes, stomps, smashes, crushes, maims
You suckers know my name!
Aiiyyo kris! I'm rhymin long enough (say what?)
Get on the mic and get ruff, ruff

This is the year that I go all out (why?)
Edutainment's what I'm all about (and)
I don't eat franks with the sauerkraut (cause)
Because I don't eat pork from the tail to the snout
(well kick it) get on down, to the hip hip hop
Before I start, peace to scott larock! (word)
Now let me drop the style that has action
Cause many mc's don't believe they're rappin
They're lost, crazy mixed-up in their identity
This is not, what hip-hop is meant to be (word up)
I come unique, I can't be beat, hardcore street
For the kids, with a hundred-and-fifty on their feet
(kick it) I don't compete, I defeat and delete ya
Then critique ya, all mc's retreat, here comes the t'cha
Chewin suckers like smuckers
Hittin on, sittin on, shittin on, flippin on motherfuckers
Yeah, I'm like the movie _aliens_
I hide inside your right hand man, when you think you got me
Bam! my head comes out your chest
A mutilated mess of nastyness
Chunks of bloody flesh, yes krs on the slaughter
Specialize in instant rhyme style, you simply add water
Evian, I pull the string then
Ring-ding-ding, ding-ding-ding-ding
Back in the days, I wrote +south bronx+
The juice crew got stomped, lick two shot
Pom! pom! really it was magic's fault
Always wanna diss somebody, he got put to a halt
It's wack, when a sucker dj babbles on
Soupin up mc's to battle on song
That's wrong, but in any event, I drop the classic
In 1992 the original it ain't plastic
Everybody know, bdp, is fantastic, burn like acid
Credit card plastic, stretch like elastic
Love and respect is the tactic

Bam! in your motherfuckin face
Krs in the place
I never liked listening to bitches and hoes anyway
(fi-yah!)

Well you know I like hoes, cause I'm a mack
But I don't like the wack tracks, youknowhati'msayin?
And for all your suckers out there
That underestimate the militant mack, get the bo-zack
You know what I mean? (word) word!

You know why?
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat
Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, you know dem a wack
Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack

Yes.. fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-two you suckers * echoes *

Motherfuckers! brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr! * echoes to fade *