UHHHH!! You don't know what we doin right here!

One two three we gon' turn it out
And make you rock to the beat and then scream and shout
We gonna hit you with the shit we got here
We gonna blow your miiinnnd (blow your miiinnnd)
Keep it movin like this, keep it movin like that
If I die, I'ma only come back
Yo, I'm saying if you think that you can step to me wrong
Don't even waste your tiiimmmme (waste your tiiimmmme)

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You niggaz talk shit then abandon ship Niggaz talk shit then they abandon ship Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon ship Niggaz talk shit then they abandon ship

I 80ff like the Assassin, now I'm blastin I'm takin over Stick you for your blue Range Rover
I told ya, Rampage a real live soldier
Been in the game, sinc the age of thirteen
A microphone fiend, so I'm goin to see my P.O.
It's August the 1st, so I guess I'm a Leo
My P.O., look like Vanessa Del Rio
She pulled my rap sheet, just like, Neo Geo

Hahahaaa! I always roam through the forest
Just like a brontosaurus, born in the month of May
so my sign is Taurus, kick you in your face
like my fuckin name was Chuck Norris, make you sing my chorus
Rock to the beat and then, turn into a walrus
You remain nameless, my victory remains flawless
Acting like you wild, but I know you really harmless
While your time is coming, I make the fat shit regardless

Many niggaz wanna know when the Ramp return
Yo I'm gettin phone calls from that nigga Howard Stern
He wants to know about my Flip Mode click
The way we get down and BUST NIGGAZ SHIT
LP after LP, we make G's
I run up in your ganks den take you for your keys
I'm not lying or joking, you get broken
Dead in Flatbush, back to Roanoake and...

People always askin me, how your shit be sellin For makin shit guaranteed to bust your fuckin melon Police throwed me up on charges like I was a felon There was no tellin, when I was strikin had you swellin Cruisin in my Lands, watch the police how they be gellin Lock you up for days and got a nigga ass smellin Yo FUCK THAT! You best believe there ain't no time for dwellin If you ain't makin noise you need to kill the fuckin yellin

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Yo, yo, yo I run up in your set like a New York city... I can't slip, I beat you down with my vice grip Your lost, that means you way off course
No remorse, I'm gettin five in The Source

I be saddleback biting motherfuckers like a horse Turn and toss, niggaz all up in my applesauce Watch me reinforce, my shit feel good like intercourse Ever since I was a shorty rockin Hugo Boss

Aiyyo bust it Bust (why) you just made my day
If you didn't put me on I'd be locked like O.J.
Now I'm writin rhymes hittin shorties everyday
In the full runnin drinkin ice Tanqueray
I don't eat pork I take a fish fellet
Now I'm knockin out niggaz from .. to .. touche!
Now I'm goin back around the way
I'm rippin shit, like my name was Marvin Gaye

Yo, now I'm back with more Bionic like my name was Colt Seavers Got you niggaz open like a bunch of wide receivers
Time is on the meter, go clean your act up in the cleaners
Chickenhead, give me some of your chicken fajitas
Yo I beg your pardon, I write my rhymes way past the margins
Squeeze the Charmin, peace to one million men marchin
When you talk shit you really don't know what you startin
Now your shit is done like a fuckin empty milk carton

It's on for the nine-six, mad shows at the Ritz
Now we got you open like Fixx
Stickin to your stomach like Quaker Oat Grits
Fisherman hat with my brand new kicks
On the low, I still rock my Girbauds
See the show, I got my nickel plated fo'-fo'
All my rough niggaz open the do'
Cause Boy Scout brings the ruckus and I'm still hardco'

Yo, when I walk streets you know my blade's a little sharper Fuck Peter Parker, I cross you like a magic marker Everytime I hit I always hit a little harder Blazing to the point where niggaz look a little darker Catching suntans from my music, fans understand Making fat shit, I always love to lend a helping hand Organized rhyme unit like the Poison Clan While your ride is busted, I be your luxury Sedan

Number one nigga in the chain of command Breakin fool in school like my nigga Geechie Dan Aiyyyyyo, I see intruders on my scan Singin at your funeral like Bobby Bluebland

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