

# Guerillas in Tha Mist

Da Lench Mob

Come down and beware of the black fist  
The guerillas straight mutherfucking killers is the mist  
Take a shot Buck Buck but you can't forge  
Never thought you'd see South Central niggaz in the forest  
Don't kick in the chorus just yet  
Cause we ain't made a mess yet  
Lench Mob produce the best yet  
Comin real hard man  
Bumpin in your car man  
Finally caught up with a devil named Tarzan  
Swingin on a vine  
Suckin on a piece of swine  
Jiggaboo come up from behind  
Hit him with a coconut  
Stab him in the gut  
Push him out the tree  
he falls right on his nuts  
And just like EPMD  
I don't like a bitch  
Named J to tha A to tha N-E  
Can't wait to meet her  
I'm gonna kill 'er  
Cause that little muthafucking cheetah can't hang with a guerilla  
You try to pay me off with a banana  
But J-D is blacker than a city called Atlanta  
Give me some elbow room, I need some elbow room  
So I can boom shak-a-lak boom  
That's the sound of the twenty guage  
Lock us up and the Lench Mob can break out of any cage  
You never even hear of this  
I'm taking care of this  
Lench Mob environmental terrorists  
Fuck Grape Ape and Magilla  
I'm a killa  
Magilla Gorilla ain't a killa  
White boys like Godzilla  
But my super nigga my King Kong  
Played his ass like Ping-Pong  
So everybody get the ding-dong  
Or the bozack what's that dick and nut sack  
So get your butts back from the black fist  
Cap peelers the guerillas in the mist  
Va-voom here comes a nigga from the dark side  
Talking bout a brand new apartheid  
South Central straight ghetto native  
Gotta show these devil muthafuckers what I'm made of  
Yes, never smoke the sess  
Only hit the buddha when I'm laying on my chest  
I'm laying in a cut  
I'm laying in a cut  
I'm laying in a cut  
bout to shoot me a mutt (with what?)  
With the boom ping ping  
Listen to the ill shit that I bring bring  
Nappy head gorilla, coming out the forest  
Ice Cube is my motherfucking dog, yes  
Kicking pumps, Smoking humps

The guerillas, rollin from deep in the bumps  
Short Dog got the muthafucking pump  
And it's true T-Bone got the twenty-two  
That's how it's done  
So you better run yo  
Run your ass out the jungle  
Cause hear the guns go and we don't miss  
The Lench Mob, the guerillas in the mist!