

Da Beginning of da End

Heltah Skeltah

I rep Hel', fresh out of jail, Brownsville scheming
Ya'll wanna see me up north, but I'm down the hill creeping
Niggas keeping and keeping they beef, with they cops still singing
I'm getting my gwop, still eating
Loudest one in the flock, still street, pass me the pot, I'm still chief
And I'm pacing over you, just a thief on the weekend
Beef with me, into you bleeding and hit with some feces
Sucker MC's, sucker MC, when they run with they feet, bitches
Well, kinda, big Rock's tougher than leather
With slum to get set up, he's dumping forever
The king of pot, there is none higher
You nickel bag smoker, need to call me sire
With Reggie Miller to the Isaac Hayes, straight fire
Who said it, just ight, this bitch a liar
I'm fixing to Ike her, I gets it rock and ready rock
Filled with the Rock, not guilty, y'all feel me

I carry a gun, pa, Marbury your thunder
Switchblade, bitch made, niggas like Un God
All white Nikes with a knife to cut krills
Turn a dead butt like Buffie, bring back pocket of bills
I ain't got mills, but I got a couple of thou'
I ain't got a gun, but I bet I f**k you up now
Fucking with I, have you niggas touching the sky
Wings on your back, Kanye singing the track
Slinging my crack, muthaf**ka, shopping a demo
I pop at your temple, muthaf**ka sing about that
Listen, f**k a hip hop, I take ya wrist watch
Put the gun to your tongue and make you lick shots
Make a pit stop, by the piss spot
You wanna take a pull? You can kick rocks

I'm like that's not a gun, this is a gun, we?
Who wanna rumble with me ol' Rockadile Dundee
I rule the underground, I'm Pimp C, Bun B
Lord Jazz Do-It-All and Mr. Funkee
Mr. Bummy FlyJab, some of ya'll mad
I can scrape up one twenty five cash
I had too much dirt to double you niggas
Nothing in the world was gon' keep me from crushing you bitches

Yeah two in your dome rhyme, funeral home time
Announce death to you, I'm Phil Rizzuto with mine
This Puerto Rican bitch called me papi chulo, but I'm
Not with the gwala shit, fill the hollow tip in the nine, I'm
Nice with a nine, I'm nice with the rhyme
52 block will snot box, right in his prime
Line for line, top five dead or alive
Two of them dead, and soon as the other three die
I'm number one!