

Nineteen ninety mother fuckin six
That's that shit though
Get the motherfuckin Squad packed
We got to pull these shoes out like carpet, word is bond
Test the crew with the guns and let's get this shit on

Why, must I be like that? Why, must I pack the gat?
On my left, niggaz be rollin with the ruckus
Ready to get deep bust rounds upon some suckaz
Heard PPP and LOD is a bunch of crazy motherfuckers
Journey to the land is on
The winner of the spittin bomb marathon
The fuck you up lyrathon, whatever you choose
prepare to lose that title
Turnin vital situations suicidal, my idols, is my Uncles
who started smokin weed outta bibles
Gave me a puff when I bust my first rifle
Men-estration cycles, I give bitches
Bring your craziest nigga, I'll give stitches
Whateva, go crew for crew, blow for blow
Bang your headpiece and sniff the snow off your hoe
I keep it rollin...

Ask yourself man
How ugly do you have to be to be a hardcore MC?
Niggaz be fooled by my plaques and my light skin complexture
My whole texture is bombin, destroyin da schools of the wack
From the Land of the Lost, you get tossed
Listen to my veloc(ity), my crew's comin off
Yeah, more sneaky than casino switches
Diggin ditches for all Moskino bitches
Clockin decimal figures, I'm gettin out diggers
Now my choice of truck is a Land
cause a Landcruise much bigger
It pack two to three more niggaz
Damn I hate a golddigger
Yeah, gimme that microphone
I make opponents shit bricks like Tyson's home
I keep the jacked cellular phone blown in three zones
Love seafood and keep my nine millimis chrome
So it can shine up your dome
When I proceed to give you what you need and clear spots like Sea Breeze
Wreckin your ass armaggedeon style
Twenty four seven while
My crew chin check your profile
(Rollin...)

I'm the master of disaster, super rhyme maker
Grimy by nature, database maker
Play em out like Sega, Saturn
Blow your blocks in patterns for about nine acres
Testes, crew wearin bulletproof and double S's
Karl Kani down, camoflounge can't hide the sounds
of a fo' pound (boo-yaa)
Givin you Six Flags, bustin merry go rounds
But my crew stay ill with that unreal appeal
I be the raw water, my cheek bones outta have gills

below like the opera
Smooth on the trigger for all you block cockers
I be the key to criminology
Blast and rotate enemies at three buck sixty
Pick me, as your Senator
Take the dove from your battlefield son, fuck Pat Benatar
Run, head for the hills
Back in the day, these niggaz rolled up on me with
the trunk filled with Bomber Brooklyns, sheeps and quartervilles
Aiyyo take that shit, aiyyo Money snap the grill
Body caught chills as he ate this nine mil
Mine kills two but my nine was sign sealed
And ready to deliver, but Money had me too close
to reach for toast, soon as that nigga blink I broke ghost
Dash back to South Orange Ave with dollar bill to smoke dope
I keep em rollin...

This is DJ SAY WHAT?? on this motherfucker
Sayin the dick is long, but my time is short
Before I go, just remember
If your box ain't on FDS radio, you're fuckin up