

Heltah Skeltah, Call Of The Wild

(feat. Hardcore, Starang Wondah, Representativz)

Ohh-eh-ohh, (M) ohhhh oh (F)
Ohh-eh-ohh, (C) ohhhh oh
Ohh-eh-ohh, (Ma-ma-ma-ma-magnum Force) ohhhh oh
Ohh-eh-ohh, (for LIFE) ohhhh oh

[Representativz]

Alright it's, time to show these niggaz who's the nicest
Lyrics incisive, I grip the mic like a vice grip
Cooler than ice, what? CREAM flows is priceless
Angels of death, nigga watch yo' step cause you might slip
I, stay with the hype shit but that's just me
The Elohim, motherfucker I rip this shit for free
Stick and flee so my stee' can remain low key, supreme
Steam through your team, yeah y'all fools know me
I'm triple R rated, I push these herbs to the pavement
To put it in terms for laymen, this nigga ain't playin
I'm sayin, I blow up spots with no delayin
I slay men then I'm parlayin

For all y'all niggaz poppin shit watch your step fuck the talkin
Little Rock on the motherfuckin scene get to walkin
Guns is steady barkin, at them cats who lack
Actin like my mac won't spit holes through your Ac'
or your Lex Land', you sets man far from lethal
This Representative will rip ass like Desert Eagles
Fuck a sequel, angel of death peep how I greet you
Leave you for dead and let the savage niggaz eat you

[Rock]

Yo boy don't never, test M.F.C. this ain't no classroom
I blast whomever you better get or catch an ass wound
I'm pissed like a bathroom, come test the center, what?
I fuck your whole starting five and your bench up, yo
Fuck what you been through and the troubles on your mental
Test Maldu and you'll get, sent through a window
Gut up like Ginsus, or Technic 1200's
Bitch niggaz scared, I hear the bubbles in your stomach
Waitin for your bowels to move, cause you doodoo
Bent up like you OD'd off Ex-Lax and YooHoo
I blew through two crews, talkin they garbage
Claimin they funky? Maybe true cause you don't wash

[ohh-eh-ohh's repeat in background while Starang talks]

[Starang Wondah]

M.F.C.! Starang Wondah no relation to Stevie
Word is Bon Jovi up in here
Heltah Skeltah, doin it like this
Hardcore, what's the deal word up

[Hardcore]

Hardcore, far more than the average
Niggaz tried to bust but they gats get embarrassed
Sayin that I'm small and belong in a carriage
(Sayin what somebody else say) What is niggaz, parrots?

[Starang]

Word up, my M.F.C. niggaz won't have it, ya hate me?
Cause I roll with dots, smokin spliffs under the A.C.
Niggaz be fakin, pullin they guns out they holsters
Keep my shit right by my dick like I'm supposed to
New Starang, I been this way ever since Eshkoshkah

Since my niggaz chillin on the roof on the poster

[Hardcore]

Wanna see me, only way you do that is on TV
(It's Hardcore) Starang Wondah no relation to Stevie

[Ruck]

Aiyyo I'm Tall Sean, I got rid of the afro
That shit played out like leather jackets with them tassels
Plus I splash those assholes who don't know no better
Personal vendetta on this great hunt for cheddar
Don't never, let me catch you actin stupid I'll clap you
Slap you silly until he realize who's wrathful
Hate to make you an example Duke but I have to
Represent for my click leave that bitch stiff like a statue
Caught between the Rock and the Ruck, it seems you trapped Duke
Fuckin with them dirty ass niggaz, go take a bath Duke
Half-dead, wonderin how the fuck did Ruck trap you
My man Hak-tu, got two, informants to trap you

[Doc Holiday]

Doc Holiday, O.K. Corral, my click be wild
Like the muslims gettin ass in the pit, that shit be foul
If your shorty strut her ass past me, I got to growl
Watch your mouth, loose lips sink ships, and let go blow
It's Doc, alone with my Glock, nice to meet ya
If there's doubts, the cleaner blows out, then I'ma see ya
I be a virus up in your ass like gonorrhea
Explain the pain I see on your face, or face the fears
Chick here, these groupies from somethin be on my bumper
If shorty cock her ass in the air, then I gotta hump her
Love her, my hunger takes toll I must config
God crack your Arm Leg a Leg a Arm, and your Head
Motherfucker

[Ruck]

For real, this is beautiful
Word is bond
Heltah Skeltah

[Rock]

Can we get it? Can we get it?

Ohh-eh-ohh, ohhhh oh [x4]

[Rock]

B.C.C., M.F.C., Triple R
Fab 5 all that shit bwoy
Horseman, boss men, word is bond
Drag you off men
We ain't bullshittin, huh
My little nigga Hardcore in the house
Nigga like four foot two
Smack the shit out of you and your crew
The fuck you wanna do?