

# Heltah Skeltah, Duck Down

(feat. Lord Digga, Cocoa Brovaz, Smack Man)

[Rock]

Yo son hit me, this shit's three times fatter than my sis be  
Fatter than the last spliff I smoked wit the dred-nitty  
It be Alvin Catraz, don't forget me  
Remember this? It went down like this see  
Long story short, I'm in this joint livin shifty  
In the cloud of smoke, in the club where ya bitch be  
She leavin wit me, the no g rap work lovely  
She with three other dimes and they all wanna fuck me  
Yeah they want me, why, cuz I'm so macho  
Some cats wanna bluck me, but they ain't go no  
Wins wit the bummy jab, call me Rocko  
Stop foes, makin shit hot like Sounds of Dew Nacho  
Not cho average guy, I never fit in  
Ran wit these steps, startin trouble for a livin  
Like Tyson's ex-chick, we stay robbin and givin  
Aches and pains, parley, y'all end up missin

[Smack Man]

This goes out to all of my thug niggas  
Peace, one love niggas, to lock down and drug niggas

[Lord Digga]

I'm comin in through Brownsville and Flatbush, niggas bout to get mush  
Makin crews change they faces like some bitches  
Who you screwin, what you doin, nuthin, Gold Pass iced up, frontin  
Bout to get your back blown out, cuz we goin out blastin  
Anybody gets body for askin, whose them niggas  
Duck Down and Digga, bout to deliver  
You head in a box, off the top of ya neck  
Some men of steel, wit nine techs  
Everybody hit the deck, we got next  
Yo game it's over, some wild cats from BK  
Fuck Villanova, get ya Earth and ya Wisdom after playin strip poker  
Ain't no jokers here, bout to smoke ya where  
You stand from the first to the last man  
Keep blastin and every bodies passin to gas man

[Ruck]

Yo S-E A-N-P R-I-C, yo, don't forget the E  
My category, top rankin, stop thinkin  
That you can fuck wit the Ruckus, when shots sinkin  
Where it goin son, who give a fuck where it land at  
Long as my gems phat and at same time this man flat  
I slam cats, yet and still they still don't understand that  
Heltah Skeltah only mean war pa, so stand back  
This man raps, whatever the fuck I feel like  
I feel like I can bust your head wit this steel pipe  
Yo, I'm wiggin out, off the weed that I just got from my nigga house  
Never give and shout, cuz the front don't buck web  
I snuff heads, on the D-L, since I cut dreads

[Smack Man]

It's the thug hemmy, Henneccy and Remi bent me  
Cognac and Semi place unknown for mind stone  
Plus the stress and hustlin, got me catchin ulcers  
Me and these military soldiers, connects takin over  
Keep my burner in the soldier hoister  
Three deep inside a hummer jeep, reclined in the leather seat  
Between me and the cream, let no man intervene  
You got me trapped in the state of depression like a fiend  
But on the other side, hustlin is just a struggle

Tryin to make this loot double, and watch my block bubble  
When you hustle hand to hand, can't afford to lose a bond  
Every day is a war, like you live in Vietnam  
On every block there's a snitch, stoppin you from gettin rich  
Some old noisy bitch, son ain't that some shit  
It's Trent French, swing a bat like Johnny Bench  
On my workers, when they try to short me for chips  
If I gotta get dirty for dough, guess I'll filthy rich  
Screamin, fuck the police, cuz life is a bitch

[Tek]

I can be ya enemy, ya friend, fuck ya bitch, rob ya man  
How I'm above average, what you can't understand  
It's Tek-a-milion, it's the plan or aim  
Watch how many niggas envy once I cop this range

[Steele]

These niggas crazy, thinkin they can take me, ST  
Take less then three seconds to cock and squeeze on my enemies  
See me ridin, enterprisin on my cellular  
Black entrepreneur, you hate, so to hell wit ya  
I dealt wit niggas like y'all before, and I'm tellin ya  
You see me, I'm quick to broad, quicker to draw  
And the only art I know, is the art of war  
Not your average, I'm like Picasso wit a four-four  
Bust my gat abstract, get artistic wit a biscuit  
You only got one life to live, so why risk it  
Police, trace ballistics, off the bullets we bust  
Can't depend on my many friends, so in guns we trust  
Cannon blast wit the thrust of the thunderous  
Kick ass for fun or to get more funds for us  
Dangerous go for the heart, and attackin high jackin  
This rap shit, will get me put in straight jackets  
Can't hack it, so I hack shit, get punk now  
Run up on ya set, makin you niggas Duck Down