

Heltah Skeltah, Operation Lockdown (Radio Edit)

[Intro:]

Ruck and Rock, taking you up a notch higher

I mean, it was cool aht first yunno

Rapping bout nuhthing

Buht then like whut happened wuz

[B.C.C.] The people they started to say tings that make sense

[B.C.C.] I wuz like "Get that outta here!"

[B.C.C.]

[B.C.C.] It's crazy to me man

[B.C.C.] I'm reading them yunno

[B.C.C.] They wear the funny clothes

[B.C.C.] The versace that you put on the spaghetti

[B.C.C.] For real, I don't even know how it start

[Verse One: Rock, Ruck]

It went down like this, one little {echo} snuck through the door

Peeped the scene, sniped a few, then crept through with two more

Heads were gettin nervous, that's three now they wanna break North

Too late -- five more tore the door straight the f--- off

It's on now; gettin down in the trenches

Eight soldiers gettin in mo' ass than splinters on raggedy benches

Since it's war, ain't s--- sweet this Clique

disperse and then they transform to chess pieces

On fake grounds never spare clowns

Ruck and Rock be the rocks hold the square down

Are you prepared now I tear down, any opponent who similies

Styles buckwild meanwhile your ass I obliterate

Demonstrate, tactics you need practice

First of all your monkey {echo} rhyme like you're backwards

I should smash kids, when they try to get beyond

limits, timid, but they could never get with Sean (say word)

Dat's word, Sean don't give a

Whatevah then they got {echo} who're snakes that slither (hisssss)

And if ya, wanna come test the inflixter

I got your name number address plus your picture

[Chorus:]

This is the B.C.C., N Double D

In the Ninety-Now we lock it down

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In the Ninety-Now we lock it down

[Verse Two: Ruck, Rock]

Peep my words, yes my heavenly words, word

that get {echo} locked up in seventy-third

Prefer to chill, but the Sun can't do that

Due to my temperature tempted to bring it where your crew's at

You lack with the skills that it takes to make

ends meet cause it seems that your {echo} is weak

My occupation's, Operation, Lockdown

On your radio station whoever got the hot sound

Who wan tess y'all?

Mr. Mall-Doo, a.k.a. Rock-Ness y'all

Guard your chest y'all

Nothing can protect y'all

From Buckshot on down to the rest y'all

We runnin through your set y'all

F- the rest y'all, we be the best y'all
Yesh yesh y'all
I crack backs North South East and West y'all
We know fresh y'all
I did do I guess y'all
I didn't say I doesn't indeed sex I never measure
Ready to wet y'all
Place your bottom dollar bets y'all
Chest will become messed bored if you flex y'all
Nevertheless y'all
We out to save the {echo} before it's dead y'all
Lock it down with the full court press y'all

[Chorus: x2]

Ha ha ha haaa
This is the year, the Ninety Now
On with the flows, conversations over beats
Do not touch microphones
I repeat, do not touch microphones
This concludes our exodus
Eight men are moving in the Ninety Now
Very hazardous to your health
And that's my B.C.C. show you how
you can get with the s- that we got
Heltah Skeltah
The rook the rook the Ruck the Rock man
we keep s- locked down
Kid, duck down
[B.C.C.]
Lock it down lock it down
[B.C.C.]
Operation Lockdown
[B.C.C.]
Lock it down lock it down
[B.C.C.]
[B.C.C.]
Locked down
[B.C.C.]
The weak do not stand a chance
[B.C.C.]
[B.C.C.]
This I promise you
[B.C.C.]
[B.C.C.]

[Chorus x2]