

Heltah Skeltah, Soldiers Gone Psycho

[Ruck]

Straight from the under, I make niggaz wonder
Why, I tap jaws, rock black eyes
See I, know nothing about things I be doing
Lives I ruin, in this here shit we persuing
My parabellum means swelling, cerebellum when we dwelling
The cauczoid, you void, my niggaz rebellin'
Who in the hell ever, said you can dwell wether
Or not, I sever your knot, with the shots so whatever I
What, you don't wanna battle me, battle me, that'll be
The day my whole posse rushes your monkey ass like Cato G
True warrior, conquerer, takin' flights, yo
Watch a nugget, I love it when niggaz on sight

[Chorus: Heltah Skeltah]

Will all true warriors in the house say "I";
Say "I";, if you not scared to die
You can look a nightmare square in the eye, say "I";
Soldiers gone pyscho, why?

[Rock]

I be your Boot Camp, veteran, faggots know better than
To test me, see I gets nasty like hedicin
So who say, not me, or Ruck gon' be Saddam
Boy, you moms should of warned you about a walking time bomb
I breaks arms and legs, and straight up I bend that ass
So semi in that Henny, and we punk for me to bash 'em
Then ask Ruck, the irrational, here to bash a few
To, after who, you, whose your face to crack the brew
Then laugh at you, what's the, matter, dudes
Walking through my avenue, flappin' about
You wanna battle, dude, have a capitol
That'll do that ass a little justice
Don't fuck with the mothafuckin' Rock and the Ruckness

[Chorus]

[Ruck]

So all true warriors in the house say "I";
If you scared to die, then punk, don't reply
The year born copper, I sworn to devour
The injustice crush the ones who are cowards
So act like it can't happen...
Act like the Originoo Gunn's don't be Clappin'
When the bitch ruckus reacting
I slap fools, relax with tools in my presence
Cuz that ain't shit, because your murder is the essence
So who wanna come test this champion sound?
Can't go un'ground, with the lyrics that pound
Profound is the way that I talk, plus
Muthafuckin' stoned is the way of my walk, what

[Rock]

Your jaw's up for grabs, beef, I'm bringin'
Swingin', right to left, side, gets wrecked
You think I'mma ass, money, don't hold ya breath
Let's, take this move, the dungeon to darkness
When guns bark, it's war for real, kid, don't start this
Rockness, Monsta, stomp ya, braids in
Never changing, forever face rearrangin'
Your gamin', the game, kid, you know that shit don't work
So bring ya game here, and get ya stupid ass hurt
No under dirt, we won't lay that, don't say jack
I can get ya back sprayed, or ya face smacked

And my black Smif-N-Wessun, that'll show me foldin'
Now who want come and test the champion, Boot Camp'ion' Soldier

[Chorus x2]