

Tung Twista, Ratatattat

(VERSE 1)

Sucker wack vicks, I ratatattat tactics, givin em black kicks
Mufflin up the mic with funky black licks
Tricks, I be rippin em like hocus pocus, focus on the funk, gee
Tung be runnin away like a punk be
Rockin, droppin the funk of the manifestation that'll be dope
Scope the point of being wack? Nope, never & no-no
A dancer like a go-go? Oh no
My lip be sort of kickin sort of funky like a hobo
Sucker, I'm like a hype hip-hop gangster gettin dumb
Instead of shooting guns I shoot the tongue
Style Pacino, I'm gunnin em up controllin your casino
Funky like a wino, rhino-dyno like dino
Comin around the corner cappin sucker ducks who be tryin to wreck mine
But my lyrical tongue is like a Tec-9, wastin em
Look at me spillin juice, loose to chasin em
Cut them like tomatoes, then be tomat-pastin em
Facin em, gun to tongue, let's see who'll win this gang member
I'm droppin em like a leaf in September to November
Froze in December, rock over October, so remember
When I shoot the Tec-9 tongue - timber
Ratatattat

(CHORUS)

Ratatattat
What's the sound of a gat
Ratatattat
What's the sound of a gat
Ratatattat
What's the sound of a gat
Ratatattat
Show em how the Tung smacks
Ratatattat
Show em how the Tung smacks
Ratatattat
Show em how the Tung smacks
Ratatattat
Show em how the Tung smacks
Ratatattat

(VERSE 2)

Prr-prrrr.. buck em down
Sucker ducks, comin to pluck em down
Hope the hip hype hip-hop horn struck em down
Climbin, I'm never rhymin Simple like Simon but I'ma do what Simon said
He told me to put that head to bed
Givin an eyeful, funky rhythm of a tongue will stifle
Trifle cause I pop the tongue like a rifle
Watch the funky words pounce
From my mouth watch 40 bounce
Cappin a sucker duck like a 40 ounce
Some flows are wack, but as for me I cause a catastrophe
Like callin Allah God steppin to me is blasphemy
I shoot the tongue like a machine gun
Know what I mean, son?
A chunky spunky tongue if you ever seen one
Cops, I give em props, they cap men, mostly black men
Mouth will pack, then smack em like a Mack-10
Bop - another head flown like a frisbee, it is me
The clips from my lips could drop a Grizzly
Hear me vick, I pack a kick for the ballistic, animalistic
You didn't know my tongue was this quick
Cops that be cappin thinkin that be spunky
Watch I hit them with the lyric and then I'm cut em up with a funky

Ratatattat

(CHORUS)

(VERSE 3)

Poppin and poppin and poppin the flow of the hip hype hop rhythm

I bust caps like I've been hittin false teeth with raps

Rip your show apart, I know you got no heart to start, I flow art

I got the style that even Humphrey couldn't Bogart

Syllable serum, suckers hear come a style to smack a man

And it be sort of like a smack of Jackie Chan

I pop the funky gun of hip hop, I hop with hips

Droppin battle ships I put the automatic clips up into my lips

Funky like a drunk, I buck em like a hunter

My rifle will make em stifle like Edith Bunker

Suckers I tag em, my rhythm'll rag em, drag em

They felt the funky flow of the formula .44 Magnum

Minimum against the maximum, cracks a maximus

Charge tax and dust, thinkin about waxin us

DJ Jihad will slice em like lard

Check out the funky cut, rocks god be gunnin em up like buckshots

Cappin a brother if he come in a centimeter

Comin to drop the style of Tung and then I bet I'm gonna beat ya

Shootin like mi Uzi, I re-arrange a fella feature

Filimeter, mi funky rhythm is like a 9 millimeter

Ratatattat

(CHORUS)