

Das EFX, Ready To Rock Rough Rhymes

Intro:

Aight, 1-2 yeah yeah yeah (Yeah son)
On the mic one time (No diggedy)
for your motherfuckin mind
(*Ready to rock rough rhymes*----> Redman) Yeah
We're gonna set it off one time
(*Ready to rock rough rhymes*)
Here we go, yeah yeah
(Yo P, yo D why them bitches be on your dick, let em know son)

Verse 1: PMD, C-Dogg

Cos I does a little dance, make a little love
I get the fuck down tonight
Yo I'm lethal like injections, teachin niggas lessons
I fry that ass up like I'm Wessun
So come equipped and I don't slip (why?)
cos if you slip I sink that ass just like a ship
I got the mic in my grip, the heat is on my hip
just in case niggas wanna flip
I see my niggas in sight, everything aight
comin out of fuckin Crown Heights
Ain't no chips on my shoulder, strictly boulders
My shit be on point like a soldier
It's the evil that men do, who we do?
I do you and your whole fuckin clique
Click, the gun is on cock, niggas need to stop
I wet that ass up like a mop

Well lord, yeah just to follow my man on the verse
It's the C-Dogg yeah time to call a hearse
So back up off the mic and let me rumble thru your woofer
I got rough but know I'ma get rougher
It's the quart drinker so turn up the level
I came to get raw plus wicked like the devil
It's the no-hold-barred, shit is wild
I got the eye to the double L
and I don't be no rookie or no beginner
I gets badder than a motherfuckin sinner

Hook (x8):

(*Ready to rock rough rhymes*)

Verse 2: C-Dogg, PMD

Ready to rock rough rhymes
It's the C-Dogg back with 12 new rides
Wit the ill all-out tight shit for your head
It's the man that'll make nigga's rhymes proper dead
So get ready, always on my worst behaviour
Up in the booth yeah breakin mad flavors
So back up off the mic and let me show my skill
It's the Scheme, yeah niggas got to chill
Peace to my nigga DL wit the beat
and peace to all my niggas on Union Street
and to ya fake ass niggas keep on walkin
A DL year, the whole E is talkin

Oh yeah, bringin up the rear and we don't front (Never that nigga)
We're comin mad thick and we're on the hunt
So why you wanna test and end up in a mess
I'm comin mad wilder than the West

I leave you sooped like a sale, I never fail
I boost a track up like the third rail
Fake MC's endangered like a species
Your shit stinks like motherfuckin faeces
I'm chillin and relaxin in the maxin
Your style is improper like a fraction
Yo I'm out to get mine (Get yours nigga)

Hook

Verse 3: Dray, Books

Well lemme come and get a little bit, son I'm feelin it, it's the bubbly
Niggas know the deal I got the steel in case the trouble-be
Got more coupe-rs than Isuzu, kid I bruise you
abuse you, my sewer style will confuse you
I got the touch so niggas spark the Dutch
I'm guaranteed to rip and bend your microphone, now touch and plus
we kick that ass back up off just like a Lear
See ya and too bad I wouldn't wanna be ya
Y'know the deal when I see ya, nigga chalk it up
Cos if a nigga think he got the flow, I sop it up
So now get up so you can hear the rest of this
Yo Boogie Banger show them why we be the best at this

Yo, yo niggas bust this, a nigga do justice like day
We're walkin down the street, we're watchin bitches like slay
Niggas rave and rant but can't get it, dig it
Shit is on lock and motherfuckers can't pick it
I'm runnin with fools with more jewels than Freddy Blassy
My rap drivin niggas crazy like a taxi
Perhaps we should leave ya layin on ya back
I'm richer than Richie Rich and quicker with the gat, black!
For the cash I bash ya head to make ya stutter
Then I hit you with the toast for fuckin with bread and butter, cousin
Nigga a-hah, laugh then stash the tracy
The limit's the sky, I'm stayin high like aces
but dooper, my styles is fat like Al Roker
Chiggity choke a nigga to sleep, I don't know ya
Biggity blow your mind, fuck the beef and fuck the swine
Nigga I'm

Hook

Son, ha, diggy Das, diggy Das, diggy Das
Solid Scheme, word bond son (Shit come thick)
Y'nah how we do!