

# Heltah Skeltah, Chika Woo

(feat. Mike Stewart)

[Ruck]

Fuck you bitch, word up  
It ain't all about you, huh?  
Trying to make shit happen, fuck you

Aiyyo we fight every night, now that's not kosher  
I reminisce with bliss, before Eshkoshkah  
We was closer, later on you was supposed ta  
be the one that I stayed with but it seemed that you played tricks  
Every day it get worse, than the day before  
Maybe you're, actin too, immature  
Insecure, plus I'm lookin for the cure  
Keep flippin like you do I'm lookin at the door..

Ahh, motherfuck you  
Playin, youknowhat! I'm sayin?  
The fuck I look like huh?  
One of these bitch ass niggaz in the street huh?  
You dealin with a nigga who, can say what he means  
and mean what he say  
When I say I'm lookin at the door bitch I'm obvious  
Straight up and down  
The fuck I look like to you huh what?

And when you wit your friends I slide to the side  
until the spotlight is mine, and always rep God Cipher Divine  
When I, did the knowledge all my wisdom it came  
to an understanding that you underhanded and lame  
I should play some stuck-up rapper role  
And get foul everytime you lose control  
But that's not my order of operation  
Bustin nuts in ya, startin our own population  
But now you ain't actin the way that you used ta  
B so I can't C you in my future  
And I don't think that I can take it anymore  
Y'all know the rest.. the four-four

[Mike Stewart]

If the lovin ain't right  
You're not home, late at night  
All we ever do is fight  
There's a reason I should breeze

If the lovin ain't good  
And I never thought you could  
ever treat me like you should  
That's a reason I should breeze

Fuck is the deal, huh?  
You know what I'm workin with, I gotta tie my shit to my knee  
Fuck, my shit ain't good, what?  
The fuck is you doin, punk ass bitch?

My friends always tell me I'm lucky to stay  
dipped with the flyest chick from the B.K.  
But all the games you play make a nigga wanna spray  
So every night to the most high a nigga pray  
that me and my shorty make it to another day  
If not fuck it Ruckus it wasn't meant to go that way  
But hey I can't front it was good while it lasted  
until I asked her some old stupid hood rat shit  
Some left field shit that a nigga can't call

But all in all, I had a ball  
I guess it's better to have loved, and to have lost  
Than to never have love at all

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Youse a fuckin miserable bitch  
man that's my word is bond you always want me around the shit  
Misery love company man but you know what?  
I'm gettin the fuck up on out of here, ba-by, bet that  
I ain't gonna deal with that bullshit no more huh?  
Bout to make mad moves with my dogs man  
Fuckin Heltah Skeltah me and Rock yaknahmean?  
Motherfuckin my brother Illa-Noyz, man fuck you word up  
Plus I got motherfuckin ?, knahmean?  
Motherfuckin uhh, Mike Stew'  
Singin what he singin, doin what he doin

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[repeat both stanzas to end]