

# Heltah Skeltah, Da Wiggy?

(Ruck)

A nigga run shit like trackmeets, when black meets  
In the back streets, my gat greets  
Niggaz that don't recognize my rap sheet  
The facts be, the Ruck rains like the weather  
Cuz Rock makes cops throw glocks down like Heather  
B., niggaz better be ahead of me  
Trynna flow steadily, ain't even on my pedigree  
That's my word to Jazz, niggaz is herbs  
Cuz half of the time, half of they rhymes are absurd  
I serve, justice, must this, be the answer  
For my gun to click, terminal like cancer  
And the answer, Ruck and Rock for a thou'  
Now how the fuck did you come up with that style?  
Sing songs with six-packs, that's when I smoke seven  
Sacks of ccess, make Ruck bust caps at the reverend  
So chill chicken, before I choose to castize you  
Battered and baptized, bitches and bums  
With blood from black eyes, when I slap guys

(Rock)

Send that guy to Rockness Monsta  
Stomp ya, split him in half, divide and conquer  
I want ya

(Ruck)

To test the irrational inflictor  
Rock pounds the ground, while Ruck shakes the Richter

(Rock)

It's the Rock slide, I'm crushin' ya block by suprise  
It be the Bummy Jab, and the fortune Fab 5  
Bitch, ah, remarkable, like the Little Rascals  
If I'm being polite, I'm schemin' like Eddie Haskell  
Don't let me gat you, in half to, bring the wrath, too  
Don't ask fool, sure, I'll sell you a new ass crack blew  
And if you think a nigga's cocky, I dare any ten of you  
To come and try and stop me, rock me  
A champion soldier, &quot;Folger&quot;, like coffee  
Tell a wife ya mouth was in yo bitch, back up off me  
Move on please, cuz sparks get ya done, might provoke  
The cops or, choke ya pops, if we smoke alot

(Chorus x2: Heltah Skeltah)

We don't give a what? Da wiggy, wiggy, wiggy, what?  
Da wiggy, wiggy, wiggy, wiggy, wiggy - what?

(Ruck)

When I flow like the Nile river, that's when I deliver  
Nuff slugs to ya chest, makin' ya whole body shiver  
Niggaz wonder why the irrational God Ruck be slippin'  
Like I was buried in Rettin with nines that be wettin'  
Yo section, when niggaz step in my arena, bound to see ya  
Nigga like Ruck, Buckshot's, and catch misdemeanor's  
I'm similar to none son, that be my stee  
So flee from ya fuckin' face, double jeopardy

(Rock)

All praise me, Rock, I move in hip hop  
Fools'll get rocked, if I got the balls  
To stand when I'm lickin' shots, if not, I got the bright red dots  
Station, on top of the four-four, to blow ya fuckin' face in, Jason  
Ain't half as scary as the derriere  
Kicker, mister flipster, various to late

I hit ya, if you don't think I make ya block ache  
The, next time I come through it'll be you Joe  
That I break a, snake a, pigskin in the wind  
Chant my Boot Camp name, and Rock must defend  
Burn the bitch ass with ten nails, in my military jail  
Make all that diesel shit you poppin' turn frail  
What, like I can, I pumps lead into yo body, punk  
Or a punk pellet, too, I got my pump shotty  
Why these cats always askin', for shit them not want  
The jokes you bump, is crippled for months, and don't front  
Fuckin' punk -

(Chorus x2)