

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 cess, 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, "Folger", 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)