

# Heltah Skeltah, Gang's All Here

(feat. BCC, MFC)

[Thunderfoot]

Aiyyo I been spittin this rap shit for too long  
To let y'all heads get me hot under my collar through songs  
And best don't get it twisted  
My Magnum Force practice Operation: Lockdown  
And don't you clowns ever forget it  
The other half'll feel my brother's wrath, that we break through  
And always been the type to take you there like ?Warren Staples?  
Blow spots wit no glock the show stop when domes pop  
You should of stayed your ass home bop, you got a flow--not

[Illa Noyz]

I set it off on a mission like the Sentinel  
Cuz I was sent to do, murder the crew sayin I'm merciful  
I wrote a few, journals in my Nocturnal state  
Blaze like an inferno, watch niggas just cremate  
Too late to run and turn to Rev. Run  
Some blessin the section, givin them niggas quick trips to heaven  
Straight murder wit the unheard-a, lyrifical  
Beneficial, that you never pursure the issue  
The ninth initial, thought as to rip the bits n kibbles  
I kick ass, more than a little, my rhyme riddle  
Your mind's a dead veg-e-table when I hit you  
Doin like I should do, bringin Noyz to my acquittal

[Steele]

Wit no discrepency, I rip MC wit no referee  
Devil tested me, can't let him get the best of me  
Wit accuracy, I'll attack an MC  
Spittin like I emptied the M-1 from the M-P  
Wit no apology, unload on your property causing atrocity  
At a rapid velocity, mental artillery, military anatomy  
After you battle me call me your majesty for mastering  
The art of fastening, grappling, locking down this rapping thing  
Tackling the majority, bomb with authority  
More than minority, S-T got seniority  
Rhymin since Knowledge and Quality wit college degree

(Kill out to all the enemy, we killin all a dem  
Kill out to all the enemy, don't matter if it's enemy or friend)

[Doc Holiday]

Doc ain't nuttin but the truth, 100% when I get bent  
It's possible that I'm mad, forget ? I'm blind, deaf, and mute  
To all you shit poppers, put your money where your mouth at  
I roll wit bank stoppers, five-foot Reps who whip ass  
Erases coppers, it's mandatory, that D-O-C stay shittin  
Laws and lows to keep you hoes on my didick  
My foes stay foes so all you jacks need to quit it  
Doc shines, hot lines, and jackers come and get it  
And one false move, I'm guaranteed to be acquitted

[Lidu Rock]

Aiyyo, we gang bangin, through the tri-state area  
Act up, my MFC niggas'll have to bury ya  
Ain't nuttin scarier, than a five-foot eight nigga  
Holding the big toast, make yo chest piece shake  
I cut niggas like class and glass from dirty bottles  
Runnin through these streets high-speed at full throttle  
Ghetto role models, so what the fuck y'all tellin me  
Misdemeanor cats wit raps, wannabe felonies  
Fuck sellin trees man, I smoke too much

I lay my raps, get my traps, then I roast the dutch  
Y'all niggas boast too much, about the shit you got  
I hope the money save that ass when the shit get hot  
It's Lidu Rock

[Rock]

Many think I ain't got it in me, cuz I'm plenty-friendly  
It could be because I'm skinny  
But I'll fuck you up like Henny and Remmy  
?If any of trash?, we'll I'll scream "gimme"  
To any who make it hard to Get Away like Tim or Penny  
Semi-auto, wit a swift into your track, ?it cracks?  
And creeps morse code, I'm sendin smoke signals  
That's how my gats be  
Tactics, I crack piece are phenomenal  
Ask peeps, what kinda drama do the Bummy Jab wreak  
He'll tell ya, the boy cause straight Heltah Skeltah  
I got the block sweltering and hot like your biotch when I felt her  
So don't fuck wit my head, got static I'm buckin you dead  
I'll bend your body like Craftmatic Adjustable Bed  
Fuck what you said, for y'all I got nuttin but lead-o  
And stop fuckin askin me why Ruck cut his dreads  
It's up in the air, we buckin from here, to where you rest at  
In a jet black, Expedition fishin to get some get back

(Kill out to all our enemies, we killin all a dem  
Kill out to all our enemies, no matter if it's enemy or friend)

[Rustee Jux]

My militant mind's impervious to submission  
Maintain in the rank, glorious in this division  
Killa Cartel-N-MFC in collision  
The scene could get bloody, two teams wit one mission  
I stomps through the crack slums of mother Medina  
Push weed to stack funds for my mother Dina  
Rustee Jux-man, Brooklyn mercenary  
Some say it's rap, some say it's legendary  
The pack that run wit me, attack wit guns swiftly  
My young legion niggas got smacked on one-fifty  
Cold mashin, straight blastin, steady mobbin  
I rose to large drug dealin from petty robbin

[Supreme]

Well it's the five-eight, hands I'm holdin brothers for ransom  
Operation generation down to the seeds of your grandson  
And blow off like a handgun, hittin niggas at random  
Damn son, got love for thugs singin my anthem  
I amp them, spittin my raps spectacular  
Forever clappin the rapper that's bitin like he Dracula  
You see what happens to all of these fake rhyme fashioners  
I bring disaster to niggas thats claimin they done mastered the  
Art, who's the next on my chart to mark  
You know I swim wit the shark, why y'all niggas wanna start  
Big gram and knee low, stay on the d-low  
Rollin black in the back of the fat Ex-P-O

[Tek]

Well it's the lazy-eye criminal, baby nines the minimum  
In the gat cabin, Tek we make it happen  
You just rappin, bitch niggas get bitch smacked when  
You start yappin, get your shine snatched for flashin  
Straight extorted, like an IRS audit  
You never gonna bust that gun, so why you bought it?  
See you came home frolic, but you show fake love  
Like the Feds try to get close and lay down bugs

Try to skate but got schemed on, you had to lay  
Didn't know niggas got Desert E's and PK's

[Starang]

Me and my crew ride up and down St. James like a pack of great danes  
Ain't shit changed, see y'all niggas take your gold frames  
Spit in your face and I'm a have to smack flames  
Out your ass for tryin to laugh and plus play games (word up)  
We ain't Connecticut, ain't even sweatin it  
Pack up your bags bitch, come wit some better shit  
Son them niggas probably home right now, for real regretting it  
I don't want to be y'all, when we see y'all I'm settin it  
Niggas on my dick so much I brought a saddle  
We can take it to the streets(word up word up), bring your heat, battle  
For your seven-forty Beamer, wit your shorty Kima in it  
If you platinum you can drive me through Manhattan while I hit it  
Everywhere I go, I let em know Starang's the shit  
Over three-hundred thousand fans and ain't never had a hit  
William H. is the name, MFC's the click  
Y'all niggas takin us out?, y'all smokin the shit

(Retreat retreat, all pussy boys, retreat Magnum Force come to take over  
Retreat, retreat, all pussy boys, retreat Magnum Force come to take over)

[Ruck]

SEAN P., you better recognize, I be wreckin guys  
Fuckin cockroaches still breathin up your pesticides  
Like D-Con, see Sean be on some shit from day one  
Spray guns at funny style niggas who actin gay son  
Ruck made the paper, you could turn to page one  
Butt-fuckin your chick wit a mothafuckin gauge son  
Who said that? Ruck said wack shit, aiyyo dead that  
For the headcrack, leave your face lumpy like Craig Mack  
I read that, niggas want beef aiyyo so get back  
?Happen in? person cuz I'm hurtin niggas who said that  
You fuckin wet back, smack you wit the fuck med's pack  
Then have sex at, the same place I park my Lex at

[Buckshot]

The last black gene, green socks  
Serve the fans quick like servin fiend rock  
Understand the scene is locked, when you dead bolt  
Hit em in the throat, ride em like the jet black colt  
Through the jungle, it's another rumble when I set it so free  
And flee from his body back to the OGC  
I never heard of that nigga, in the first place  
I hit him in the worst place, hid the waste  
Need a replacement killa, hustle dope shit so I'm a drug dealer  
So for real-a, on point wit the nine mill-a  
Straight give a nigga guillotine shit  
Heads come off the ?lean? wit one stroke  
Two tokes from the mack tilly  
Give a mothafucker two to the belly  
Stop, look and acting like the shot from your ass whippin  
Nigga, why you trippin, don't start slippin now  
Fool keep flippin

[Rock]

It's not over, it's not over, oh oh

[Louieville Sluggah]

Yo it was on to the next phase  
Spit ink on a page, hostile rage  
No sugar and sour like lemmonade  
Bing came to me in a dream he said "come clean"

So I scalped and praise, I'm on my way  
Gat and pick straight out the gate  
When I see yo say "you back up on your duty"  
Yo my mouth spittin arson, new shit is startin  
But ain't shit changed, you know your range, beg your pardon  
Starv like Marv, I'm on the job  
First rob and ?slug? mothafuckers licked the knob  
Be like that, when I clap back time  
I feel it deeply, for my niggas I left behind  
I rep for mine, here son feel the shine  
Can't say no names, cuz all my niggas is on my mind  
Yo I'm all about me sonee, hand me money  
Ja Ja, and bring yo ass here to poppa

[talking and threats to the end]