

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]