

# Heltah Skeltah, Grate Unknown

[Background] "I see the horizon the Grate Unknown"

[Ruck]

I'm telling you man cut it out

Yo...we embarked on this nocturnal excursion in order to exchange

Conversation with these mortals not to play games

For real behind every great Ruck theres a Rock

The Rockness Monsta.....Dutch

[Rockness Monsta]

Yo its the Rockness not Rock live

Then again I'm Rock when I'm live

But I'm not fat then again my shit is so fat

fans let your shot's fly (PLOW! PLOW! PLOW!)

Swift and changeable no style, be Rock style

Not foul, but play with me at your own risk and I might not smile

You get with the pawn, in one arms

I don't fight clean, flow like a butterfly, sting like a scorpion

On the tip of a sick ding-a-ling, bring the noise with your peeps

We up in this space deep, wit' nines like Star-Fleet, ah shit

God bitch ass rappers, and P I'll trap ya, then like a federal case

I'll crack ya word to my man Don Rulla, I'll cold beat your crew up

If it gets thick then number two-a, pass me the ruler

Click Click...Booya!!

[Chorus x2]

[Rock] If you don't know like I know

Then act like you know, like I know

[Rock:] (I beat's more ass than mom dukes leather belta)

[Ruck:] ('Cause Rock make cops throw Glocks Down like Heather)

[Background] "The Grate Unknown"

[Verse Two]

I turn this upside down, clown

Watch me and you'll get the picture, if ya don't understand

Why I be the Mr. Flipster, rhyme deliverer

Nine slug through your spine, and leave you on the floor vibratin'

Like a fouled line

Find the robbies, lurking in the dark ally

With more nigga, than a motherfuckin' guard rally

Tally up all the throats, the strangler hold choke

That all the riots that my brother Ruck is provoked, don't like my style

So I don't give a WHAT, cuz you bring the beef, and the Rock

All the Rock buck you one time, so cover you by the loggins

Machete I chop that beef you pop, and feed it to my nigga doggen

Follow the trail of broken backs and, at the end of each you'll find

Me standing with my blackjack, with the Smith and Wesson on my side smoke

Another gat

[Ruck:] (Some Illa Noyz be the act for the attack)

Fuck you street fighter, front if you wanna get hyper

I strap on bombs and blow your face up like Stryker

Yo representatives light up another ? Spliff, while I dip, by the way

(smack) big up to the ill bitch

[Chorus x4]

(Rock: Rockness Monsta, stomp ya, ? )

(Never changin', forever face rearangin')

(You asked for it who want beef so here's war)

[Background x4 :] I see the horizon the Grate Unknown

[Ruck] We will, we will Rock you

[Verse Three]

Question (What)

Yo, who's the crew with the juice tryin' to front (What!)

Yo money, yo life and wars all I want (What!)

Bring all beef to Bedrock I got my gun (What!)

Niggaz soft as burger buns (What!What!)

Front man shit, spit

On the grave of the weak, when I speak, my tongue is nasty as a freak

I'm in a inner state of, inner mind

Which inner twines, with my inner body now I'm energizes

Its an insane shame, you can ask Ricky Steen

Order b-cheese be sweatin' ,no shorties only gettin' green

BLING! the sound then ? ghost, gone, me and Sean

Your shit's now paid for the Tron, need I go on you damn right

I'm foul as fuck, so if I should go to the line and shoot two (ah, shit duck)

Like James Bond I shoot to kill, Heltah Skeltah's here

Try square with me, clean a man like Mr. Belvedeere

Born in a place so far away it's prehistoric, Bedrock

No regular man survive that ? , from the age of stone

To the age of chrome, from Bedrock to Bucktown my fuckin' names known

[Chorus x4]

[Rock:] (Military Punisher Rock MP)

(Manson punishin' and keep robbing like Danville)

(Scar on my face but I'm not Al Pacino)

(Run for your guns me and self comin' through, Heltah Skeltah)

[Ruck] We will, We will

[Rock] We will Rock you, motherfuckin' knock you..

[Ruck] Beats more western mom do ?

From the land of the darkness Heltah Skeltah....We will, We will rock

You...Word is Born

[Background 8x] "I see the horizon the Grate Unknown"