

Heltah Skeltah, Leflah Leflour Eshkoshka

* originally appeared as the extended version of leflah on fab 5's blah 12"

Intro:

Yes

The name of this shit here is

Leflour leflah eshkoshka

The fab 5

Chorus: rock

Yes yes y'all (yes y'all)

O.g.c., heltah skeltah be the best y'all (best y'all)

Fab 5 slam from east to west y'all (west y'all)

Sound pound straight through your bubble vest y'all (vest y'all)

And check yo chest y'all (chest y'all)

Verse one: strang, rock, louisville

Ay curumba strang gun clappa number

One on tha set man I cut ya like lumber

Still play the back in my thundergear down to my underwear

Make all you motherf**kers wonder where

I come from, 'cause motherf**k dapper dan

I'm a gun clappa fan plus I run rappers stand

Fab 5, mad live blow up the spot

Dru ha gets the paper black moon still gets the props

Eh yo next to snap a neck be big r-o-c-k

Send mc's to me in squads of three say

Rockness monsta, is he for real? it can't be

See him in action as he transform that man's me

Enemies ain't kotter, ain't no welcome back in my home or

Knots get blown like cordless slots and payphones

Phone home or return like jedi

I bet I can without lai give yo' stupid ass a red eye

Me nah like

Niggaz who cant see pass a likkle bit of light

You come tess the champion ya gwan die tonight

And 6 feet deep is where you sleep

Eternally restin in peace you felt relief

Now big up to all my true headz in the east

Stalkin the block not leavin the house without they gat

You best ta believe that fab 5 got my back

(got my back) it's like dat

Verse two: ruck, louisville

I control the masses, wit metaphors thats massive

Don't ask if the nigga ruckest bash shit like cassius

I'm drastic, when it comes to verbs I be flippin

'cause herbs jus be shittin off the words I be kickin

I scold you, double headed swords for the petty

But I told you, bitch niggaz that headz ain't ready

Now I mold you, back to the bitch that you are

F**kin wit the ruckest get bruised, battered and scarred

Guess who, punk chump, your brain jus blew

It's the originoo gun clappa two

Rushin through, three on three you can't see we

'cause we stay tight and not many niggas wanna fight

So sneak in where a nigga in the cipher of the camp
Jus got amped so I took em out for a dance
Bigga triggas fallin down
Like the bridges of london, but ain't too many niggaz runnin

Chorus

Verse three: rock --> louisville in ()'s

Aiyyo why oh why did I need cappucino
Scar on my face but I'm not al pacino
(we 3 amigos) sparsky and dutch we bring mo'
Drama than what? (a primetime nbc tv show)
(headz don't know and damn sure ain't ready)
(niggas walk the street wit more boop than betty)
Shit'll get heavy (back of the tree now surrender)
(my pon hits yo mind mix thoughts like a blender)
Then I dish off from a shooting guard to a center
Like rockafella you hit rock bottom when you enter
(o.g.c. rush the scene, the mission from backup) yeah
(baseball bats attack like jersey fools that act up) act up
(folks is passed now, petrol, go get dough)
(pepto-bismol before this nigga let go)
He said go what you do grew screwed I blew through
Two crews who claim they got funk maybe true 'cause they doo-doo

Verse four: ruck, strang --> top dawg in ()'s

Everybody framed, ain't nobody yappin no more
I've evidence on your click so y'all niggaz hit the floor
With that mouth murderin you got that ass in hot water
Now I just oughta send a piece to your headquarters
To take away your stripe, you f**ked up tonight
You don't do right you're gwan get dead to spite
Our click foundation stays thick through the war
I'm keepin my eye out for infiltrators at the door

It's a shame how these mc's are wannabees
Front on these and get hung up like dungarees (please)
Ease off selecta strangle wrecks ya
Plus bust asses on whoever passes through my sector
(so what you gonna do when you stuck at thirty-two)
(degrees please, get off yo knees and follow these)
(now swallow these, buckshots from the rifle)
(then I will make niggaz beat it and scream just like michael)
So how many corny mc's gwan try
When strang sets shit off like the 4th of july
(nobody) why? ('cause everybody gets bodies my brother)
(I smother a nigga then ruck bounce like rubber)
Step to tha stage set the microphone on fire
Yo desires, they call me siah 'cause I'm flyer
Live like wires, beast from the east who is he
When I roar like a grizzly they say damn he gets busy

Chorus 2x