

Heltah Skeltah, Sean Wigginz

[Ruck]

Got all my Magnum niggaz in here, word up
Sean PEEEEEEEEEE
Yeah, yeah, yeah, word is bond
Word up, M-F-C
Hah, word up, yeah, yeah
Smack this nigga son, word up, hit him

Yo, niggaz is pipsqueaks, thinkin shit's sweet
I come discrete, turn your ass into mincemeat
Ever since heat, got pulled from the waistline
with the bassline kick and snare, Duke I make your click aware
So please God, never say jack shit to Sean P
before I launch three shots directly at your army
Word is bond, we be on some shit to the two-thou
Loose mouth niggaz catch a hole in they goosedown
Down, down, down-down, down-down-down, down
Down, down, down, down-down, down-down

Down-town, jumped off the train on Ebbets
Walkin down the street, bump into my nigga Kevin
Whattup Ruck? I ain't seen your ass in the Seven
You still bustin motherfuckin shots at the reverand?
Hell no I replied, elbows was applied
til his monkey-ass pulled out the heat, step aside

Oh shit yo whassup whassup
Yo son, yo, OH-oahh!

AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Fuck you shoot him for man? He just asked you a question
Fuck that, don't ask no questions in my shit
Word is bond, I don't like that, yo word up
Yo fuck them, yo fuck you
Fuck that cat, word up
Sean PEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

THIS, IS THE DIARY OF SEAN WIGGINZ
RECOGNIZE, MOTHERFUCKER
USE YOUR HEAD FOR MORE THAN A FUCKIN HATRACK
PUNK MOTHERFUCKERS, WORD UP
M-F-C, FOR LIFE!