

Public Enemy, Rumbo N Da Jungo

(feat. The Wreck League)

[Intro:]

Yo this is the Wreck League
We 'bout to wreck things in the nine-five
AIYYO~! We gotta set this off!
We gotta set this off, Wreck League, bring it

[Chuck D:]

Wreck League, check, protect ya neck
Stop the presses, I stress the second guesses
Punks jump up, we ain't stressin
Just aggressive by fear to beat and choke the white folk
Let's get ready to rumble!
In the jungle nobody loves a loser cause he lives alone
I'm on a level to find a way to flip {shit}
Words of collision, hit up and roll like a rock
Rhymes is wreckless and the flow is on top
Nobody rocks it quick no more, the beat is still brick
by brick hardcore not cheaper to keep it
Hit me and I hit you back Jack, League gimme some of dat

[Chorus:]

RUMBLE~!
Let's get ready to RUMBLE~! [x3]

[Melquan:]

I throw the jab, package crazy rappers
Son slaughter thick type beats, {?} cabbage
Attack like a heart failure, mad wicked
Lyrics turn your whole style vivid and spliff lifted
Roulette rapper, brain twistin with the clapper
Near-sight paramedic vocals won't appear right
Prepared to strike, raps is dynamite soaked in gasoline
I dream potent, substance floatin
in my soul blood vessel, words that smoke wrestle
out the mouthpiece son, let it happen
He travel like a captain his lieutenant action or chief rappin
Slaughter cord jaw-damagin {be fraggilin?}
You better keep packin, the new faction
Melquan lifts the Terrordome, vocal assassin

[Chorus]

[B-Wyze:]

Boom, wham, bang, WE'RE BACK~!
It ain't a Batman flick it's B-Wyze
Ridin on the track, like a
cowboy, rollin on your crew
Sayin "Whassup now boy?" A new sheriff
(I'm offended by..) meet me in the jungle
when you're ready for the rumble
I never mumbled just crashed crushed and crumbled
I'm callin out you, "Come Around My Way"
WARRIORS~! COME OUT AND PLAY-AY~!
Fools who don't wanna do jack but get high
BRRRRAP, BRRRRAP, BRRRRAP, BRRRRAP, DIE~!!~!
(Back up, back up, listen to the cut)
(Everybody want to know what the hell is up)
(In the jungle, listen to the rumble, check out the rhyme flow)
(Comin like Rambo...)

[Wreck League:]

BAM! BAM! Come with the Black Star thriller

Bavarian thought thriller, natural born killer
Who's the next victim to witness the wrath
of the shogun, flame-smokin MC's in my path
Drop the math, eighty-five percent is dosed
Can't accept the truth, leavin their brain comatose
Who's to blame? Representin the {motherfuckin} name
Wreck League ball, [?] rhymin is the game

[Wreck League:]

DY-NO-MITE is the [?], about to get
Zoo, then check Zoo, slice your whole crew
That's it, for Fo Man Choo
I be body rhymin this thing original
Body boom basher, I'm the lyrical master
Who's the rugged body boom banger inspiring minds
To fight and boom bang a physical king and I rock
The body boom banger bash and bump to death
Slice with my device to rip up the set

[Chorus: repeats and quickly fades]

[Outro:]

The Wreck League
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