

Rappin' Ron & Ant Diddley Dog, You Ain't Heard

(Ant Diddley Dog)

Yeah, I hope your motherfucking eardrums is ready for this
Bad N-Fluenz in the motherfuckin' house
Finna kick some shit for all the niggas who think they be flowin'
I'm about to introduce my young partner, so kick back
Hit the weed, and tweek off these motherfucking flows
Spit that shit, Rappin' Ron

(Rappin' Ron)

That nigga Ron's back, with a bomb sack
I'm either smoking or I'm signing on a contract
And you will never see me sober cause I'm always lit
And when I spit, I don't wanna hear y'all say shit
Cause when niggas talk shit, I tax they ass
While they bitch be begging for a backstage pass
Cause the bitches be loving it, just they way I be shoving dick
All down the hoes throat cause I ain't no joke
Provoke, and I'll blow your chest open
Come to Oakland, so you can get your neck broken
And I'm the nigga that's doing the neck snapping
Ripping these motherfuckers in half just like a wet napkin
I'm up to no good in yo hood I'm walking through
You know this fool, buster, who the fuck you think you talking to?
Saying you kill a crew, talking bout how you peel a few caps
When all you do is steal a few raps
Perhaps you should cut all the bullshit before you get
Beat with a bullwhip and then catch a full clip
And you'll get jumped like a grasshopper
And in the motherfucking trunk I got a pump for your ass, partner
Motherfucker, this a nine thing
You running up to Rappin' Ron and catch a permanent migraine
And murdering is what the hobby is
And I'm a motherfucking gangsta nigga, ain't that shit obvious?
Boy you can't hang, I'm deep in the game
Rappin' Ron is the name, smoking bomb is the game
And every day I'm smoking it, straight out of Oakland, bitch
Cussing when I'm busting, crushing that mediocre shit
Nigga cross the line and I'm beating those
Cause they try to bust flows and they fold and they decompose
And I kick back like a big vet
So nigga you can hit the deck but you still ain't heard shit yet

(Ant Diddley Dog)

Man, told y'all motherfuckers he was a goddamn fool!
Hell naw, fucking with these young gangsta poets
Coming with this lyrical-ass shit
My young parter Rappin' Ron gonna show you y'all
Motherfuckers how it's supposed to be done
So turn up the goddamn Zaps and bump them 15's
Cause you STILL ain't heard shit yet

(Rappin' Ron)

You ain't heard shit yet, cause I'm a motherfuckin' vet
My style will break off and take off just like a jet
Set to grab the tec, and pop in some clips
And hit the corner in the mob, let off some shots while they diss
Bitch you'd better break, killing is in the take
First the 8 then the 9 so you'd better get it straight
Wait, nigga stizzop, Ron's getting prizzops
And if you get disgusted you'll get busted in your chizzops
You can't fuck with me, cause I'm a young G
Nigga the O is the town, the 89 is the T
That's my turf since the birth, putting fools in a hearse
Yeah I love to bust raps, but I gotta bust caps first

Leaving punk motherfuckers on they backs
Cause when I pull my straps, all them saps just collapse
And I watch them figgety fall, cause I'm a higgedy hog
Coming up out the kiggedy cut with my partner Ant Diddley Dog
I ain't scared, cause they unprepared
I said "flee" and they fled, I said "bleed" and they bled from the head
Now they doead, they caught too many slugs
But gimme the mic and I'm ripping and rapping and rocking
And dropping them lugs
So motherfuckers love Rappin' Ron cause I'm perking up off that bomb
And I'm really not that high when I'm off that chocolate Thai
So let's go and get some dank and some drank and let's lounge
Don't try to creep, peep a nigga from the town
That's down to blow up your whole fucking block
Get on my nerve when I'm perved and get served like a knot
And then catch the shot from my glock when it busts
Yeah you probably be fucking with them but nigga but you never be fucking
with us
So trust, that punk motherfuckers get served
Talk shit when I'm lit and get kicked to the curb
And punk-ass niggas get served quick
And your ass needs to chill cause you still ain't heard shit

(Ant Diddley Dog)
Goddamn! This nigga's sick as fuck!
Check these out, man, oooh, this nigga ain't even finished yet
So calm your motherfucking ass down, peep this last verse

(Rappin' Ron)
Now everybody think that I lost it
So they be running up quick but I be coming up with that raw shit
The one that flow, now everyone I know
I'm another motherfucker and I'm coming from the O
To the A to the K, straight from the Bay
Where the nigga slang the yey or they either snort the pay
Some niggas be hopped out, big time and got clout
And some went to school but them fools just dropped out
So if you made it, nigga, then I'm glad you made it
But I'm undereducated cause I never graduated
But I don't give a FUCK about no goddamn diploma
I'd rather grab my gat and put a nigga in a coma
I don't know no calculus, algebra, or geometry
But I got my gat so I know trigga-nometry
And all that school shit was nerve-racking
That shit ain't gave me pape, that's the reason I prefer jacking
Perking off of Genuine Draft
The kinda nigga that'll put a couple in you and laugh
Lend you half a motherfucking gravesite
You can't fuck with the man with my hand on my guage tight
But I'm a do it like this so your crew will know
Tie your leg to a car, tie the other to a pole
Talk shit and laugh cause I got the gift of gab
Hop in the car, hit the gas, watch your ass split in half
Motherfuckers think that they stacking
I got more raps than a gift and more straps than a straightjacket
It's just that flow shit, that coming up out the O shit
Now wait for the next song so you can hear some more shit, bitch

Rappin' Ron in this motherfucker, you know what I'm saying?
Saying what's up to all my potnas in East Oakland, California
Crazy-ass Regis from 89th Avenue
My potna Ace, my homeboy FT
You know how we doing it, my potnas Sunny and Shine
Just kicking it, doing this Oakland type shit