Redman, No Chance (Vince McMahon Theme)

(feat. Rock (Heltah Skeltah))

[Chorus One x2: Redman, {Rock}]

Aiyyo there's {there's} no {no} chance in hell
{No chance in hell}
you gonna take what's mine, you're just too frail
Aiyyo there's {there's} no {no} chance in hell
{No chance in hell}
you gonna take what's mine, you're just too frail

[Redman]
Are you ready for war? Then bring it on
and I Kraftmatic like a stripper;
when it's out you throw your cash at it
Hope I don't rat-tat-it from the hash and grass addict
I spit and mad rap-it like I took a bad package
You pay tolls to the drummer, I EZ-Pass at it
But when it's time I bad habit, let the Mac at it
You don't want what we got in store
Keep your mother-in-law indoor when we walk outdoor
Dem four paws on my Benz what you shoppin for
You looked at your rims was like,
"What I cop them for?"
Cause I'ma Brick City native, spit nice like Jada'
Sheik style invades ya private property and lay ya
down for the count, so I'm round in the mouth
You say they town in the house, so I'm drownin em out
That's like seein(?) Atlantic Ocean in a frantic motion
When I write my hand is open, other one is catipultin
onto white sheets we fight to the white meat
Spillin on your 325 icey, wifey
I ain't sayin I'll do it, I got [niggaz] that will
I go to the Benz dealer, test drive it and peal
{ERRRR!} I be leaked out like (?? ??) pad of em
with ghetto chickens that can stash 30 bags of em
I'm at the club with Boot Camp ready to bag somethin
to take yo' [shit] like yo' punk-ass never had nuttin

[Chorus Two x2: Redman, {Rock}]

Aiyyo there's {there's} no {no} chance in hell
{No chance in hell}
you gonna take what's mine, you're just too frail
{You can't beat me} you ain't got no chance in hell
{You can't see me} you ain't got no chance in hell

[Rock]
Everytime, befo' I catch you, and make you pay
Everyone here works for me, I have em break two legs
two arms, and - two of your ribs for mistakes you made
The [nigga] that you hate that hate'll make you hate yo' fate
Don't ever utter-or-mutter a word soundin like a threat
You see that slew of bruisy dudes, guess who writes them checks?
ME, B-U, double-M, double-E, Jab
Bummee Jiddab, my soldiers play the back
Magnum Force Corporation - family bidness is what you facin
We like immigration - we send you back to where you came from
I display the, real meanin of danger with a rusty gemstar banger
or I have your baby momma flame ya
I got away with, [shit] that'll get you life
But I only got one felony - I COULD STICK YOU TWICE
From Brick City to Brownsville do you [niggaz] think it's on
like many a gambler's bankroll, you'll soon be gone

[Chorus Two]

[various samples and scratches]

[Chorus Two]

[Redman]
Aiyyo (aiyyo) aiyyo (aiyyo) there's.