

# Slum Village, Hoc N Pucky

Yo, plea-plea, plea-plea, please listen to my demo  
I got a flow that goes, ain't nobody droppin no lyrics  
Niggaz they fear me because I represent Jah  
Yo when you hear this you better pump it in your car

Blah blah blah blah blah-weeee, yo  
My momma told me that these niggaz tried to rob her at the liquor sto'

Check me out, HOOO, RAHHHH, ahh  
Check me out, uhh, check me out  
HUHHHH, what you want, ahh  
Yo check me out, check it out  
UHH, check ahh  
(Why does it have to be so damn)  
MON-STAHH IS RAW~! TO...

Rough enough to crush a nigga's tree trunks  
Aww my man, no time to think what she wants  
I'll be damned, Stan, remember we ran  
Eveywhere, God damnit I said we ran  
Across streets... bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzt  
There go my pager blowin up with the bill that's obese  
What did your momma see, {?}, fat-ass  
Really, should've, left your ass, in there  
It's a mosh, let's torture my niggaz  
OOOOH, God damnit I said OOOOH  
Do you know the things that I can do to you?  
I can make you cry like your momma do  
And for the wild, my style, is monumental  
As my flow, is fuckin up, instrumentals  
I leave it superbad cause I know he know  
Take it easy, they don't they don't (they don't)  
They don't they don't  
They don't - they don't they don't (they don't)  
They don't they don't  
They don't - they don't  
They - they - they - they - they...

crbt2('Slum Village','Hoc N Pucky')

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