

# Tung Twista, Nun Ah Y'all Can Hang

None of y'all can hang  
None of y'all can hang (repeated)

(VERSE 1)

Hype! You better pipe down, or a fight's found  
I know you can tear the mic down - huh, sike, clown  
Say I'm phony like Christmas cause I twist this  
Diss and hiss this, I'm pissed, come and kiss this  
Butt of mine, you ain't but a blind muthaf\*\*ka  
Duck tail, one tail, dum tail, try to run, snail  
Untangle your dreadlock, I mean deadlock  
I'ma rock and hope your ears get the point like Mr. Spock  
Them sucker wack rappers whippersnappers think I'm new to this  
I been true to this, give me somethin to chew to this  
Like bubble gum bums that think I can't hum to a slow drum  
Don't think I know where I come from, dumb-dumb, uhm -  
I flow to rhythms of all sorts, different sports  
Give me some pants with them hands, I ain't takin shorts  
Tired of them tiny turds and nerds, absurd words  
I think I rock too quick, cause at my pace they ain't heard words  
But I know one thang  
None of y'all can hang

None of y'all can hang  
None of y'all can hang (repeated)

(VERSE 2)

My style I kick, "You're flowin too quick"  
That's what I hear from the vicks  
I bet I don't flow as quick as you lick chicks  
Please, think I'm sweeter than peas? I flick em like fleas  
At ease, and even overseas they flip over these  
Scall, I break em like a fall, my lead stops em all  
I put em in headlocks, dreadlocks and all  
I'ma scuff vicks with lyrical ruff tricks  
Tuff kicks, put em at the end like a suffix  
You better maxwell and get smart  
Cause I'ma flow and kill em and let the angels play the harp  
I'm sharp, Tung, I be rollin like bicycles, I slice pickles  
Should I say cucumbers, newcomers, I flip em like nickels  
And dimes, cause nickel-and-dime rhymes I find from blind minds  
This time they all wanna diss mine  
Why? Because I let the funky lyricals fly like this  
Come get with the lyrical manifest that'll be flowin, and I  
Rock, they still wanna diss a pro because of my quicker flow  
You suckers get played like a piccolo  
And I let you know one thang  
None of y'all can hang

None of y'all can hang  
None of y'all can hang (repeated)

(VERSE 3)

Check, hope you're ready, singers, for steady ringers  
And humdingers, bum slingers cut from Freddy's fingers  
Slice, nice, twice: he sliced ice and sliced mics with spice  
So precise, don't sacrifice, take my advice  
Jihad is on the twelves turnin giants to elves  
Puttin twelves on the shelves, makin em hate themselves  
Cuts like his, you lack that  
Records were tossed, and then he crossed the fader like a black cat  
Holdin the beat like a hostage  
Think it's a joke? Try to poke, then suckers get smoked like a sausage  
DJ Jihad be stickin cats

Turnin em sucker ducks' cuts into chicken scratch  
...get the catch?  
Suckers' hearts are ripped apart  
For tryin to get with the god Jihad  
Punk, that wasn't smart  
Yo, ain't it a damn shame?  
None of y'all can hang

None of y'all can hang  
None of y'all can hang (repeated)

(Get busy)  
(Get busy)  
(Get busier)