

Redman F/ George Clinton

"Operation Lockdown"

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Intro:

Ruck and Rock, taking you up a notch higher

I mean, it was cool aht first yunno
Jus yunno, rapping about nuhthing
Buht then like whut happened wuz
[B.C.C.] The people they started, yunno to talk about
tings that make sense
[B.C.C.] I wuz like "What the fuck?"
[B.C.C.] People with real shit I wuhlike "Get the fuck
outta here"
[B.C.C.] Whaddo they think they doing?
[B.C.C.] I dunno where that shit come from man.
[B.C.C.] I wuz like, "Yo it's fuckin amazing" right?
[B.C.C.] Real
[B.C.C.] It's real, I don even know how the shit start

Verse One: Rock, Ruck

It went down like this, one little nigga snuck through the
door
Peeped the scene, sniped a few, then crept through
with two more
Heads were gettin nervous, that's three now they
wanna break North
Too late -- five more tore the door straight the fuck off
It's on now; gettin down in the trenches
Eight soldiers gettin in mo' ass than splinters on
raggedy benches
Since it's war, ain't shit sweet this Clique
disperse and then they transform to chess pieces

On fake grounds never spare clowns
Ruck and Rock be the rooks hold the square down
Are you prepared now I tear down, any opponent who
similies
Styles buckwild meanwhile your ass I obliterate
Demonstrate, tactics you need practice
First of all your monkey-ass rhyme like you're
backwards

I should smash kids, when they try to get beyond
limits, timid, but they could never get with Sean (say
word)

Dat's word, Sean don't give a
Whatevah then they got niggaz who're snakes that
slither (hisssss)
And if ya, wanna come test the inflixter
I got your name number address plus your picture

Chorus:

This is the B.C.C., N Double D
In the Ninety-Now we lock it down
This is the B.C.C., N Double D
In the Ninety-Now we lock it down

Verse Two: Ruck, Rock

Peep my words, yes my heavenly words, word
that get niggaz locked up in seventy-third
Prefer to chill, but the Sun can't do that
Due to my temperature tempted to bring it where your
crew's at
You lack with the skills that it takes to make
ends meet cause it seems that your ass is weak
My occupation's, Operation, Lockdown
On your radio station whoever got the hot sound

Who wan tess y'all?
Mr. Mall-Doo, a.k.a. Rock-Ness y'all
Guard your chest y'all
Nothing can protect y'all
From Buckshot on down to the rest y'all
We runnin through your set y'all
Fuck the rest y'all, we be the best y'all
Yesh yesh y'all
I crack backs North South East and West y'all
We know fresh y'all
I did do I guess y'all
I didn't say I doesn't indeed sex I never measure
Ready to wet y'all
Place your bottom dollar bets y'all
Chest will become messed bored if you flex y'all
Nevertheless y'all
We out to save the ship before it's dead y'all
Lock it down with the full court press y'all

Chorus: 2X

Ha ha ha haaa
This is the year, the Ninety Now

On with the flows, conversations over beats
Do not touch microphones
I repeat, do not touch microphones
This concludes our exodus Eight men are moving in the
Ninety Now
Very hazardous to your health And that's my B.C.C.
show you how
you can get with the shit that we got
Heltah Skeltah The rook the rook the Ruck the Rock man
we keep shit locked down
Kid, duck down [B.C.C.]
Lock it down lock it down [B.C.C.]
Operation Lockdown [B.C.C.]
Lock it down lock it down [B.C.C.]
[B.C.C.]
Locked down [B.C.C.]
The weak do not stand a chance [B.C.C.]
[B.C.C.]
This I promise you [B.C.C.]
[B.C.C.]

Chorus 2X

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