

Wrestling

"We've Had Enough - The Dudley Boyz"

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[Chorus - repeat 2X]

We've had enough, of the what you coulda
The what you woulda, the what you shoulda done
To avoid the unbeatable, dodge the undefeatable two

We've had enough

[Verse One: Bubba Ray]

(Oh testify!) And we're prepared for war
Prepared for the toe to toe, so let's go
Prepared for the head to head, nuff said
We about to put these lil' punks to bed
One slap, kick-ass, {bitch} slap, four
These little punks ain't ready for war
These little {bitches} ain't ready to ride
And there's nowhere to run, nowhere to hide
Lights out, one tag, two tags, kaboom!
Let 'em feel the pain, don't count 'em out too soon
Let 'em hit the mat then pick 'em up on two
Suffer, pain, hurt, you're through
Over, done, body count tally
Last call move on 3-D finale
Told you all we comin, to settle the score
The talkin ends now, it's time for war

[Chorus] - 1/2

We've had enough

[Verse Two: D-Von]

(We can do this) Best say no more
We came here to settle the score, so let's go
Tonight all debts will be paid in full
All debts collected, wrong corrected
It's been enough talk, it's been enough threats
About which two man team is the best
So listen now, see us here now
Don't care who you are, you're all goin down
I'm fed up to here, don't doubt the will
Gonna do the job, gonna go for the kill
Drive to survive, best say goodbye
Hardcore rules apply (ha-ha ha ha)

So c'mon, c'mon, c'mon do you hear us?
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon are you with us?
Hands in the air if you feel us c'mon
Hands in the air if you feel us c'mon!
[Breakdown]
Uh, uh, what, uh
Uh.. what

[Verse Three]
Catch me any part of town, bling to the navel
Honies got they eye on the cable
I step like I walk like I don't care
I might screwface your whole place, I have no fear (uh)
I live amongst wolves, set up shop in the den
I'll never lose my jewels and have to cop it again
They don't know the hell I've seen
Where I've been, they'll never try me again
Louder than {ha ha}, twice as tough
And like New York City we ain't never givin up
A God given package, asked all women
Hard like steel, tougher than denim
There's no limit, to how I live it
No amount of pressure, can test my will
We're here to clean house, king of the hill!

[Verse Four]
All these other wrestlers think they can be like us
Tryin to take us down, with just one punch
Now they wonder why me and Bubba blowed 'em out
Next time, grown folks talkin (c'mon) close your mouth
Now you're lookin like New Jack, flabby and sick
Tryin to player hate on our {shit}, yo

[Chorus]

We've had enough

[Bubba] D-Von!
[D-Von] What?!
[Bubba] Get the tables!
[D-Von] Ha!

We've had enough

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