

# WWF

## "No Chance (vince McMahon Theme)"

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Chorus One: Redman, {Rock} - repeat 2X

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 icy, 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: Redman, {Rock} - repeat 2X

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..

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