WWF "We've Had Enough Dudley Boyz On Originals"

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We've had enough

Of the what you coulda, what you woulda, what you

shoulda done

To avoid the unbeatable

Dodge the undefeatable two

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We've had enough

And we're prepaired 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 little punks to bed

One slap, kick ass, bitch slap, four

These little punks aren't ready for war

These little bitched aint ready to ride

And it's nowhere to run, nowhere to ride

Lights out one tag, two tag 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, bodycount tally

Last call, move on 3D finale

Told you all we come to settle the score

The talkin ends now, it's time for war

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Best say no more

Come here to settle the score, so lets go

Tonight all debts will be paid in full

All debts collected, all wrongs corrected

It's been enough talk, there'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, y'all goin' down

I'm fed up to here, don't doubt the will

I'm gonna do the job, gonna go for the kill Drive to survive, Best say goodbye

Hardcore rules apply

So come on, come on, come on do you hear us

Come on, Come on, come on are you with us

Hands in the air if you feel us, come on

Hands in the air if you feel us, come on

Catch me, any part of town, bling to the navel

Honeys got their eyes on the cable

I step like, I walk like I don't care

I might screw face, your whole place I have no fear

I live amongst wolves, set up shop in their den

I'll never lose my jewels, and have to cop it again

They don't know the hell I've seen

Never been where I've been

They'll bever try me again

Louder than Fu**, and twice as tough

Like New York City, we ain't never giving up

A God given package, ask all the 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 on the hill

All the other wrestlers think they can be like us

Tryin to take us down with just one punch

Now they wonder why me and Bubba blow 'em out

Next time, close your mouth

Now you're lookin like new jack

All flabby and sick

Tryin to play your hate on shit

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