# Abidin Zainal "Heavy Ammunition"

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#### WHASSUP?!

Chorus: {vocal samples)

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E. Sermon

"Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat I'm on a mission.." -> P. Rock

(repeat 3X)

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E. Sermon

"Pack Pistol Posse, flow some more pro shit..." -> Redman

## [Tame One]

I pack a rap that's the joint and like to point the chrome at domes

of MC's who need to be smoked up, like homegrown ism I get bizm, with rhythm no bullshit
My best rhymes rank like a tec-9 with a full clip
I'm funky as hell, since I rock the twelve inch
And now fakes imitate the great like Elvis
Oh goodness gracious, oh golly gee wolly
I'm good googa booga good golly Miss Molly
I use a loaf of bread a pint of milk a stick of butter
to keep my weight up, to knock a sucker to the gutter
I empty my rhyme clip, and kick like a fat gat
El you got my back, so where's your black ass at?

## [El Da Sensai]

I'll let loose to juice to freak the funk spunk no punk I'm doin the funky chicken as I'm kickin like a Shaolin monk

MC El Da Sensai with another one to bash ya Lyric master, blastet, kick my skit faster Best in my section, I'm fresher check the lesson Progress is progressin as I'm buildin on my section Hyperactive raps are gettin super static with the rap erratical acrobatical mass combatical So, move over cause the style that's rippin is comin from the grand man that is not slippin

But I'm trippin, kick the comp romp stomp and pomp Cause my style is flyer Renaldo Neidermeyer Hip hip hoorah, check it out one two the thing that I swing I won't front..

Yo, I got the lyrical ammunition to your chest So nigga don't test, cause my mouth is the tec Kid, I kick the ill skill yo, did you listen I bust caps with raps, packin heavy ammunition

Chorus: \*vocal samples\*

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E. Sermon "Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat I'm on a mission.." -> P. Rock (repeat 4X)

## [Tame One]

Ya gotta excuse me, I was just scheamin on a cutie and I knew it was my duty cause the honey had a booty I up jumped the boogie to the boogie the beat Cause I'm a hellafied nigga, you can call me T.D. The black Lil' Raskal, with loot like Waldo I make Oprah rhyme by throwin chairs at Geraldo Rivera, I joke around like, Hanna Barbera But mirror mirror, Tame is a terror My hair got the knots, my name got the props I'm the coach of a rap note cause I call the shots Tamedy Tamedy, I'm showin the mad me Damn style flam and T why? We ain't family Keep that real, I smoke buddha and pack steel Check the rap deck, cause this is the last deal Good God, baby pah, give it to me check it BRARABRARABBAHHH bust it, BRARAHRABAHABA wreck it

### [El Da Sensai]

Comin back, to cap, two with the fat rapture Intact to Tic-Tac, my style you can't catch-a Why? Let's see, I'm not ordinary Kind of impossible, unstoppable, brothers pop a lot of bull..

..skip to my loo, I'm never ever to do
hot tamale oh golly I'm wicked with the folly
All types of sneakers fo' the freaker of the speaker
Bass for the bottoms and the highs for the tweeters
Sample from The Meters, check it how I speak the
words pound for pound, fuck ten ounces and the liters
I won't sniff Blow, even if you said his name was Kurtis
My style can go through changes, from Latin down to
Turkish

So keep slippin cause that ass I'll be kickin El Da Sensai, with the heavy ammunition

Chorus: \*vocal samples\*

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E. Sermon
"Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat I'm on a mission.." -> P. Rock
(repeat 8X)

YEAH! Aight??

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