

Dudley Boyz

"We've Had Enough"

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

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The undefeatable two, we've had enough

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 little punks to bed

One slap, kick ass, funky flap four
These punk asses ain't ready for war
These little bitches ain't ready to rise
And it's nowhere to run, nowhere to hide

Lights out, one tag, two tag, kaboom
Let 'em feel the paint, don't count 'em out too soon
Let 'em hit the mat, then pick 'em up on 2
Suffer, pain, hurt, you're through

Over, done, body count 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 we come 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, there's been enough threats
About which 2 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 to say, goodbye
Hardcore rules apply

So come on, come on, come on, do ya 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 what the hell I've seen
Where I've been, they'll never try me again

Louder than fuck, 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 of 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, goin' for war close your mouth
Now you're lookin' like new jack, flabby and sick
Tryin' to play your hate on our shit

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