

Dungeon Family

"Intro: Presenting Dungeon Family"

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[crowd yelling in background]

[banging on door]

Dungeon Family! Dungeon Family!
Dungeon Family y'all got six minutes!
Dungeon Family, don't y'all hear 'em out there
they're going bananas!
Get up Dungeon, come on!
Dungeon Family get out here!
Come on! You hear me in there?!

[door opening]

First Generation!

Presenting Dungeon Family, Mr. DJ's on the drums
We spit the slickest shit from the gutters and the slums
Presenting Dungeon Family, Mr. DJ's on the drums
We spit the slickest shit from the gutters and the slums

[Backbone]

Gooolllllyyy! Yea' ain't gon' believe this (What?)
Oh you will when you see it (What?)
Them boys done came together, changed the weather

Now they finna reign/rain forever (What?!)
Somebody better tell 'em they can think whatever
But I don't sweat 'em
Oh if they say I ain't right this time, shawdy bet 'em
Cuz I got game to sell 'em, a thang or better
I play 'em low key like below C level
The high fidelity gon' bang yo' cerebelum
And crank the party up like this old Charles Tatum
In a subterrarium chamber, creatin masterpieces
Etch it in stone, trust 'em it's hard to keep 'em
A thunderous sound, comes from up under the ground
Do you smell what the Family smokin? We burnin it
down
to ash, Breeze, Doc, The Mob, Rube
OutKast and me, guilty by association...

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