

Blessid Union Of Souls

"H.A.A"

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[Mr. Lawnge]

Yo! This is a crazy shout out to that nigga MC Hammer
We all know he went out and got a new style
So we went out and got him a new asshole, you know
what I'm saying?
Cause we making examples out of bitch niggas for '94
Word up, Black Sheep ain't hearing it no more

Now listen Hammer, I could slam ya with grammar you
bama

Diss you on camera, but then again goddamn I'd be
Committing a crime and also wasting my time
Yo that shit be worse than trying to battle rhyme a
pantomime
You can't say shit but dance and look like a dick
Save it for your hair cause your rhymes ain't slick, bitch
Come on now clown, you ain't down
If we were having sex in a circle, you still couldn't fuck
around

You got some shit on your chest, what are you, nuts?
Or could it be that you've been eating too many chicken
butts?

You popcorn ass rapper, oh, exqueeze me
You admitted you couldn't rhyme when you dropped
the MC

Of your name, I laughed at your fame the minute you
came

And now you're like your racehorse, dead last, you're
mad lame

But now I got you like Wanda, I rock your world
And have you pulling on my nuts like a fucking squirrel
Begging me please, Lawnge stop tandering
But it's too late, goddamn I can't stand you man
That's why I'm up in your ass like a parasite
For me to battle you, that's like you in the Tyson fight
No wins, you know you have no friends
Because the mic separates the boys from the mens,
Hammer

Have arrangements made, man eject respect
I put your name down, fuck card, I pulled your deck
Like Wu-Tang said, you'd best protect your neck

Or get wrecked, and you can bet your endorsement
check
So reneg nigga, you'd better repent
And yo you couldn't look hard if Karl Kani gave you
cement
Instead of his clothes to rock in your videos
Nigga you couldn't beat your dick as far as beef goes
Hammer, you say you're coming from Oaktown and
that's fine
So nigga take your ass back like your hairline
In any battle you don't want to get stuck with me
If I was your bitch you still couldn't fuck me, bitch

[Dres]

No Stanley, no Stanley
I don't give a fuck who you are or who your man be
Huh, I'll snatch your capital without a 357, dig
No class nigga, I'll kick your ass for two bit
What are you stupid, troopid, couldn't be you if this was
Balley
Nigga, I'll park you quick and faster than your valet
Hurt me, Stanley? You'd better hope for better days
Chasing my balls like I was the fucking Oakland A's
Nigga quit like your staff or feel the wrath
Your punk ass couldn't bust a bubble in a bath
Huh, I get this right, now you's a racketeer?
But nigga you've been ??? you ain't a mackateer
Ha, ho, no flow, so nigga won't you quit
Shoot heroin on the toilet and still not drop dope shit
Huh, it's all deception, I got your number mister
You bought helicopters for the cops and tried to play
my sister
Ass out, your style is about as fly as Piedmont
And yo stop claiming Oakland when you're stroking 'em
from Friedmont
In the dictionary under "sellout" that's where you'll be
So roll with Audi for a fucking catastrophe
You teenie weenie wearing geanie to bikini
Couldn't see me if gazelles came in motherfucking 3-D
This is for the Hammer, you bama
I'll bust your ass in Alabama, Savanna, Montana,
Havana
Goddamn, my often Lifestyles fuck you
I bust you keep the pistol cause no one would fucking
miss you
You suck! I don't give a fuck who does or writes the
track
Whoever cameos, it's Hammer, it's all wack

