

## **Blessid Union Of Souls**

### **"Without a Doubt"**

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Intro: Lawnge

Yeahhh, we're here to turn the party out  
Yo, without a doubt  
We pack much clout

Verse One:

Dres --

Black Sheep's in the house, party people you  
remember  
The niggaz that served your whole crew like the  
bartender  
It's dynamic D, don't you panic cause we, won't stop  
until hip-hop, is all it could be, now  
And you can't checks it when I flex it yo I wreck shit  
You niggaz are turning me off like a naked anorexic  
I gets, jazzy baby if you're blastin maybe you can  
see me and Mista Lawnge to drop the flavor shit like  
Toucan

Lawnge --

It's the genuine, nine and then some  
Rolling with the Sheep but yo we all can't come  
Because the part be on that old strict clientele  
Dissing more niggaz at the door than Jessica and  
Miguel  
Now if you're peeps of the Sheep then we'll let you in  
But if you didn't buy my album then you're not my  
friend  
I recommend you step back to the end  
And watch me catch wreck like fat people breakin wind

Dres --

Black Sheep, we're mighty like Isis  
My man, I slam nice, yes more fly than Shazam I am  
Dres, D-R-E-S, roar without a floor  
I pound clowns who walk on sound for encores

Me and my man sicne eighty-three, makin this fast  
buck  
Act up and get broken when I'm open like a Mack truck  
Slammin ya on camera like Gamera it's iller  
Cause you never knew the Sheep could catch wreck like  
Godzilla

Chrous: Dres, Lawnge (repeat 2X)

Yo I can do it [can you do it can you turn the party out]  
Ain't nuttin to it [can you make the people wanna  
scream and shout]  
Yeah I can do it [can you do it can you turn the party  
out]  
Yo we can turn this party out [yeahhh, without a doubt]

Verse Two:

Lawnge --

Black Sheep, the definition, by now you should've  
known  
It means wherever we rock the spot gets blown  
So when you see is on a flyer, it should be your desire  
To witness more wreck than a West coast fire  
So be prepared to bounce jump around and all that  
You don't have to ask Jack, you know where the party's  
at  
It's uptown in the Boogie Down so don't sleep  
On that Non Fiction hit by Black Sheep

Dres --

B-B-B, B-L-L-L, L-A-C-K  
S-H, double-E-P, and comin your way with A  
dope styles B you can't compare  
C-D, come move your ass like you're sittin in my chair  
We glow like incense intense like suspense  
Commence to rip the party people love nonsense, I  
put the art in party with my padre, word to madre  
I love deeper than that lady Sade

Lawnge --

Black Sheep, rips and represents, believe we do  
Have more crews than in the days of L.Q.  
Now let me tell you, what other niggaz failed to  
We open more doors than a carpenter, puts nails  
through  
I wish your style was copywritten, to have bitch-niggaz  
shittin

because the Sheep flavor couldn't be bitten  
Ya see we know, yo we gotta stay original  
Keep the Black Sheep flow and party til it's time to go

Chorus

Outro:

D - Now to the peeps in the back, if you're not the wack,  
say  
[don't stop with the body rock]  
L - Now all the people in the front, if you're ready to  
bump, say  
[don't stop with the body rock]  
D - Now to the people in the middle if it's makin you  
wiggle, say  
[don't stop with the body rock]  
L - Now to the people on the side, if you're black with  
pride, say  
[don't stop with the body rock]

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