

Fluoride Klaus

"Hip Hop Roughneck"

Visit "[Hip Hop Roughneck](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[INTRO: MC Shan]

That damn OJ

Tellin me my joint ain't comin out till '94?

OJ gotta be out of his mind, man

I'm tellin you, I'ma blow up in '93, man

They can't stop me

You crazy?

Word up

Tellin you

Yeah boy

Back in '93

To blow up once again on the hip hop scene

You know who it is, the one with the choice voice

[VERSE 1: MC Shan]

Watch me rip up shop

Cause I'm the type of rapper you despise risin to the top

Ryhmin with the force that's knockin down barricades

Callin Mr. Loverman singin girls serenades

Try to lay low - unfamiliar

Just like smokin I'm bad for your health, I could kill ya

Think I'm bluffin, wanna find out?

Then I pull the trigger to the nine and blow your muthafuckin mind out

A murder I slay, so don't sleep

The mic leave threads across your face like thee tracks from a jeep

Your coffin is your final refuge

Your death is gonna have to be revenged by your nieces and nephews

Beat you like Tyson, slice you like a butcher

Six feet underground's most likely where I put ya

I get the place in an uproar

Make you wonder what you got your little weak wack ass up for

Rhymes, I got em in excess

And I got the beats that you pump in your Jeeps and your Lexus

Lyricaly I boast and I swagger

Words pierce your mind, after a while starts feelin like
a steel dagger
Slice, slice, slice, dice, dice, chop, chop, chop
Look like maintenance got another mess to mop
It's '93 and I gets nuff respect
Cause I ain't nothin but a hip hop roughneck

[CHORUS: Rich Melody]

Nobody bring your firearm
You can't do no harm
Nobody can try to come test we
Nobody bring your firearm
You can't do no harm
Don't flex with MC Shan, ya can't test we

[CHORUS: MC Shan]

(So whutcha want nigga, so whutcha want nigga?)
Boy, you better slow down or get your life wrecked
(So whutcha want nigga, so whutcha want nigga?)
Tryin to mess around with the hip hop roughneck
(So whutcha want nigga, so whutcha want nigga?)
Boy, you better back up or get your life wrecked
(So whutcha want nigga, so whutcha want nigga?)
Cause ain't nobody that can win me in my neck of the
woods
(So whutcha want nigga, so whutcha want?)

[VERSE 2: MC Shan]

Shan was dead, but now I got reanimated
Had the buttons to push, but didn't know how to
operate it
I'm in control of the ship now, captain
Boy, you wanna walk up and see yo what's happenin?
Some rappers think they're vicious
But at the end of it all they probably wind up doin dirty
dishes
I'm risin up on an incline
And if your ass was that dope, then muthafucka, your
ass woulda been signed
Ain't no goin by the book
You be just another wack muthafucka bout to get his
shit took
Don't let the temper start to flare up
Cause that's when I start lookin around for shit that I
can tear up
See, you don't pose a threat
Boy, we can go a few rounds, this ain't as rough as it
can get
Adversaries avoid me
Many have approached, but never has one destroyed
me
I'm not a force to be reckoned with

1-2, 1-2, then I start wreckin shiiieet
I got nice, but it wasn't by accident
Necks were broke, boy, you wanna get your back bent?
Even though I'm not a girl you a-fi respect me
If you think I'm wrong, then come and correct me
It's '93 and I gets nuff respect
Cause I ain't nothin but a hip hop roughneck

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: MC Shan]

Psych - I don't need you to proof-read
Ak is on the bassline givin me the lead (indeed)
Tip-tip-toein through the tulips as I follow
Blast a hole in your chest, now the shit's hollow
I drop knowledge but I also kick ballistics
I be kickin the funky lines that mystify the mystics
Won't think twice just to send a nigga the lullaby
The next nigga that steps might get bust in the eye
I stopped spreadin hookers like mayonnaise
Cause there's a lot of things that you can catch out
there in this day and age
I'm not down with the homo clique
But I'll jump inside a nigga's ass quick
Fee-fee-fi-fiddy-fo-fiddy-fum
Laugh now nigga, you used to call me bum
Now I'm buried under money
Your girl's comin to see me on the side and I'm dippin
in your honey
Knockin off heads in the game like a gladiator
Records so hot, they give heat like a radiator
Assume position cause you know the procedure
Need somebody to follow? Then let me lead ya
Now it's time to rejoice
Cause now you got another funky record that's kickin
with the Shan's voice
It's '93 and I get nuff respect
Cause I ain't nothin but a hip hop roughneck

[CHORUS]

Word

Visit [Fluoride Klaus](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.