

## Hank Williams Sr.

### "Take Dat"

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Uh, uhh, yeah.. what?  
LOTUG, uhh, yeah  
Yeah, uh, uh  
From the Q to New Jeru, yeah  
Uhh.. hip-hop  
Kid Called Roots  
Who am I?

[Mr. Funke]

I am a Lord and see, yeah you know me  
Brown ass nigga zig-zags from Jersey  
When yo' system knocks, better be Lords on the box  
Watch ya spot, we Set It like Vivica Fox  
You know I be ridin in eighty-fitty-I wit Sha  
while we umm \* inhales \* on lye  
And when it's trouble, we push the Black Lex bubble  
Me and Cappo, push the whip REAL SLOW  
Tinted windows, so nobody know  
Lord of Undo', translates to below  
Feel the flow, cause we blow like so  
Eatin NoDoz, quick to kick like bolo  
You know, the way we go, you betta follow  
Six-double-oh travel roads that's narrow  
Watch your body, feel it twist like karate  
Take dat, feel dat, it's enough for everybody

[DoItAll]

Check it - a hum dullah don't deserve to be a star  
DoItAll, Lord Jazz, Funk Man, yo who we are - Lords  
Immacular, push the black Lex car  
Hang you off the balcony -- now my office hours are..  
The rap game is full of wannabees who ain't nice  
I get up in it, cook niggaz in a minute like rice  
Rock a lot of ice! Keep the girls lookin at me funny  
Tryin to get pregnant, tryin to get some money  
But you must be crazy if you think we havin that  
I've got lawyers that could prove that the Earth's still  
flat  
Fools wanna stress me, but I can raise the mackin out  
Got the Lex off the lot, make the owner back it out  
What, L (L), O (O), T-U-G (G)

Livin like kings, gotta push the big Jeep  
Take trips to Hong Kong, backstage at a show  
with some Chinese broad named -- Sum Dum Hoe --  
what?

Chorus: repeat 2X

Take dat, yeah nigga take dat  
Feel dat.. "Take that take that take that" -> Puff Daddy

[Mr. Funke]

What the deal is? You see my jewels be the chillest  
I be the illest, me and Lords, back with real shit  
Hip shit, Hop shit, freak any topic  
Knock it? Stop it, niggaz didn't lock this  
It's Resurrection Dun-Dun, frequently let one  
BLAOW from the big gun, make the whole crowd run  
Ask Sun, come on down and hit me one  
Break me off one, come and get some

[DoItAll]

Who wan' come test, take it to your chest  
Put a bullet in your Bubblegoose like Wyclef  
Funk Man got these rap cats jealous of me  
Like Joe Frazier jealous of Muhammad Ali  
But can't nobody touch this, far as I can see  
If you don't want beef, you gotta give it to me  
The Jim Carrey of this rap shit, makin niggaz laugh  
at you dirty MC's, need to go and take a bath, uhh

[Mr. Funke]

Take a seat'n, ain't no competin  
Me and Lord Jizzy, Funk Man ain't retreatin  
Disbelievin, might end all your breathin  
Catch me on the weekend, black Jeep creepin  
Thug niggaz love niggaz, who bust niggaz  
So bust this niggaz, pass the lime liquor  
I'm quicker, than your average umm type niggaz  
Take dat, take dis, this for you niggaz!

[DoItAll]

Take dat, Put It In Your Mouth like Akinyele  
The style that I kick make all MC's jeally  
The bone-crusher, rock the microphone from here to  
Russia  
Leave dents instead of fingerprints when I touch ya  
Efficiently declared illegal by the government  
Kidnap your mother make you wonder where your  
brother went  
My crew, retaliate like Benny Blanco  
Make my getaway, in a stolen White Bronco

## Chorus 2X

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