

Helstar

"Clans, Posses, Crews And Kliks"

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[Rock] Aiyyo Son (yo) aiyyo come downstairs Son
(what?)
[batty bwoy] Asshole, asshole, asshole!
[Rock] There's like six bitch-ass niggaz on the corner
Son
(Aiyyo word?) These niggaz is rappin, kickin raps n shit
Can't tell these niggaz they ain't hype
They punk smooove bullshit, just meet me downstairs
Son
I'ma set it on these niggaz Son
[Ruck] Yo I'ma be right there man, I'm gettin dressed
now
[Rock] These niggaz have no idea Son, check it check it

Verse One: Rock, Ruck

And one time for your mind, one time for the snitch
droppin dime
Me don't wanna hear you whine when my nine's to your
spine
Glock diss, Rocky, Mountain, energy's from my
Fountain of youth runnin through my brain pounded
So don't be found in my clutches
If you don't who Sparsky is, then you don't know who
Dutch is
Don't get snuffed kid, we cause ruckus
And rock mad domes while we at it who's the first up
To see blackness like the universe

Fuck that, niggaz better start runnin for shelter
Live and direct with a nine tenth that's that nigga from
Heltah Skeltah
Word em up I murder ducks who never heard of Ruck
plus
My mind illz on rhyme skills with the nine that I buck
(blahhh)
Girls demand me, mad bitches I slam the
Microphone you hand me till the judge remand me
(what)
Can we, get along like Rodney, and Rock please
Put these niggaz in they proper place cause you cocky

I, be the drama bringer wringer of a niggaz neck
Wrecker of a set I buck shots with a steel tec
Wussy, where's all them suckers talkin tracks bout they
RnRin

(They heard us comin and turned to track stars, check
it)

I be, never sloppy, I be ROTC
I rock heads from Bedrock to Yugoslav-ia
Robbin you and your crew blind yeah we do crimes
Find that Absolut's fine, or in to behind
Now you whine, but yo stop the blood clot cryin
Like Screwface, I in the mood to bash your eyes in
Devils does know who I am, madman from Heltah
Skeltah
Mr. Flipster, ROCK, Grandson of Sam

As the World Turns in my search for tomorrow
I seek the God in life, for some insight
Freaky like a golden shower when my golden bowels
Hit instrumentals get influential like Colin Powell, now
Fuck the world, stick my dick in the dirt
Pull tunes on spooks who claim I ain't cool like Levert
Expert when I network my lyrics like a rebel
Vexed cause the devil never take me to that next level
It's never humble in asphalt jungles
When you slang rocks and Ricans in back deal with
bundles
Some may wonder, the evil these two men do, torment
you
Lyrical landlord, your fuckin rent due

Chorus:

Clans, posses, crews and kliks
All y'all bitch niggaz can suck my dick
Kliks, posses, crews and clans
Can't none of y'all niggaz fuck with me and my man

Verse Two: Rock, Ruck

Aiyyo, one's for the, shots I pop
Two's for the anti-real snakes I fought and dropped
Three's for the irrational Ruck, bitch!
I be Rock and the four's for hip-hop cause with this shit
we rip shop
Ask me how foul I am, mannn you know damn well
It was me that hit your bitch up in my man's van
Too plexed your grand-pops then like corn I pop shit
You can't flush, fuckin with us you're smacked with
hock spit

Who dare square with Rock me I break you
Tree times worse dan a bumba claat earthquake do
Heltah Skeltah is hectic hit the deck then step
If you wanna hear your neck click
See this center, but really play no basketball
I do my shootin with a motherfuckin mac you fall
To the floor, OGC hit up everything that come through
the door
Recognize Heltah Skeltah mean war

So what's the reason for the treason, punk you wanna
die
My mind crucify those who try to defy
God cipher devine drop bombs on the blind
In the mood to get rude with the lyrics instead of my
nine (hah)
Now I (what) want a nigga to come with hand skills
Man chill, might end up in a landfill
Stand still, nigga you know the position
Glocks clickin from niggaz who ain't got pots to piss in
Plus I get hyped when my mic strikes windpipes
Me and Rock is this tight (there'll never be no fist
fights)
You're lip punks when my fifth smokes the rich folks
Who sniff coke, now your bitch broke ain't no misquote
I just spoke, wicked ways with words of wisdom
Like Cyclops I spot fly shots with I'll vision
Similar to none Son so it fuckin seem
Savages get sewn the fuck up with shots to they spleen

Chorus: repeat 4X

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