

Helstar

"Leflah Leflour Eshkoshka"

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* originally appeared as the extended version of leflah on fab 5's blah 12"

Intro:

Yes
The name of this shit here is
Leflour leflah eshkoshka
The fab 5

Chorus: rock

Yes yes y'all (yes y'all)
O.g.c., heltah skeltah be the best y'all (best y'all)
Fab 5 slam from east to west y'all (west y'all)
Sound pound straight through your bubble vest y'all
(vest y'all)
And check yo chest y'all (chest y'all)

Verse one: strang, rock, louisville

Ay curumba strang gun clappa number
One on tha set man I cut ya like lumber
Still play the back in my thundergear down to my
underwear
Make all you motherfuckers wonder where
I come from, 'cause motherfuck dapper dan
I'm a gun clappa fan plus I run rappers stand
Fab 5, mad live blow up the spot
Dru ha gets the paper black moon still gets the props

Eh yo next to snap a neck be big r-o-c-k
Send mc's to me in squads of three say
Rockness monsta, is he for real? it can't be
See him in action as he transform that man's me
Enemies ain't kotter, ain't no welcome back in my home
or
Knots get blown like cordless slots and payphones
Phone home or return like jedi
I bet I can without lai give yo' stupid ass a red eye

Me nah like
Niggaz who can't see pass a likkle bit of light
You come tess the champion ya gwan die tonight
And 6 feet deep is where you sleep
Eternally restin in peace you felt relief
Now big up to all my true headz in the east
Stalkin the block not leavin the house without they gat
You best ta believe that fab 5 got my back
(got my back) it's like dat

Verse two: ruck, louisville

I control the masses, wit metaphors that's massive
Don't ask if the nigga ruckest bash shit like cassius
I'm drastic, when it comes to verbs I be flippin
'cause herbs jus be shittin off the words I be kickin
I scold you, double headed swords for the petty
But I told you, bitch niggaz that headz ain't ready
Now I mold you, back to the bitch that you are
Fuckin wit the ruckest get bruised, battered and
scarred

Guess who, punk chump, your brain jus blew
It's the originoo gun clappa two
Rushin through, three on three you can't see we
'cause we stay tight and not many niggas wanna fight
So sneak in where a nigga in the cipher of the camp
Jus got amped so I took em out for a dance
Bigga triggas fallin down
Like the bridges of london, but ain't too many niggaz
runnin

Chorus

Verse three: rock --> louisville in ()'s

Aiyyo why oh why did I need cappucino
Scar on my face but I'm not al pacino
(we 3 amigos) sparsky and dutch we bring mo'
Drama than what? (a primetime nbc tv show)
(headz don't know and damn sure ain't ready)
(niggas walk the street wit more boop than betty)
Shit'll get heavy (back of the tree now surrender)
(my pon hits yo mind mix thoughts like a blender)
Then I dish off from a shooting guard to a center
Like rockafella you hit rock bottom when you enter
(o.g.c. rush the scene, the mission from backup) yeah
(baseball bats attack like jersey fools that act up) act up
(folks is passed now, petrol, go get dough)
(pepto-bismol before this nigga let go)
He said go what you do grew screwed I blew through

Two crews who claim they got funk maybe true 'cause
they doo-doo

Verse four: ruck, strang --> top dawg in ()'s

Everybody framed, ain't nobody yappin no more
I've evidence on your click so y'all niggaz hit the floor
With that mouth murderin you got that ass in hot water
Now I just oughta send a piece to your headquarters
To take away your stripe, you fucked up tonight
You don't do right you're gwan get dead to spite
Our click foundation stays thick through the war
I'm keepin my eye out for infiltrators at the door

It's a shame how these mc's are wannabees
Front on these and get hung up like dungarees
(please)
Ease off selecta strangle wrecks ya
Plus bust asses on whoever passes through my sector
(so what you gonna do when you stuck at thirty-two)
(degrees please, get off yo knees and follow these)
(now swallow these, buckshots from the rifle)
(then I will make niggaz beat it and scream just like
michael)
So how many corny mc's gwan try
When strang sets shit off like the 4th of july
(nobody) why? ('cause everybody gets bodies my
brother)
(I smother a nigga then ruck bounce like rubber)
Step to tha stage set the microphone on fire
Yo desires, they call me siah 'cause I'm flyer
Live like wires, beast from the east who is he
When I roar like a grizzly they say damn he gets busy

Chorus 2x

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