

Heltah Skeltah

"Crate Unkown"

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Ruck Im telling you man cut it out
Yo...we embarked on this nocturnal excursion in order
to exchange
conversation with these mortals not to play games for
real behind
every
great Ruck theres a Rock the Rockness Monsta.....Dutch
Verse One: Rockness Monsta
Yo its the Rockness not Rock live
Then again im Rock when im live
But im not fat then again my dick is so fat
fans let your dick's fly (PLOW! PLOW! PLOW!)
Swift and changeable no style, be Rock style
Not foul, but play with me at your own risk and I might
not smile
You get with the pawn, in one arms
I dont fight clean, flow like a butterfly, sting like a
scorpion
On the tip of a sick ding-a-ling, bring the noise with
your peeps
We up in this space deep, wit' nines like Star-Fleet, ah
fuck
God bitch ass rappers, and P i'll trap ya, then like a
federal case
i'll
crack ya
Word to my man Don Rulla, i'll cold beat your crew up
If it gets thick then number two-a, pass me the ruler
Click Click...Booya!!
Chorus2x: Rock
like I know
(Rock: I beat's more ass than mom dukes leather belta)
(Ruck:'Cause Rock make cops throw Glocks Down like
Heather)
The Crate Unkown (background)
Verse Two:
I turn this upside down, clown
Watch me and you'll get the picture, if ya dont
understand
Why I be the Mr. Flipster, rhyme deliverer
Nine slug through your spine, and leave you on the

floor vibratin'
like a
pulled line
Find the robbies, lurking in the dark ally
With more nigga, than a motherfuckin' guard rally
Tally up all the throats, the strangle hold choke
that all my the riots that my brother Ruckus provoke,
dont like style?
So
I dont give a WHAT, cuz you bring the beef, and the
Rock
I'll Rock you buck you one time, so cover you by the
loggins
Machete I chop that beef you pop, and feed it to my
nigga doggen
Follow the trail of broken backs and, at the end of each
you'll find
me
standing with my blackjack, with a smith and wessin on
my side smoke
another gat
(Ruck: Southern Illinois be the act for the attack)
XXXX your Street Fighter, front if you wanna get hyper
I strap on bombs and blow your face up like Stryker
Yo representatives light up another Reggie Spliff, while
i dip, by the
way
Kiss big up to the ill bitch
Chorus4x: RockI know
In sequence after chorus (Rock: Rockness Monsta,
stomp ya)
(Never changin', forever face rearangin')
(You asked for it who want beef so here's war)
4x : I see the horizon the Crate Unknown (background)
Ruck: We will, we will Rock you
Verse Three:
Question (What)
Yo, who's the crew with the juice tryin' to front (What!)
Yo money, yo life and wars all I want (What!)
Bring all beef to Bedrock I got my gun (What!)
Niggas soft as burger buns (What!What!)
Front man shit, spit
On the grave of the weak, when i speak, my tongue as
nasty as a freak
Im in a inner state of, inner mind
Which inner twines, with my inner body now im
energizes
Its an insane shame, you can ask Ricky Steen
Order b-cheese be sweatin' ,no shorties only gettin'
green
BLING! the sound then im ghost, gone, me and Sean

Your shit's now paid for the Tron, need i go on you
damn right
Im foul as fuck, so if I should go to the line and shoot
two (ah, shit
duck)
Like James Bond I shoot to kill, Helter Skelter's here
Try square with me, clean a man like Mr. Belvedeere
Born in a place so far away it's prehistoric, Bedrock
No regular man survive that ? , from the age of stone
To the age of chrome, from Bedrock to Bucktown my
fuckin' names known
Chorus4x: Same as Top
In sequence after chorus (Rock: Military Punisher Rock
MP)
(Manson punishin' and keep robbing like Danville)
(Scar on my face but im not Al Pacino)
(Run for guns me and Tuck comin' through, Heltah
Skeltah)
Ruck: We will, We will
Rock: We will Rock you, motherfuckin' knock you, act
like you
know me
of the darkness Heltah Skeltah....We will, We will Rock
you...Word is Born>
8x: I see the horizon the Crate Unknown *from
background to
fade

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