Heltah Skeltah "Da Beginning of Da End"

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[Rock] I rep Hel', fresh out of jail, Brownsville scheming Ya'll wanna see me up north, but I'm down the hill creeping Niggas keeping and keeping they beef, wit they cops still singing I'm getting my gwop, still eating Loudest one in the flock, still street, pass me the pot, I'm still chief And I'm pacing over you, just a thief on the weekend Beef with me, into you bleeding and hit with some feces Sucker MC's, sucker MC, when they run wit they feet, bitches Well, kinda, big Rock's tougher than leather Wit slum to get set up, he's dumping forever The king of pot, there is none higher You nickel bag smoker, need to call me sire With Reggie Miller to the Isaac Hayes, straight fire Who said it, just ight, this bitch a liar I'm fixing to Ike her, I gets it rock and ready rock Filled wit the Rock, not guilty, y'all feel me [Sean Price] I carry a gun, pa, Marbury your thunder Switchblade, bitch made, niggas like Un God All white Nikes wit a knife to cut krills Turn a dead butt like Buffie, bring back pocket of bills I ain't got mills, but I got a couple of thou' I ain't got a gun, but I bet I fuck you up now Fucking with I, have you niggas touching the sky Wings on your back, Kanye singing the track Slinging my crack, muthafucka, shopping a demo I pop at your temple, muthafucka sing about that Listen, fuck a hip hop, I take ya wrist watch Put the gun to your tongue and make you lick shots Make a pit stop, by the piss spot You wanna take a pull? You can kick rocks [Rock] I'm like that's not a gun, this is a gun, we? Who wanna rumble with me ol' Rockadile Dundee I rule the underground, I'm Pimp C, Bun B Lord Jazz Do-It-All and Mr. Funkee Mr. Bummy FlyJab, some of ya'll mad I can scrape up one twenty five cash I had too much dirt to double you niggas Nothing in the world was gon' keep me from crushing you bitches [Sean Price] Yeah two in your dome rhyme, funeral home time Announce death to you, I'm Phil Rizzuto with mine This Puerto Rican bitch called me papi chulo, but I'm Not with the gwala shit, fill the hollow tip in the nine, I'm Nice with a nine, I'm nice with the rhyme 52 block will snot box, right in his prime Line for line, top five dead or alive Two of them dead, and soon as the other three die I'm

number one!

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