

Heltah Skeltah

"Ruck N Roll"

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"Good night Idaho! You were great, we love you!" "This last song, is for you!" [Rock] (Sean Price) It's Da Incredible amazing Unbelievable, yet mad basic, you caught in a matrix (David Blaine, Criss Angel, The Mind Freak I wave and bang, ya shit dangle, the mind leak And ain't a thing for the gang to bang heaters I keep my hands clean, bitch, call me the gang leader) Shit you can call me commander in chief, when chiefting that damn reefer And have me thinking in another language I can't teach ya Writing rhymes when I'm around of ya mans sneakers Have you appauled, saying it's ya ghost or ya damn preacher, but look (Lord have mercy, Jesus Price, P!) I'm Sefhlo Dollar, he's just nice, huh! (Listen, Hallelujah, holla back Hollow points leave ya head just like that Sleepy Hollow cat I will Amadu, in armored Starter cap P, the ambiance of a homicidal maniac, P!) "Asia, Africa, Tokyo, we love you!" "Heltah Skeltah, baby, Ruck N fucking Roll" [Rock] (Sean Price) There's a method to this madness First of all I'm anti wack shit Second to flow, gon' do backflips, acrobatics Roller coaster flow, rope-a-dope you hoes Punchlines either open up or broke ya fucking nose (Cosa Nostra flow, toasted from the shoulder holster blow, BONG! Wet 'em dead a head a nigga let them niggas know) I 'poke a nose' wit a icepick, fuck the 'Resort' Resort to violence, and not them little fucking guitars (Fucking with R) R-O (U, C) C (K) K, to ya face (Insert the clip, pop and pray This is not hip hop hooray This is push rocks a block away from the spot, cuz it's hot, ok? Listen, Sean Price move belittle your squad Like Omar, worse than Little Canard, muthafucka) Huh, I ain't no Jim Carrey Ridder, dog But I carry a gem star, I will give it to ya Split 'em in four, suckas "Denmark, Amsterdarm, Oslo, we love you!" "You fucking guys, rock, man, Ruck N fucking Roll" "You were awesome, you guys have a great night" [Rock] (Sean Price) Psycho, but like no, bitch ass niggas Talking bout they such and such, but when I see 'em in the streets, what? (You cannot rhyme, rhyme, you should not rhyme, rhyme Your squad wack, contracts you should not sign Curtis Jack' got clapped about nine

times Murdered cats wit a gat, you got nine lives I got
nine knives, I got ten macks Mack 10's, clap them,
where ya friends at?) Hold on, if I said ya name, it's
probably not an attack Probably not, but it's probably a
fact, probably You probably wack, probably crack,
probably is that yo shit Rhyme wit raps, plus I can do
that Die to you fags, now you say that I'm gay bashing
Ain't talking to them, I'm talking to you, when I scream
faggots You lame asses, gon' hate and bring glad to
this In more ways than one, ain't that a bitch? "Good
night folks, it was great rocking with you guys" "See
Note and Frunkberg in the back of the merch table"
"We have T-Shirts, CDs, DVDs, distilled hot dog water,
good night folks!"

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