

Heltah Skeltah

"Twinz"

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[Rock] Brownsville in this son' bitch, that's Brooklyn
Robbery capital, jack or clap a fool, night or afternoon I
ain't hide, nigga, Google me, matter fact I direct you to
the street, Sachman and Belmont, just bring a sleuth of
heat Sephlo PJ's, Sachman Street pee stain Buzzing
with the dirty dozen, that's a mean yae I chase down
niggas like you chase brown liquor On my pivot like the
chamber on the trey pound, bitches I love New York,
but I hate clown bitches Not a chance will I tango with
you stank foul bitches And I ain't tailor made for play
around witcha Sharks in the water, you ain't got to wait
around, nigga [Sean Price] Welcome to Bucktown, soon
as I touchdown Newport in my mouth, niggas want bust
downs Ruck is the best rapper, what do that make
Rock? Make him my twin brother, muthafucka, the bank
stop, P. [Chorus: Rock (Sean Price)] We the illest and
realest truthfully (yes indeed) We the illest and realest,
tell 'em (man, they already see) We the illest and
realest totally (it's D.I.R.T.) We the illest and realest two
niggas you ever seen All my smokers light it up, to this
ill shit All my drinkers bottoms up, to this real shit All
my riders stand up, to this ill shit Real shit, 'Ville shit,
ya'll got to feel this [Sean Price] Yo, listen, bang on
your force, ya'll niggas can't hang with a boss Jesus the
name, no, I'm not the lame on the cross Hating the
north, north niggas hating the south Hating you all,
fuck it, throw the eight in your mouth Sean Price a/k/a
President P Resident Evil, evil, bend the eagles,
squeeze at your fleet Grown man rap, everybody on
the team is dirty Everybody on your team, jeans dirty
Ya'll niggas is bums, and Ruckus can't take it no more
Give me your gun, permanently put his face on the
floor Listen, best flow and let the whole U.S. know Let
the sket blow, holla, me and Sephlo Dollar [Rock]
Welcome to Bedrock, watch for the feds and the cops
Watch for the red dots, don't get your head shot Who
the fuck is the best, Rock, what do that make Ruck?
Make him my twin brother, muthafucka, that's gangsta
[Chorus] [Rock] Listen, Tyra, I'm not a model, bitch, I'm
not a rasta But Rock's America's Next Top Jotta Sket
pop locker, I test drive shotguns Slugs in your mug,

fuck doctors, you dead, God gotcha Then it's back to
my youth, the same D.I. Got dro in the street like my
name T.I. Put fear in you niggas like the old Death Row
Jump get shot in the jaw, give you smoke neck lows
[Sean Price] Yo, knife in my right, the sket on the left
Put the gun to your head and the Gillette to your neck
Sean Price is the best in the west, I mean the beast
from the east Super rappers see the S on my chest Son
of Jarell, gun and an L, top shotter Rosary beads, you
bleed stigmata, the kid's hotter My rap style is gene se
qua Mixed with stupidity, it'll be curtains for ya'll, P!

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