

Hooker John Lee

"Roll With the Rush"

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[Intro: Trife (No Smiles)]

Yeah, yeah, T.M.F., yeah

Killarm', let it be known, niggas

Just know.. (You'll be wet, niggas)

Uh-huh

[Chorus x2: Trife]

We toss niggas off the stage if they ain't liven it up

Have all you scared to death niggas hidin' up in the cut

Y'all play the bathroom, what, you afraid to get bust?

T.M.F. and Killarm' you better Roll With the Rush

[Trife]

We unstoppable, tryin' block me is impossible

I blow through obstacles and spread out like hair
folicles

Powerful, watch you every move, have niggas follow
you

All alone ya bust off ya chrome in the abdominal

Comical, derelicts, killa Beretta kicks

Better rip, shootin' at random so you better dip

Crime and Smiles the kinda niggas I get cheddar wit

Confederate, build on the things that we inherited

Came close to death situations and live to tell of it

And bitches for the hell of it claimin' that they celibate

Knowin' damn well they've been fuckin' for years

Gettin' niggas for they dough and still couple for gear

I got this shit that these heads been wantin' to hear

Somethin' for they ear, got M.C.'s runnin' in fear

Yo we comin' this year, nuclear bombs explode

Get Devo', crush ya ego, bust and reload

I could take it to the line and shoot free throws

Water, my shit is net, you get wet for tryin' to creep
slow

Throwin' weak blows, eh-yo I eat those

[9th Prince]

Eh-yo! Eh-yo!

Eh-yo, I'm a sky-scraper, 9th Prince the vampire slayer

Wu-Tang player hater, M.C. space invader

Invade ya territory like the force of Darth Vader

Analog niggas stuck in pissy elevators
Killa Hill Projects, you can't dissect
Undercover cops, Unidentified Flying Objects
Machine gat raps for niggas sellin' cracks, get stuck
with thumb tacks
T.M.F. wave the ooh-wops, 9th Prince on the map

[Chorus x2]

[No Smiles]

Tommy, send niggas home bloody to they mommy
Scuffed up, roughed up, lumped up
Touched with tremendous, blows to the appendix
Smack you in the brain, leave ya like Marlon Wayans,
senseless
Bone crush, head dented, I'm demented
Breeze through the entrance, smellin' like trees and
the wet shit
Luke Skywalkin' on some bench shit
Schemin' on the next necklace, check this
Point blank, if you ain't bustin' tanks, don't mention my
name
I bring tension like pain
Headed in the wrong direction on the train
Crush dum' it, nigga I'm tight with my crew
When I wink my eyelash that means blast at you
Travel fast, they call me Two-Two
I'm too live, my 2 Live Crew'll blind you
The boys that wear that white and blue will find you
Stuck to the suction gate in Silver Lake
I catch burn off of, any record in the crate
Old school, new school, I'm hot and cool
All time rhyme great with the microphone too
Make you jump out ya chair and act like a fool
Snuff the man next to you on some hype shit
Prepare it like this, I'm next to Gumbo, with the spices
Bad jumble so you know the fiends is gon' like this
High prices, sky, touchin' the nicest
Eternal wise, the God's righteous
Fall back niggas, I call all my shots
Y'all niggas get rocked

[Chorus x2]

[P.R. Terrorist]

Apocalyptic rhyme, droppin' hot signs of all kinds
Holdin' nines, readin' signs from niggas who do crimes
Keep in mind, there's a lot of niggas, that's tryin' to
shine
But they all can't, I narrowed it down, I gotta get mine
Like last month's rent, have niggas hidin' in tents

Lyrics, that I invent, torment, and leave a dent
Have you bent, com-ment the kid as excellent
He derived from Puerto Rican descent, strike like a
serpent
The album needs parental consent, explicit content
War merchant, as spoke, could leave mics and spots
broken
No joke, real aggressive and shit when I'm provoked
I cipher on stage, engage the ball Riker
Shit I'm tougher than the the leather on the back of a
biker
Back snapper, floor grappler, with moves, a vicious
striker
You need a diaper for the shit that you talk, prolific
writer
Make you dance, make you cry and experience why
I'm the best at what I do and not a man can deny
Slice ya ass up, Colombian necktie, you die

Yeah

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