

Leigh Nash

"Rush Ya Clique"

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Chorus:

[Pace Won]

Bust your lip, rush ya clique, what?
Outz in the area tearing things up
Crush your chick, touch your trick, what?
Outz in the area tearing things up (Sing it with me!)
Bust your lip, rush ya clique, what?
Outz in the area tearing things up
Crush your chick, touch your trick, what?
Outz in the area tearing things up

[Az-Izz]

Yo, I'm finally convinced my kindness and innocence
Is a crime in a sense, climbing a fence
Diagonally bent, dying in agony in a magically event
Outz in a fear of family presents
Capped in clak smoke, pack toast in a black coat
To roast motherfuckers, over lactose
Stay skeed off laced weed
I take cheese, and page trees in the Bricks
Rolling box of Tracies

[Pace Won]

Call a go-go dancer
Get up in that ass and wreck shop like colon cancer
Hit it from the back, bitch can't hold her pants up
Once for my cock, twice for my block,
I got it locked like handcuffs
Pacer got a razor, get you and your man cut
Swing a blow you can't duck
Throw up your hands, what?
Nobody on earth could see Pacer
I get your shit then peel off like Speed Racer

Chorus

[Slang Ton]

I hit you bastards raps fast as Janet Jackson's coochie
Your raps is half mastered, mad average, wack
bologna
And if you ever wanna get a deal

You should either OD off skill pills
Or steal my reel-to-reel
Most of y'all emcees ain't tight as y'all should be when
I'm tighter than the jeans that show hoochie chicks'
coochie prints
Outsidaz, we hot as Hell's flames is
And I'm Slang-iz, my tapes get pumped like twelve
gauges

[Eminem]

I'm so weeded (How weeded are you?)
I'm so weeded I can freestyle for sixteen bars (Ha ha
ha)
Right off the top, then go back to the top
And then repeat it (Ha)
Write it down on the paper
And still be able to read it (Sorry)
I can't read, but I still write to my pen pals (Uh, uh,
dear)
I can't fly, but I still float on cement clouds (Whee!)
I can't see cause my eyes already been gouged out
I been down with the Outz for ten thou-sand years
([Pace Won] So dunn, here?)
Some weird kids with piercings in more than one ear
Lauryn, huh? Hill?
([Pace won] There's more than one? Iiiiiii)
What? You want me to stop? Here?

Chorus

[Young Zee]

Yea
Your girl could suck my dick chewing Big Red
Till she choke and scrape her wisdom tooth on my dick
head
Puff a tray bag, Outz never pay cabs
Bust a A-rab, front on taking us up eighth Ave
Yea, we all of the a volumes
What be the outcome?
We selling twenty million albums
Ay your record, ain't nobody buy that
You fell off, and had to take your five mic
And push a white Ac, with a bike rack

[Axe]

It's the A, the X, the E
Why pay for ass, if I can sex for free?
F' with we, what you expect to see
Death's your destiny, when it's my time for rest in
peace
Bet they find my pistol next to me

My dick is giving ecstasy
Shit I say, spread like leprosy
I'm on a quest to be, the best emcee
Living recklessly, cock the weaponry
Lay you on your back like Lei Wulong from Tekken 3
Yo follow, never question me

Chorus

[Pace Won]
C'mon yo
Bust your lip, rush ya clique, what?
Crush your chick, touch your trick, what?
Snuff your bitch, crush your whip, what?
Outz in the area tearing things up

Outworld baby

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