

People Under The Stairs "Ten Tough Guys"

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Come on, move it! Get in one line here!

(Double K)

I got, ten MC's held up in a line

Cause all these dudes told me that they knew how to rhyme

So which one will it be that I choose to test first

The way he grabbed the mic showed signs of a pussy and even worse

He was talkin bout a gat that wasn't tucked in his waist

So I ???? into the next sucka face (next)

This fool was pretty dope, told him, keep up the good work

Gave him a pound and a pin, moved on to this next jerk

Hey yo, dude looked like Usher with his chest all exposed

Bustin bout bitches he be hittin and his stupid ass clothes

Bitch smile on his face like there were hands in the air wavin'

But I was anticipatin with Satan to see him bakin'

Under the authority of someone lower than me

Started gettin tired (yawn!), skipped three, now here's the seventh MC

Looked like a pretty cool guy, but sounded like Treach (Hay! Ho!)

Moved around all fast screamin with weapons around his neck

It was like a fuckin joke, me and the gang got a good laugh,

He got all hot, tried to dulo, we beat his fuckin ass like (sounds of fighting)

Number eight was a female, at least that's how I figured,

Until it started rappin, sounded like one of my niggas,

God damn this that, and all the guns in the world

Harder than most niggas on the mic, even had a Jheri Curl (damn!)

Sent her to Jenny Jones, for the little makeover,

Told her, "be back in two weeks!" you see all I wanted to do was bone her

Word, she's out like yesterday's six pack
So let's get back to the last two, yo they from the same
crew,
What should we do, Thes said he knew them niggas
from some open mic spot,
They tried to gun up, got cut up, so here's round 2

"Yea you money! I'm talkin to you!"

"You got a battle rap? Battle me!"

"Wassup?!"

"Battle me!"

"Wassup?!"

(Thes One)

Yo! What would you do if I could prove you didn't exist
and it was true
Like ??? solidified proof of your essence

Of you in the spoof of your birth
Now I guess that would lesson your worth to the dirt
and the earth
And the leaf, now I leave you alone without belief that
your really here
And assist you beneath your fear
An endearing tear would fall if all that I said was true,
Am I right or ???, too complex for quote
I'll have the final say,
Like the rope to the boat to the dock, you're not free
yet, man
You're sick, stuck, caught, sick in the head,
Stuck to the bed, you're dumbfled
Diseased with that mononuclear, what I look like
money?!
That latin listening to Coolio? So I ask,
What was your mom's task when she had you?
If fully she knew that through all of her pain
Her baby was born without brain and insane and just
plain,
no style! No smile, your memories are worth a shitpile
to me
You believe that you're free?!! Man, free from your
mom,
Free from the man and most of all free from me but
you see,
I've caught you! My bad you don't really exist,
So I got to, explain this so when I tell you how not to,
You won't do it, I'm screwin your thinkin!
I know I exist and I prove it cause I'm listening to you
But I ask, what if God was an evil genius who only
made you believe you were
true?

And your life was nothing man! Just a really long dream
And when you die you'll start a whole new life, a whole
new dream
But that was just a dream, and it seems man you can't
break out the cycle
Am I crazy? Go to your church and ask your white God
if I'm right though,
Whatever he replies will be lies, we've already
established this evil,
When I'm lying, you don't exist but merely as emotion
and perceival,
Believe you'll be round tomorrow kid, yo,
You've borrowed time with no entrance,
And since you're a dream I can mentally put on the
pinch
And you disappear in an instant,
Fool what?! What?!

"nigga fuck you! You can't rap anyway"

"We up out of here!"

"Sucka ass niggas! Eat a dick!"

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