

Rottin Razkals

"A-Yo"

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[Bitch]

Even though we love you
You know we don't have that much time
To really, really, really fuck with you
(X2)
Fuck with youuuu

[Fam]

I be cuttin' the fuck up and down
Side to side, all around
All the time, often now (with a raw sound)
Who's the man, damn, Fam can jam
Rush, rumble, ram, slam
And kickin' tall cans

[Diesel]

Stop the presses, hold up, stop the damn presses!
I'm next up to flex, mic checks to address this
Feelin, feelin
I got a feelin
Adrenaline, got me tremblin
I got the style
Can't hold it back cos I'm too damn wild

[Fam]

Oh hell no, a rugged road rebel flow
Hell yeah - y'know
Same brotha, scarface, braided afro
Outlaw, Rottin Raskal

[Diesel]

Guess who, the hooligan you hate to see
Yesterday was in your face, but now I'm in your TV
The same nigga from Da Bricks
Fightin clicks for kicks
I don't care; I really don't give a damn
Smack yo' up and pass you to my swingin Fam

[Fam]

Poof, now be gone (OK)
Cos this is how we play every rottin' single holiday

Chorus-

A-yo, here we go, here we go
Yes, yes y'all, here we go, here we go
(X2)

[Fam]

A-yo, a-yo, is it so, is it so?
Please tell me no, oh no, no, oh no, no
You claim to be schizophrenic
But practically panic
When me and my clique roll tight and thick
Like the Titanic
They should have it banned
Ghetto pass revoked, stands branded
My choke, you couldn't manage
The yolk do too much damage

[Diesel]

Pop goes the Diesel
No, never that, don't try and dirty-mac
You rodent, you river rat
Raps counter-react, they counter-attack
???You're a tat for tat that's wack???
And it bee's like that, black
Feel the vibe, feel the beat
Givin props to KRS-1 for stayin true to the ghetto streets

Chorus-X2

[Fam]

Here I come, with nothing ever so harder
Niggaz in every hood, welcome my style back like
Carter
Huh, two times for the hoes
May I exposed to those
My mack daddy ride flows
(Flow on then, nigga, hey, don't let me stop ya)
Get in my way an' I'll stop, drop and mop ya
Like that, ooooh, what ya gonna do now?
Niggaz runnin and duckin, there's a riot goin down
But ain't nothing new to my clique or my town
I tell you I'm good with these klickow-klickow

[Diesel]

You have run an over turn
When my lyrics start to burn
Like the Chronic in the blunt
And you can't front on the skunk
That's kickin in like jail toes
Who knows what the fuck goes on
You're tryin play me, you're dead wrong

So all you silly slippin slouches
I be flippin on ya
Pop the lip, I have my fist steady stickin on ya
I mean, man, I'm like amazing
And you know ain't no fazing
This Double I bunch been rippin and ragin

Chorus-X4

[Fam]
118 - ha!
235 in the click
115, youknowmsayin?
I got my Road Dawgs, my Cruddy Click
Naughty with the By with the Nature
Youknowmsayin?
Niggas can't fuck around
Don't know why they act like they can
Ha-ha-ha
Yeah
Inglewood/llltown
Double I
Double I
Double I
Don't even try
Double I

(Hey.. hey.. yo
Rottin Razkals in this, nigga)
My Cruddy Click
My Road Dawgs
Naughty with the By to the Nature
And we out, but we don't hate ya

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