

Rottin Razkals

"Get Up, Stand Up"

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Double I, Double I (X4)

[Fam]

Huh yeah, huh

This is all live, and all real

Niggaz can't understand it

I don't know why they can't comprehend

Heh-heh, heh-heh

[Diesel (Fam)- {Both}]

I got a rugged step-back, cruddy-bat-smackin type of style

Meanwhile flip a freestyle

You know what I mean now?

Cos I've been down and kept down

Now I'm comin up

Pack a strap for roughin up

Don't you think of runnin up

(This is the music, so just use it to your benefit

Shit don't hit the Fam, my man, unless I stand in it

(So duck) what? (your face will get bucked up huh)

You've never been roughed up

(But I think it's up something)

All about income, so run your funds

Yo, we ain't the ones

(We are your friend with the nines)

Cos I get slick

(An' I get tough)

And we get rough

(So we gotta get) ROUGH

(Enough's enough, save the chatter

It don't matter

Knocked your grill and left, Fam

Cause I'm a grand slam batter)

Who, when, why? What the fuck's up?

Give it up for the rugged rough

{And we them same guys

That snuffed guys on the last cut}

Chorus-X4

Get up, stand up

Chump, throw your hands up

[Fam (Diesel) - {Both}]
Guess what? (what?)
Hard Knuckles in the house
Swingin bolos at your heads
Knockin teethes out your mouth
Hey kids, what's that sound?
Razkals got it goin
The word's around the town
Eat a dick, lick quick
Like the chick, who's next to get hit
With a pile of thick shit
(Jump jump in), Jump jump out
(Are you ready for the Razkals), cos we in the house
(What?), nigga what?
(What?), nigga what?
(Like I told you before
We kick a limp with our strut)
{Don't ask why, who's that guy
Standin in the corner wid the puffy black eye
(Come, come around)
Tryin to see what's goin down
(If you wanna be found)
Lay around (Ill Town)
(What, wha, wha, wha, what)
Nigga, I don't wanna talk
Best to go for yourz
Or have your body lined in chalk

Chorus-X4

[Fam (Diesel)]
It aint' easy being greasy
It's like greasy, that ain't easy
????????????????????????
When a sleazy hoe please me
(I used to swing a thing
Now swingin shit harder to deal with it
Take the bass to your face
And make sure a nigga feelin it
(Peel it, reveal it)
The skill, can I get I'll with it?
(Yes, you can, if you're really fuckin feelin it)
I split your tongue with my fist
If you swung and you missed
Like I told you before
My 10 knuckles don't miss
When I'm pissed
(Who could it be
But the Diesel MC
Used to try to down my style

Now you're tryin to sound like me)
I got the knack to rip a track
(Just place your bat)
Leave you with some shoulders in the ass crack, Jack
(So you gotta), hit hard
(Hold your door), or get scarred
(Posse full of vic's
Straight niggas from the jail yard)

[Fam]
Nigga push that shit
Push it, push it, nigga
Yeah, yeah

Chorus-X4

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