

## **Rottin Razkals**

### **"Lik A Shot"**

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[Supreme C]

Lick off a shot, I like drama hot  
A strain on my brain make me kill your blood clot  
So when you 'treat, make sure you got a shield  
Cos on the real-to-real I make your body stand still  
Watch your back, I get dim like the night  
In and out of sight to hit that ass up right  
Straight from the jungle where I call the zoo  
A major breakthrough, Jersey comin through  
A straight line I walk, from I'll Town to Newark  
Back and forth to pack stacks and vaults  
Troopin (troopin) just like the soldier  
Even if yer stiff like a boulder  
You'll still get run over  
Raise the stakes, all the winner takes  
Lyrics to beats like shakes to earthquakes  
I puff lye's, doing double I, till I die  
An' everybody get high

[Headache]

Ill to Cruddy Click  
Will leave you flattened it's so simple  
Playin' little fags out like a game of Nintendo  
Nobody can see this B.G., that's hard to deal with  
Punks knuckle up and they better.....

[Road Dawgs]

Will he get busy, is he ready for the booth?  
This tracks makes me wanna grab my gat  
And lick off a shot through the roof  
I'm straight blasted, everybody's askin'  
Can it be the 6'3" G runnin rampant  
Bangin in your ear drum  
When I've finished niggas'll know what's here from  
Them other fools frontin, now somebody gotta wear  
one

[Headache]

I'm quick enough to hit em high with the Double I  
I'm lettin you know right now I'm not to try to die  
Load up the clip for clicks who wanna start beef  
To be raised in the hood, you've gotta have heart, chief

Headache is the name  
Catchin wreck is the game  
When I'm battle MC's I go tear em out the picture frame

[Road Dawgs]

Who wanna try to ??? big booty, niggas, what's  
happenin?  
From ??? to 1-18 Dionna Warwick can't keep us  
gangstas from rappin  
This is the Road Dawgs  
Rollin' wid the Double I crew, we got it locked  
From the westside of Inglewood to Bangkok  
I drop slang, let my nutz hang  
Bustas can't handle us, from here to Los Angeles  
Niggas hoo-bang

[Black of Zoo Crew]

Yo, this Black, I'm representin the motherfuckin Zoo  
Crew  
I got my man Sup C in the motherfuckin' house  
I got my man Headache in the motherfuckin' house  
I got Dueja, I got my motherfuckin people  
The Road Dawgs, Rottin Razkals, and the Cruddy Click  
And yo, my man K-Boogie on this track  
And now we gonna do it like this  
If you pussies can't give us our props  
Don't come to Jersey and do no shows thinkin that  
they're sold out, nigga

Chorus-X2

It's like that y'all, and we don't stop  
It's like that y'all, lick of a motherfuckin shot

[Dueja]

Left to right, right to left I fight to death  
Mentally mad, I'm insane, but I'm the best  
Cos I flip shit, get niggas lifted  
And then I creep to the naughty play ground  
Way down in jungle deep  
To smell the indo comin' from the steps  
As I walk down the block, niggaz throwin up the set  
Double I, for life, if you slip, you're get dealt with quick  
My brotha Gutter shakled up behind the steel strips

[Cruddy Click]

Cruddy quality is heavy duty  
You never knew me, pull no stu-dy  
To hide the 30 to life, my ??? roll on niggas who try and  
do me  
I send the them 60 miles south, klicklow like ???  
Not even a scout can find your whereabouts

You motherfuckers can lobby together, that makes it  
better  
For the annihilation, occasion, erasion, invasion  
And I must seriously doubt if you can find a passage  
out  
You ego maniac, ???? get blowed out  
When I showed out  
Ill Town''s how I stand for mind  
Get props to Alpine, rip rhymes  
Designed with Cruddy types of obstacles  
It's not impossible  
Your niggaz is unstoppable

[Diesel - Rottin Razkals]  
Hold your horses  
The lyrical force is about to toss this  
Standin in the column with no draws or losses

[Fam - Rottin Razkals]  
I come to make a mess  
And put a disorder on anything in order  
Sorta slaughter your recorder in the way you oughta

[Diesel]  
Prepare for the worst  
Once my verse hits the earth  
Competition's in fear, I could make a star burst

[Fam]  
Wish it weren't trouble  
We get it on the Double (I)  
Necks get ripped in a rumble  
You stumble, fumble, then crumble  
Nigga

[Diesel]  
Frustration influencin my attitude and mood  
Not in the mood to hear it  
So kid, don't step near it

[Fam]  
We ain't gotta prove naythin  
Zip up your lip, cool with the basin  
Recognize and realize  
Open your eyes, look who you're facin  
I've been BEAT UP  
THROWN ALL AROUN  
BURNS ON MY FACE  
SLAMMED ON THE GROUND

[Diesel]

The microphone is taken  
You must have been mistaken  
If your thought I was fakin  
Swinger, ain't perpertratin

[Fam]  
So if you wanna be down  
Just step up, step up  
And if your pockets are too heavy  
You can give it up, yeah

[Diesel]  
Lyrics is my life, and the rhythm got me livin  
Cross the I once and it ain't no forgivin (forgivin)

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