

Utfo "Diss"

Visit "[Diss](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

No one
Nowhere
Comes close
Suckers
Step off
From Brooklyn ?????
Suckers

Diss!

[Kangol Kid]
How dare you tell me in my face that I couldn't rock?
I make the healthiest man on Earth heart stop
If you say another word to interrupt
I'll jump out these speakers, cold fuck you up!
But then again I really shouldn't get involved that deep
When you talk I smell your butt and you just put me to
sleep
Thank God I'm only upset, cause if you made me mad
I'd hit you so hard I'd have you callin me dad
Right here on the spot, bustin you in the knot
Before you know it you'll be screamin, "He rock, he
rock!"
Was I too fast for ya, wasn't it clear?
The party won't rock unless you get out of here
So take your rat-skin coat and step out the door
Tell your woman stop callin, I don't want her no more
For now slow down, shut up, and then I'll chill
But can't nobody say that I ain't ill
I'm the rudest of the rude muthafuckas alive
There were six of us left and I shot five
To make a long story short and save my breath
I'm the only one left, and yo, I'm def!
When it come to dissin I am the champ
I heard you tried to buy Adidas with your mother's food
stamps
Don't know a thing about buyin clothes
Tried to buy Pro-Keds and you got Ked-Pros
Now let me get a little harder
Your mother's pregnant again and I'm the father
And if you think I'm lyin by just a notch
Ask your father, he sat and watched

Diss

[Doctor Ice]

Step off with that old riffin, stop playin me close
I'm not a sucker, I got heart and I'm from the East
Coast
5'8" with brown eyes, yo, the girls say I'm cute
But I strap the .45 and I ain't afraid to shoot
I came across brothers who ???bass wasn't blessed???
It phased me none cause I broke ribs and necks
Beat up Jamaicans, Jews, Haitians and Italians
Punched out they tooths and wore them as medaillons
Back in the days we called punks sundullah
When people see Doc, they all hail the ruler
Calvin is cool, but me, I'm much cooler
You riff, you wan get dissed with me, you're not
medulla
Cause to be from Brooklyn, yo, that's mandatory
You're from the Island, so get off my territory
I wear black, I never wore purple
If I drew a line where I ruled, you'd walk in a circle
Don't try to play me out, maytag
You better hold my bow and follow my footsteps, fag
Cause this is the Doc with the surgical gas
Dislocate your mouth and you'll be talkin out yo ass
Cause that's what you talk is a bunch of bullshit
While I be cold chillin walkin round with a mitt
I told you when I met you, you know what you can get
Am I upset? Well, just a little bit
I told you before not to get me started
Cause Doctor Ice is gettin cold retarded
After the battle the undertaker will dress you
The good Lord will bless you and the graveyard will
rest you

(Last night changed it all)

[Educated Rapper]

I'm as real as reality, not a Greek myth
It's time to let you know who you're fuckin with
My rap is magical, stronger than voodoo
Your style, it stinks, you know, like doodoo
You're shiverin and shakin in your Fruit of the Looms
Keep it simple, stupid, you'll be next to the tombs
Of the other victims, I keep their heads on my shelf
If they were resurrected, they'd kill themself
I'll never say excuse me, move out my way, sucker
You use 'mister', I use 'motherfucker'
You thought that E was more well-respected
Now you know, stupid, expect the unexpected

(Yeah)

(Ah hah)

We got the mouth to be the boss, the heart to back it up

Rhymes come naturally, no need to crack it up

But you inflate, make others sick

And my last and final words is: get off my dick!

Diss

Visit [Utfö](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.