

## **Lynard Skynard**

### **"Ratatattat"**

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[ lyrics taken from CD booklet ]

[ VERSE 1 ]

Sucker wack vicks, I ratatattat tactics, givin em black  
kicks  
Mufflin up the mic with funky black licks  
Tricks, I be rippin em like hocus pocus, focus on the  
funk, gee  
Tung be runnin away like a punk be  
Rockin, droppin the funk of the manifestation that'll be  
dope  
Scope the point of being wack? Nope, never & no-no  
A dancer like a go-go? Oh no  
My lip be sort of kickin sort of funky like a hobo  
Sucker, I'm like a hype hip-hop gangster gettin dumb  
Instead of shooting guns I shoot the tongue  
Style Pacino, I'm gunnin em up controllin your casino  
Funky like a wino, rhino-dyno like dino  
Comin around the corner cappin sucker ducks who be  
tryin to wreck mine  
But my lyrical tongue is like a Tec-9, wastin em  
Look at me spillin juice, loose to chasin em  
Cut them like tomatoes, then be tomat-pastin em  
Facin em, gun to tongue, let's see who'll win this gang  
member  
I'm droppin em like a leaf in September to November  
Froze in December, rock over October, so remember  
When I shoot the Tec-9 tongue - timber  
Ratatattat

[ CHORUS ]

Ratatattat  
What's the sound of a gat  
Ratatattat  
What's the sound of a gat  
Ratatattat  
What's the sound of a gat  
Ratatattat  
Show em how the Tung smacks  
Ratatattat  
Show em how the Tung smacks

Ratatattat  
Show em how the Tung smacks  
Ratatattat  
Show em how the Tung smacks  
Ratatattat

[ VERSE 2 ]

Prr-prrrr.. buck em down  
Sucker ducks, comin to pluck em down  
Hope the hip hype hip-hop horn struck em down  
Climbin, I'm never rhymin Simple like Simon but I'ma do  
what Simon said  
He told me to put that head to bed  
Givin an eyeful, funky rhythm of a tongue will stifle  
Trifle cause I pop the tongue like a rifle  
Watch the funky words pounce  
From my mouth watch 40 bounce  
Cappin a sucker duck like a 40 ounce  
Some flows are wack, but as for me I cause a  
catastrophe  
Like callin Allah God steppin to me is blasphemy  
I shoot the tongue like a machine gun  
Know what I mean, son?  
A chunky spunky tongue if you ever seen one  
Cops, I give em props, they cap men, mostly black men  
Mouth will pack, then smack em like a Mack-10  
Bop - another head flown like a frisbee, it is me  
The clips from my lips could drop a Grizzly  
Hear me vick, I pack a kick for the ballistic, animalistic  
You didn't know my tongue was this quick  
Cops that be cappin thinkin that be spunky  
Watch I hit them with the lyric and then I'm cut em up  
with a funky  
Ratatattat

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

Poppin and poppin and poppin the flow of the hip hype  
hop rhythm  
I bust caps like I've been hittin false teeth with raps  
Rip your show apart, I know you got no heart to start, I  
flow art  
I got the style that even Humphrey couldn't Bogart  
Syllable serum, suckers hear come a style to smack a  
man  
And it be sort of like a smack of Jackie Chan  
I pop the funky gun of hip hop, I hop with hips  
Droppin battle ships I put the automatic clips up into my  
lips  
Funky like a drunk, I buck em like a hunter

My rifle will make em stifle like Edith Bunker  
Suckers I tag em, my rhythm'll rag em, drag em  
They felt the funky flow of the formula .44 Magnum  
Minimum against the maximum, cracks a maximus  
Charge tax and dust, thinkin about waxin us  
DJ Jihad will slice em like lard  
Check out the funky cut, rocks god be gunnin em up  
like buckshots  
Cappin a brother if he come in a centimeter  
Comin to drop the style of Tung and then I bet I'm  
gonna beat ya  
Shootin like mi Uzi, I re-arrange a fella feature  
Filimeter, mi funky rhythm is like a 9 millimeter  
Ratatattat

[ CHORUS ]

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