

## **PJ Olsson**

### **"Afro Puffs"**

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Chorus: repeat 2X

I rock rough and stuff with my Afro Puffs (RAGE!)  
[Snoop] Rock on, wit cha bad self

Verse One: The Lady of Rage

I rock on with my bad self cause it's a must  
It's the Lady Of Rage still kickin up dust  
So umm, let me loosen up my bra strap  
And umm, let me boost ya with my raw rap  
Cause I'ma break it down to the nitty-gritty one time  
When it comes to the lyrics I gets busy with mine  
Busy as a beaver, ya best believe-a  
This grand diva's runnin shit with the speed of a  
cheetah, meet a  
lyrical murderer... I'm servin em like two scoops of  
chocolate  
Check it how I rock it  
I'm the one that's throwin bolos, ya better roll a Rolo  
to find out I'm the number one solo, uhh  
The capital R-A now take it to the G-E  
I bring the things to light, but you still can't see me  
I flow like a monthly you can't cramp my style  
For those that try to punk me here's a Pamprin child  
No need to say mo', check the flow  
Rage in effect once mo', so now ya know

Chorus

Verse Two: The Lady of Rage

Now I'm hittin MC's like hit MC's like ("Hoo-yu-ken!")  
\*Street Fighter sound\*  
Ain't no doubt about it I'm the undisputed  
So what you uhh, wanna do is back on up  
I'll tap that butt, wax the cuts, pass the bucks  
So put your money on the bread winner  
I kick lyrics so dope that the brothers call em head  
spinners  
I got the tongue that is outdone anyone  
from the rising to the setting of the sun

or the moon, I consume the room with doom  
When I hear the kick of a 808 bass ... POOM  
BOOM, BAM, God, DAYUMMMMMM!  
I'm hittin so hard you could say it's a grand, slam,  
dunk, punks  
get broken off for chunk when they feel the funk  
of the rhythm (fresh) that I give em  
Let it hit em, split em, did it now I'm rid of em, yeah  
I put that on my unborn kids  
Rage in effect so you know how it is

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: The Lady of Rage

Now ever since my debut, I've continued to lay you  
flat on your back from the raps that I spat, spit  
Ohh shit, I'm the shit!  
You can't get wit the Rage then tough tit-tie  
I pi-ty the fool, that gets  
with the lyrical murderer cause my shit is rude (OOOH!)  
You wanna get with the wickedness? With that  
big bot-ty that's kickin it, rippin it apart like Jason  
You'll be, chasin a dream like Freddy  
are you ready for the cream de la creme?  
I'm steam pressurin those who ain't measurin up  
I keep competitors stuck  
in the muck with they butt up, what chu wanna nut up  
like cashew, don't you know that I will mash you? For  
real  
That's the deal, I'm straight out of Farmville, VA  
(So what you gotta say?)

Chorus 2X

Huhh  
I am the roughest, roughest, roughest (Say what? Say  
what?)  
I am the toughest, toughest, toughest (RAGE!)  
(repeat 4X)

Get with the uhh, roughest, roughest  
Get with the uhh, toughest, toughest (RAGE!)  
Get with the uhh, roughest, roughest (Yeah)  
Get with the uhh, toughest, toughest (RAGE!)  
Get with the uhh, wickedness, roughest  
I am the uhh, wickedness (RAGE!)

Outro: Snoop Doggy Dogg

Yeah, one-nine-nine-fo'

The indo blow and the grass grow  
Snoop Doggy Dogg still don't love a hoe  
But you gotta give credit when credit is due  
Women back down and bow down to my motherfuckin  
homegirl  
The Lady Of Rage  
She rocks rough and stuff with the Afro Puffs  
Handcuffed and she busts  
And trick biatch, she's guaranteed to tear shit up  
Y'know what I'm sayin?

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