

Fab 5

"Blah"

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I'm a professional
I'm a professional
I'm a professional...

[Top Dog]

You must be blind and deaf
To think that you can test
Originoo Gunn Clappz 2 to yo chest
(Pumm! Pumm!)
May the buddha bless you where they rest you
Underground, where you hear the sound
BUCKTOWN!

Home where we roam
Pack mad chrome
So niggas watch your dome-piece
Or you just might just catch 2 shots to your
motherfuckin head
Batty bwoy gwan dead

[Ruck]

Time for some action
Dick in yo mouth satisfaction
I pull it out you breathe again like Toni Braxton
I'm askin niggas, but I'm blastin niggas
Yo we pass dem niggas, so the Ruck just laugh at
niggas
My mind illz off rhyme skills and nine mills
So I'll drill styles that keep the mine filled
Blunts get smoked and chumps get choked
When they try to quote the notes that B-I-G Ruck wrote
So ah make way for the master blaster
Who blast past bastards, cuz my shit's mastered, uh

[Chorus:]

BLAH! like this

BLAH! like that

The Heltah, the Skeltah, the Gunn, the Clappaz

BLAH! like this

BLAH! like that

The Heltah, the Skeltah, the Gunn, the Clappaz

BLAH! like this

BLAH! like that

The Heltah, the Skeltah, the Gunn, the Clappaz

[Louieville Sluggah]

Well it's the Louieville Sluggah motherfucka

Straight outta Bucktown!

Word to mother, shit is real fuckin' with this crowd

Times is hard, niggas do need a bodyguard

To block the body scars, Bootcamp always stand in charge

I brings the beef to the biggest of them bigger niggas

All them bigger niggas scared to death of all us little niggas

And Smif(Smif) to the Wessun(Wessun) got our backs

So nigga grab ya gat, cuz you could catch a head clap

Slap the nigga face up and down, take the smile off ya face

Or catch 2 strays straight to ya face

You punk pussy, you's a rookie

I'ma play your ass like a hot day of hookie, so push me

I'll stomp ya face, put a boot in the place of ya front tooth

The truth you shoulda let loose

[Chorus]

[Rock]

Ayo, go get your boys

Tell 'em bring the noise if ya want want it

(Fuck dem niggas!)

Try and run up on this nigga that stay blunted

That nigga Rock still livin' I'll

I will kill at will

And fill you up from yo gut to yo grill

(Tell em sam, tell em sam)

Nah, man that be my grandpops

I slam cops for Glocks

And buck shots all over your block

I can't believe there really be non-believers

Who wanna see the Rock give 'em Growing Pains like

Mike Seaver

(Nah mean)

Mr. Inflicksta will jack ya, rollin with the Originoo Gunn

Clappaz

So act up, we strapped

(WHAT!)

Boot Camp's thick in this bitch

Guard ya melon or catch a swellin from some old stiff shit

[Starang]

Niggas get crushed into dust, they can feel the wrath plus

Fuck around and get that ass bust

Standin in the back ya wondered and ya frightened

Fuckin with the Starang ya face the thunder and the lightnin

Awesome, tossin' niggas like Steve Austin
Niggas get baked like beans that's straight from
Boston
And my Glocks make shit hot, cops get
More nervous than Thursdays on the Box
And every now and then a sucka trys to attack
Heltah Skeltah plays the front, Gunn Clappaz in the
back
So act, like you want the Mac to ya grill
Embrace my face it's kill or be killed
[Chorus]
Like this like this like this like this like this like that
It's the Heltah Skeltah Gunn Clappaz
Blah this, Blah that, like this like that...

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