

Rotten Sound

"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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