

Anti-Pop Consortium

"Tuff Gong"

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[M. Sayyid]

you're nothin, huntin, buntin
tryin to figure it out, frontin
fuck that
I'm like tut black
rap with the stuff that
chemist's is tryin to figure now in the lab on lean
focus straight, channel thirteen
used to sneak out while pops feet
kicked back on the couch asleep, lampin
had some tv's to shut off
and it was just the straight national anthem
now I'm campin flows in shows
another class of rhymin to the foes while they dampin
you'll not flatter me
I'll blow you to the wall like an art gallery
deep like submarine tragedy
non-stop hits like that bunny with the battery

[High Priest]

yo, man. spit that shit you were spittin me on the
telephone man

[M. Sayyid]

what, that news copter doppler shit? somethin like that?

[High Priest]

yeah, yeah, yeah

[M. Sayyid]

all my people in the populus
let your arms swing like an octopus
M. Sayyid
since a seed had the need to tell what I see
saw it up and down, then I flipped quick into the pit stop
restock and fix the mix up, hit ya clique up
with dirty piss out the dix cup reknicked up
kicked up, draftin shit to drop on you
like an f350 dual rear wheel pickup
plus I get dough without a gat
just my finger on your back like this is a stick up in a
hollow
didn't even swallow, I'm gonna start clappin like the

apollo
so what I'm sayin is I'm clever, quicker, butter, better,
whatever
95 degrees in the breeze or minus six over the bearing
seas with no sweater
I'll always keep you fallin apart like pleather
vanatta brass and 79 coins in a sock swingin on your
spine from behind
you pulled out a nine, I turned into a green light and
ran over you mind

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