

## **Bomben Auf Monte Carlo**

### **"Ready to Rock Rough Rhymes"**

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Intro:

Aight, 1-2 yeah yeah yeah (Yeah son)  
On the mic one time (No diggedy)  
for your motherfuckin mind  
(\*Ready to rock rough rhymes\*----> Redman) Yeah  
We're gonna set it off one time  
(\*Ready to rock rough rhymes\*)  
Here we go, yeah yeah  
(Yo P, yo D why them bitches be on your dick, let em  
know son)

Verse 1: PMD, C-Dogg

Cos I does a little dance, make a little love  
I get the fuck down tonight  
Yo I'm lethal like injections, teachin niggas lessons  
I fry that ass up like I'm Wessun  
So come equipped and I don't slip (why?)  
cos if you slip I sink that ass just like a ship  
I got the mic in my grip, the heat is on my hip  
just in case niggas wanna flip  
I see my niggas in sight, everything aight  
comin out of fuckin Crown Heights  
Ain't no chips on my shoulder, strictly boulders  
My shit be on point like a soldier  
It's the evil that men do, who we do?  
I do you and your whole fuckin clique  
Click, the gun is on cock, niggas need to stop  
I wet that ass up like a mop

Well lord, yeah just to follow my man on the verse  
It's the C-Dogg yeah time to call a hearse  
So back up off the mic and let me rumble thru your  
woofer  
I got rough but know I'ma get rougher  
It's the quart drinker so turn up the level  
I came to get raw plus wicked like the devil  
It's the no-hold-barred, shit is wild  
I got the eye to the double L  
and I don't be no rookie or no beginner

I gets badder than a motherfuckin sinner

Hook (x8):

(\*Ready to rock rough rhymes\*)

Verse 2: C-Dogg, PMD

Ready to rock rough rhymes  
It's the C-Dogg back with 12 new rides  
Wit the ill all-out tight shit for your head  
It's the man that'll make nigga's rhymes proper dead  
So get ready, always on my worst behaviour  
Up in the booth yeah breakin mad flavors  
So back up off the mic and let me show my skill  
It's the Scheme, yeah niggas got to chill  
Peace to my nigga DL wit the beat  
and peace to all my niggas on Union Street  
and to ya fake ass niggas keep on walkin  
A DL year, the whole E is talkin

Oh yeah, bringin up the rear and we don't front (Never that nigga)

We're comin mad thick and we're on the hunt  
So why you wanna test and end up in a mess  
I'm comin mad wilder than the West  
I leave you sooped like a sale, I never fail  
I boost a track up like the third rail  
Fake MC's endangered like a species  
Your shit stinks like motherfuckin faeces  
I'm chillin and relaxin in the maxin  
Your style is improper like a fraction  
Yo I'm out to get mine (Get yours nigga)

Hook

Verse 3: Dray, Books

Well lemme come and get a little bit, son I'm feelin it,  
it's the bubbly  
Niggas know the deal I got the steel in case the trouble-  
be  
Got more coupe-rs than Isuzu, kid I bruise you  
abuse you, my sewer style will confuse you  
I got the touch so niggas spark the Dutch  
I'm guaranteed to rip and bend your microphone, now  
touch and plus  
we kick that ass back up off just like a Lear  
See ya and too bad I wouldn't wanna be ya  
Y'know the deal when I see ya, nigga chalk it up  
Cos if a nigga think he got the flow, I sop it up

So now get up so you can hear the rest of this  
Yo Boogie Banger show them why we be the best at this

Yo, yo niggas bust this, a nigga do justice like day  
We're walkin down the street, we're watchin bitches like  
slay

Niggas rave and rant but can't get it, dig it  
Shit is on lock and motherfuckers can't pick it  
I'm runnin with fools with more jewels than Freddy  
Blassy

My rap drivin niggas crazy like a taxi  
Perhaps we should leave ya layin on ya back  
I'm richer than Richie Rich and quicker with the gat,  
black!

For the cash I bash ya head to make ya stutter  
Then I hit you with the toast for fuckin with bread and  
butter, cousin

Nigga a-hah, laugh then stash the tracy  
The limit's the sky, I'm stayin high like aces  
but dooper, my styles is fat like Al Roker  
Chiggity choke a nigga to sleep, I don't know ya  
Biggity blow your mind, fuck the beef and fuck the  
swine  
Nigga I'm

Hook

Son, ha, diggy Das, diggy Das, diggy Das  
Solid Scheme, word bond son (Shit come thick)  
Y'nah how we do!

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