

Slum Village

"Hoc N Pucky"

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Yo, plea-plea, plea-plea, please listen to my demo
I got a flow that goes, ain't nobody droppin no lyrics
Niggaz they fear me because I represent Jah
Yo when you hear this you better pump it in your car

Blah blah blah blah blah blah-weeee, yo
My momma told me that these niggaz tried to rob her
at the liquor sto'

Check me out, HOOO, RAHHHH, ahh
Check me out, uhh, check me out
HUHHHH, what you want, ahh
Yo check me out, check it out
UHH, check ahh
(Why does it have to be so damn)
MON-STAHH IS RAW~! TO...

Rough enough to crush a nigga's tree trunks
Aww my man, no time to think what she wants
I'll be damned, Stan, remember we ran
Everywhere, God damnit I said we ran
Across streets... bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzt
There go my pager blowin up with the bill that's obese
What did your momma see, {?}, fat-ass
Really, should've, left your ass, in there
It's a mosh, let's torture my niggaz
OOOOH, God damnit I said OOOOH
Do you know the things that I can do to you?
I can make you cry like your momma do
And for the wild, my style, is monumental
As my flow, is fuckin up, instrumentals
I leave it superbad cause I know he know
Take it easy, they don't they don't (they don't)
They don't they don't
They don't - they don't they don't (they don't)
They don't they don't
They don't - they don't
They - they - they - they - they...

