

## Deadly Venoms

### "Real Hardcore"

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[Intro: J-Boo]

Rocks the World, DV's, what, yeah niggaz  
For all my hardcore niggaz, bust a slug thug niggaz  
Yo know the deal pa, yo, yo, aiyo

[J-Boo]

I'm shittin on the whole world, you know the name  
DV's to the death, never playin' no games  
So fuck the fame, we can spit darts or fight  
Light a candle, let it burn to the end of the night  
Who keeps it tight, fuck what you heard is real  
Pretty, Pretty Thug style now y'all know the deal  
Tag team on 'em, straight bubblin' out  
Run up in your crib, 4, 5th thuggin' them out  
Nigga what, y'all still wanna ride wit this  
Heart stopper, bomb dropper real survival chick  
Rock wit my click or I can rock it alone  
Shine like a Tahoe, baby, sittin' on chrome  
Relax your dome, so I can spit that shit  
Rip that shit, never gonna quit that shit  
Cuz I'm the shit, so put it in perspective  
You double crossing me? It's about to get hectic

[Chorus 2X: Champ & J-Boo (J-Boo)]

Its that real hardcore (you cant fuck wit that)  
That QB thug shit (you cant fuck wit that)  
That head banger live shit (cant fuck wit that)  
What, what, what, what (can you can you really really  
fuck wit that)

[J-Boo]

Yo, I told y'all once before, it aint a game  
I'm comin' through blasting, remember my name  
J to the B, double O for sure  
Back slappin' wack bitches down to the floor  
So gimme that, you don't deserve to rap  
You couldn't even shine if you had the sun on your back  
Now tell me, what type of shit is that  
Wit your corny ass rhymes and your wack ass tracks  
See me, I'm laced by Rocks the World  
And lyrically, I'm tighter than those Shirley Timple girls

If you wanna battle? Come and step in my arena  
I'll beat that ass, like Ike did to Tina  
I'm a little meaner, when it come to this  
Mad chicks is on the mics that ain't sayin' shit  
And I could call names, but I'mma chill with that  
And just burn these bars on this phat ass track

[Chorus 2X]

[J-Boo]

You can take the illest chicks and put 'em up against  
my team  
And watch the jump off at how we regulate the scene  
That's how we pop, from NY to Little Rock  
Down to North Ca'kilaki, it's the real hip hop  
And it don't stop, we keeps it raw and underground  
You know what's goin' down when you hear the snake  
sound  
You back stabbers, but I'mma stab back  
I murder chicks who tried to gain fame on tracks  
Now hold that, what kinda moves you make  
Ya'll chicks are dogs, eatin scraps off a fuckin plate  
Don't player hate, cuz I'm sick wit mine  
5'10, Pretty Thug and I'm thick wit mine  
Should I continue? Sweet talker and I'm slick wit mine  
You'se a slow learner, while I stay quick wit mine  
You know the time, keep y'all chicks shittin' in ya  
drawers  
I'm like a politician baby, change all the laws

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro: Champ, J-Boo]

(Yeah, yeah) What, (what), you can't fuck with that  
(You can't fuck with that) you can't fuck with that  
(You can't fuck with that) Peace!

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