

## Wrestling Lyrics

### "Freestyle- Smackdown 2003-01-16"

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Since when did the meadowlands become a place for  
Mexicans?

Go back to Home Depot become one of their hired  
hands

I got plans to take away your gold waist bands

Your face is sorry like New York Giants fans

My alliance spans mad untouchable clique

Livin' la vida loca but my name ain't Rick

Martin and I'll keep you starvin' like concentration  
camps

Go back to freeways selling oranges on off-ramps

The new champs untouchable like Elliot Ness

Put a hole in your chest

Eddie and Chavo ya'll are worn out like Mark Bavaro

I used to love Lucy and hated Ricky Ricardo

I got your number kid

so whatcha gonna do

the rap is over give it to B2

B2: Booya!

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Some of us got to die so others can save their lives

You heard it before, only the strong survive

Untouchables be running this terrain

Tonight we took the weak link out of the chain

So the man of many names who wants his five seconds  
of fame

Long enough for me to run Redd Dog up in the game

Change your brain now we makin' the laws

My dogg's got paws, and his claws are bigger than  
yours

Hold your applause dude, I don't like how that sounds

JC is pound for pound, the baddest dog around

You can't keep a good dog down that's what they say

Every dog has its day, my dog's day is today

Run away I got to bark and he bites

Step to us you get ate like scooby snacks

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