

## Wrestling Lyrics

### "We've Had Enough - The Dudley Boyz"

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[Chorus - repeat 2X]

We've had enough, of the what you coulda  
The what you woulda, the what you shoulda done  
To avoid the unbeatable, dodge the undefeatable two

We've had enough

[Verse One: Bubba Ray]

(Oh testify!) And we're prepared for war  
Prepared for the toe to toe, so let's go  
Prepared for the head to head, nuff said  
We about to put these lil' punks to bed  
One slap, kick-ass, {bitch} slap, four  
These little punks ain't ready for war  
These little {bitches} ain't ready to ride  
And there's nowhere to run, nowhere to hide  
Lights out, one tag, two tags, kaboom!  
Let 'em feel the pain, don't count 'em out too soon  
Let 'em hit the mat then pick 'em up on two  
Suffer, pain, hurt, you're through  
Over, done, body count tally  
Last call move on 3-D finale  
Told you all we comin, to settle the score  
The talkin ends now, it's time for war

[Chorus] - 1/2

We've had enough

[Verse Two: D-Von]

(We can do this) Best say no more  
We came here to settle the score, so let's go  
Tonight all debts will be paid in full  
All debts collected, wrong corrected  
It's been enough talk, it's been enough threats  
About which two man team is the best  
So listen now, see us here now  
Don't care who you are, you're all goin down  
I'm fed up to here, don't doubt the will  
Gonna do the job, gonna go for the kill  
Drive to survive, best say goodbye

Hardcore rules apply (ha-ha ha ha)  
So c'mon, c'mon, c'mon do you hear us?  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon are you with us?  
Hands in the air if you feel us c'mon  
Hands in the air if you feel us c'mon!

[Breakdown]

Uh, uh, what, uh  
Uh.. what

[Verse Three]

Catch me any part of town, bling to the navel  
Honies got they eye on the cable  
I step like I walk like I don't care  
I might screwface your whole place, I have no fear (uh)  
I live amongst wolves, set up shop in the den  
I'll never lose my jewels and have to cop it again  
They don't know the hell I've seen  
Where I've been, they'll never try me again  
Louder than {ha ha}, twice as tough  
And like New York City we ain't never givin up  
A God given package, asked all women  
Hard like steel, tougher than denim  
There's no limit, to how I live it  
No amount of pressure, can test my will  
We're here to clean house, king of the hill!

[Verse Four]

All these other wrestlers think they can be like us  
Tryin to take us down, with just one punch  
Now they wonder why me and Bubba blew 'em out  
Next time, grown folks talkin (c'mon) close your mouth  
Now you're lookin like New Jack, flabby and sick  
Tryin to player hate on our {shit}, yo

[Chorus]

We've had enough

[Bubba] D-Von!  
[D-Von] What?!  
[Bubba] Get the tables!  
[D-Von] Ha!

We've had enough

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