

Die Strandungs

"Leave Now"

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[Intro: King Just]

Falalalala

Yo, this is how we do this shit

[Chorus 2X: All]

Niggas better move, niggas better get back

Niggas better move, don't fake no jacks (Leave Now!)

[King Just]

I come like a river, I'll make ya shake ya zipper

The liver, here comes the nigga that'll dick ya

Raw, hardcore, sounds that pound

Stop, look, what's that sound?

Come on now, you've got to swing with the King

Cuz the things I bring'll cause more ruckus than Rodney

King

Riots, gimme ya head and I'mma fry it

Try it, I just might be the nicest you ever saw or seen

Cats are jammin like Mitch Green, more albums than Al

Green

A fiend for rap, puttin this shit on back

For my niggas who put me on the map (Like that, like that)

Back, flash his ring around the axis

Feel my mark upon ya chest when it slashes

Slow like molasses, Black Fist is massive

And I rock rhymes from here to Shaolin to Dallas

[Mega Don]

Boom, the bomb, the Mega Don drops

What the Blood Clots? Two-Six fuckin shots

Stand clear for the warfare

Or surrender, throw the white flags in the air

Yea, the Mega Don's repossession shit

And I'll represent, kid these misfits are militant

Since, life's a bitch, I'mma use her

One life to lose her, the Mega Don's a death abuser

Like a butt, niggas better spit at you

I'm sick, with what I'm dealin with, Shaolin be rippin shit

On the wreck, Mega Don, Knotty Dread Brothers

We actin live, but this way, all that's dead

So act like you know, black
It's the Mega Don, check the stat
Ninety-four, fakin no jacks

[Chorus 2X]

[Profes]

Check it out, it's the mutt who rules like King Tut'
You rappers suck, it's another Black Fist uppercut
All I wish for is blunts and stunts
You get played like a dunce, I get props makin mutts
Misfits, a bunch of hoods with Knapps, hairs twisted
Steppin to my crew, you wouldn't wanna risk it
Just listen, I'mma school that ass like the Board of Ed
A skin head, with chicken-heads jumpin on my dick
head
Nuff said, eyes is mad red, mouth full of smoke
Blow it out thru my nose, then take another tote
I hope, that I could live large like Boss Hogg
The cat's out the bag, fuck it, let loose the dogs
I'm walkin niggas like a pit, it's the Profes
Be on my face, hard like an erect dick

[Star]

I damage an amateur, clean up styles like janitors
Van Clans are canned, they can't understand my
slammin stamina
I master trash in blastin, ass-rappin
This gat-clappin black, attacks the wack actin
Approachers, choke from the smoke of snub noses
And die, high off highly potent doses of dopeness
I posted, roast up these jokers, it's over
Quit, I'm rippin off your shit like strip poker
Each one, teach one son, but you was taught wrong
I swarm, rip four pawns, you're torn, sick thoughts form
But if I ever want z's chief, I just repeat
No wack styles, count sheep, and go to sleep
Black Fist, the Shaolin Click, declares war
So move, move muthafucka, what you waitin for?

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro]

Fuck that, blood clot!
(Easy, easy, selecta, Black Fist is ours, celestial
Any man want some must get after dem)
Big shout out, all right
Big shout out to all my man lock down
Shitty Brown (My man Will)
Ah.. Two-Six Mob, my liners
Ah.. MZA (L.K.) Ah.. GP Wu

Ah.. Barry', ah.. Meth-Tical
Boogie, ah.. K.C., yes.. uh..
Meth-Tical! Haha
(Chris) Two-Two's
All right, all right, Little MZA
Uh.. Shaggy, Shaggy, Shaggy.. *fades*

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