

Dlr Band

"Ask Ya Self"

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Ask ya self..

[Nottz cuts & scratches]

"Ask ya self, is you ready for action" [3x]

"Ask ya self, is you ready for" "The hardcore" -> KRS-One

[Verse One: Tef]

Ask ya self if you ready for drama

With two of the baddest motherfuckers ever to create,
tunes to a lama

You fucking with the best (First ask ya self if you ready
for Krumb Snatch')

Then ask you self if you ready for Tef

And if you ready for death, pull all the steps out

I'ma make the glocks sound (Nigga we got it locked
out)

(Y'all niggas is popped out) We're raw 'n diggy (All city)
Caveliti

(And this here, what we call gritty)

I'm one of the five Horsemen, gimme twenty-four hours
to live

and I'll swell with a baked-beans outta Boston

Proceed with caution, I'm about to wig out

To the skit, on the D&D-project, blew the shit out

By accident, we do some shit on the mic

that a kid is convicted in Interstate, trapped again

Fuck y'all talking 'bout

After we kick a hole in the speaker then pull the plug,
we walking out

[Nottz cuts & scratches]

"Ask ya self, is you ready for action" [3x]

"Ask ya self, is you ready for" "The hardcore" -> KRS-One

"The hardcore!"

[Verse Two: Krumb Snatcha]

Now ask ya self, do you can keep run faster than this
bullet can chamber?

(Son, you in danger!) We hit off heavy metal to settle to

be free-quently
And that's all me (NIGGA!)
Thinkin' you can talk sideways from the soundwoofer,
no prove o' action
(My whole team laughin')
And ask ya self, do you think we got the time for you
tucking-truck rhymes
(Bitch, hell no!)
We put wigs on fire, like Michael mean Pepsi (CATS
BLOWIN' LIKE A LESBIE)
Testin' me and Tef is like me and you laugh
and we'll announce a breath from Holy You-Nuttin',
that's def

[Verse Three: Tef]

Listen nigga,
We don't doubt you, simply we don't give a fuck about
you
Me and my girlfriend? I make the world spin, without
you
You fuckin' with real niggaz, feel niggaz
Walkin through the house and kill niggaz ("Hardcore!")
Bitch nigga

[Nottz cuts & scratches]

"Ask ya self, is you ready for action" [4x]
"Ask ya self, is you ready for" "The hardcore" -> KRS-
One

[Intro: Krumb Snatcha]

Na-na-na fuck that..
Don't hold me back Tef
Na-na lemme go, lemme go
Fuck these niggaz
Naw they don't know, hold up dog, lemme go, hold up
dog, hold up

[Verse Four: Krumb Snatcha]

Na-na-na, hold up, wait up, they went about it wrong
Feelin' bravehearted, try me on a song
I'mma let niggaz know, they got it confused
You got gats and bats we get those too
Semi's and macks cocked and aimed at you
Bloodthirsty, star what the worst be
No mercy, we god and bang hard with any squad or
mobb
Cumming fourty niggaz like a jailyard
Blood on my silk-shirt, chocke niggaz out
Scuffed up my Timbs, we bang 'em in the mouth
You niggaz want a concrete rebel,
pullin' out bustin' like war in the +Jungle+

Mad 'cause my crew lay bubble in the tunnel
Most humble, we send shots when we come through
Get praised, but still blaze in the battle
The ruff days, these two bullets niggaz tattle
I'm immune to them tuff-talk, them big boy stanze
You comin' in pairs, then two bodies by the stairs
Nigga we bang with the best, the models to rest
Create drama, rock armor, Smith & Wess-ons
blood shot, gun cocked, minglin' shottin'
Lost in this world I'm in, feelin' money-rhymin'
Eyes roamin', zonin', looking with a Nottz beat
Label most dangerous, police lay and watch me
Harts start jumpin', we peepin' niggaz frontin'
We come through thumpin', pullin' out dumpin'
Tangle with your best entourage
We comin' in yards to face off with any yards
Soldier you're dust on the fully loaded shotgun
Whistlin' throughout the air, just to mock one
Blood for your socks son

[Nottz cuts & scratches]

"Is you ready for" "The hardcore" -> KRS-One

"The hardcore!"

"And after Krumb Snatcha snatch ya worthy
possesions,

I got strict orders to clap ya" -> Teflon

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