

Dr. Doolittle

"No Flows on the Rodeo"

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[King Just]

Well here I am, the funky man wit the ill manner
Don't spasm, cuz I be y'all bad mamma jamma
I told ya couldn't fuck wit me, nanananana
I turn Incredible Hulk back into David Bammer
I am a slammin this shit just like a human hammer
And rock suits from Timbuktu to Alabama
Is the matter, and chocolate here comes the sword
Hit us hard, but now we livin large, oh my God
Yo it's on, movin in like Desert Storm
Droppin bombs, ring the alarm, where's my bong?
Light it up, cuz I'mma smoke shit just like a Gemini
For niggas who don't remember, yo Mo Bee
Make it easy, girls wanna seize me
Believe me, it's the same shit at the 6 G
Harvard tactics, breakin niggas backwards
The Zoo stickin niggas like cactus, for practice
These fake rappers, try to chill and make a pill
Knowin they ain't real, knowin they ain't got skills
I'm from the Hill, where niggas go to toe to toe
In other words, no flows on the rodeo

[Chorus 2X]

Yippeekiyay, yippee yay, yippee yo
Yippeekiyay, yippee yay, yippee yo
Yippeekiyay, yippee yay, yippee yo
Yo, no flows on the rodeo

[King Just]

Holy cow, the kangaroo, they let the wildest nigga out
the Zoo
It's the bird who flew the coup on the first scoop
Who blew the roof? Poof, straight into the Mystics
Super sadistic, I'm butter like a biscuit
Oh shit kid, watch the sonic boom get boomer
I flip hits and shits, and free my kazoomas
On like Pumas, and niggas can't throw me out
Cuz the rhymes I give'll get ya dick hard like pencil
stout
Shout, a little bit louder now
Who's that nigga goin, aow, aow

Style, makes me superhygienetic
Fuck athletics, I'm dope and poetic
Forget it, cuz niggas don't want none
Can't get none, probably done before they see the
outcome
The Drum, is the constant beat in my ear
The Warrior, is me, because I have no fear
I swear, to my little seed, take heed
Cuz in this rap shit, I'mma succeed and smoke weed
And get lifted, high as a kite
You can't fuck wit the rhymes I write
So you write, tonight's the night
I'm ready to fight, it's on and it's war
I turn, I shoot, I score

[Chorus 2X]

[King Just]

I'm like a threat to a needle, make more hits than
Beatles
And stay sharp like a church steeple
For my people, I gotta put 'em on somehow
Is the faces you meet up, is the ones you meet goin
down?
Bow, I'm blowin up spots this year
I don't care, so rollin up the owls in the stairs
Be prepared, for all types of shit like this
Hits after hits, it can only be Black Fist
Shit, what you thinkin
The reason, I'm the shit is cuz I'm stinkin
Ya niggas is dead like Abe Lincoln
I'm thinkin, I'm a fuckin master plan
It be the man, that made me the man that I am
God damn, the nigga slams like NBA Jam
Tryin to battle me, is tryin to drown Aquaman
It couldn't happen, I'm still on the Staten
Still rappin, still keepin the crowd clappin
I'm blastin, all up in the like a shuttle
Makin other rap squads go in a huddle, leave a puddle
Of blood for my niggas lock down, one love
For you niggas who don't like me, blaow, catch a slug

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro]

What, '95
No one survive

