

Stroke 9

"No Frontin Allowed"

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Mad madness
trashy
brother from way back.
We're blowin mics since the days of 8-track.
Certified
bonified
pull out the weapon.
Rusted.
Your ho's gets busted.
Run your jules!
Shootin up ya damn fools.
Leavin' your loser lazy lyricist
in bloody pools.
Went away
came back
your still wack.
Now your slobbin Marly's mob
for a dope track.
Comin off like a bra
and its the witness.
No click-click
a fru (?) business
Don't care about no money
got props in it.
Flippin scripts
with every letter in the alphabet.
Wanna jump. JUMP!
And jingle your rump. RUMP!
Here to pump punks
with real hot lead chunks.
Full-grown
I ain't no baby with these rhymes kid.
Put the mic down
my peoples know where ya live.
I chop you little brittle riddle
right up the middle
and have the police playin the fiddle
in the hospital.
Somebody said, "He couldn't rip with the roughness."
Rhymes kick your teeth
but end up frontless.

Soul survivor of a thousand beats
sendin funeral wreathes
to all ya use-to-be chiefs.
Is a raw
to a bearlin in the woods (?).
Brothers tapes ain't jack
their best tracks is wack.
I heard you think you got a chance to win
but my glock is stopped off
to murder the top ten.
Rough and rugged and raw
I'm like a callous.
The underground can say
"ain't no Fra-zontin in my palace."

Well can I be the flavor of the month?
I got the flavor
plus I can bump a chump.
I got the funk
straight from my underground hide-out.
I freak it in the house
and let the hits just
ooz out.
Bust on the scene
to let ya know I wasn't frontin.
Got ya screamin for my album
so I had to do somethin.
Write tonight
to take a bit
not a bite.
And watch the (?)
freak you with
all my might.
Like "Here I am to save the day!"
I stop the tracks
with the mic
so I say "To chay"
and "On Gaurd"
when I'm swingin for your brow.
Cause in the house of hits
ain't no frontin allowed.

Just when you thought
that it was safe
to try and chop me.
Run for ya life
now here somes Mr. Funky
and I'm pissed.
So watch how many heads
I'll be the takeout
boy ya better look out

I work ya like a cook-out.
So get the flavor
the original Mr. Funky
(?)
and you watch me do my thing.
Because I hit ya with the funk
of the fly-talker
and make your girl
"Bump-bump! Get it, Get it!"
like Luke Skywalker.
I can't front
I love rappin with a passion.
Crash your head front
into the funk
you think I'm slam dancin.
See when you front
you make mad
the alter weight (?).
Freak this:
"funky twin powers activate!"
Sheik on the mic
with the cape and muscles.
Crushin MC's
while their girls do the hustle.
See other rappers
try to dis the lords
but yo, your dead wrong.
Damn it, can't we all just get along?
We'll see
there simply ain't no frontin allowed.
Yo, I'm out
like the Cosby show
peace to the Funky Child.

Punchin your god-damn eyebrows off
roughin it up north
lookin' like your laugh off (?).
It's a blash smash
and crash from my stash.
Be watchin your back kid.
Your girl and the phat path.
Talkin bout your macks and tax.
What's with that?
Your gettin wet like
sloooow sex.
Rippin on that old school kid.
Leavin sliced as a slit
says I wet your crib.
No question.
Testin the west
and the east and

once the ammo was released and
I'll make your girl come and getcha.
Hope you get the picture.
Boy your better off
if a pit bit ya!
What's its like
in the illest fight.
Believe the hype.
I'm givin crowds more nose jobs than Mike.
Fight sight alright
they bite
spot light tonight
is hype
trigger happy tripe
don't hit bite
my owner's right.
And ya know it's comin off
so don't ask it.
Snatchin the vocal
and hotties on the rap tip.
Mackin ya boys up.
Bringin the noise up.
And now ya need stitches
because my voice cuts.
Chainsaw
gain more
and rieg'n raw.
And never let a brother play it
is my main law.

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