

## Guillermo Marchena

### "Blah"

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I'm a professional  
I'm a professional  
I'm a professional...

[Top Dog]

You must be blind and deaf  
to think that you can test  
Originoo Gunn Clappz 2 to yo chest  
(Pumm! Pumm!)  
may the buddha bless you where they rest you  
underground, where you hear the sound  
BUCKTOWN!  
home where we roam  
pack mad chrome  
so niggas watch your dome-piece  
or you just might just catch 2 shots to your  
motherfuckin head  
batty bwoy gwan dead

[Ruck]

time for some action  
dick in yo mouth satisfaction  
I pull it out you breathe again like Toni Braxton  
i'm askin niggas, but i'm blastin niggas  
Yo we pass dem niggas, so the Ruck just laugh at  
niggas  
my mind ills off rhyme skills and nine mills  
so i'll drill styles that keep the mine filled  
blunts get smoked and chumps get choked  
when they try to quote the notes that B-I-G Ruck wrote  
so ah make way for the master blaster  
who blast past bastards, cuz my shit's mastered, uh

Chorus:

BLAH! like this  
BLAH! like that  
the Heltah, the Skeltah, the Gunn, the Clappaz  
BLAH! like this  
BLAH! like that  
the Heltah, the Skeltah, the Gunn, the Clappaz  
BLAH! like this  
BLAH! like that  
the Heltah, the Skeltah, the Gunn, the Clappaz

[Louieville Sluggah]

well it's the Louieville Sluggah motherfucka  
straight outta Bucktown!

word to mother, shit is real fuckin' with this crowd  
times is hard, niggas do need a bodyguard  
to block the body scars, Bootcamp always stand in  
charge

I brings the beef to the biggest of them bigger niggas  
all them bigger niggas scared to death of all us little  
niggas

and Smif(Smif) to the Wessun(Wessun) got our backs  
so nigga grab ya gat, cuz you could catch a head clap  
slap the nigga face up and down, take the smile off ya  
face

or catch 2 strays straight to ya face

you punk pussy, you's a rookie

i'ma play your ass like a hot day of hookie, so push me  
i'll stomp ya face, put a boot in the place of ya front  
tooth

the truth you shoulda let loose

(Chorus)

[Rock]

Ayo, go get your boys

tell 'em bring the noise if ya want want it

(Fuck dem niggas!)

try and run up on this nigga that stay blunted  
that nigga Rock still livin' ill

i will kill at will

and fill you up from yo gut to yo grill

(tell em sam, tell em sam)

Nah, man that be my grandpops

I slam cops for Glocks

and buck shots all over your block

I can't believe there really be non-believers

who wanna see the Rock give 'em Growing Pains like

Mike Seaver

(nah mean)

Mr. Inflicksta will jack ya, rollin with the Originoo Gunn

Clappaz

so act up, we strapped

(WHAT!)

Boot Camp's thick in this bitch

guard ya melon or catch a swellin from some old stiff  
shit

[Starang]

niggas get crushed into dust, they can feel the wrath  
plus

fuck around and get that ass bust

standin in the back ya wondered and ya frightened

fuckin with the Starang ya face the thunder and the

lightnin

Awesome, tossin' niggas like Steve Austin  
niggas get baked like beans that's straight from  
Boston  
and my Glocks make shit hot, cops get  
more nervous than Thursdays on the Box  
and every now and then a sucka trys to attack  
Heltah Skeltah plays the front, Gunn Clappaz in the  
back  
so act, like you want the Mac to ya grill  
embrace my face it's kill or be killed  
(Chorus)  
like this like this like this like this like this like that  
it's the Heltah Skeltah Gunn Clappaz  
Blah this, Blah that, like this like that...

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