

Heltah Skeltah f/ Buckshot, Ruste Juxx

"So Damn Tuff"

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[Kurtis Blow "Tough" sample] TOUGH! (7X) So why has it got to be so damn TOUGH! [Sean Price] Yo, it's the left jab That have 'em fucked up like a crystal meth lab Nigga it's the right cross That'll rattle your brain and drain your life force Do a lotta things for the chain with the ice cross Checking papi down the corner, brick and the white soft That shit wack, gyro meat with the white sauce I spit pyro, heat all my life, boss I'm into large cars and hard denim Ya'll niggas fraud and your dodge, slobbering on large women I did a small stint in a large prison Came home rapping, saying it was all God given Sean is risen, came up the hard way Mother blasted in Blake, that's what the God's day Sing a sad song, like Sade I will each ya food, like you sucker for entree, P.! [Chorus: Buckshot] You ain't gotta like it, all you gotta do is get low When the fifth blow It don't matter if your bladder's all scattered On the side of the road, you decided to flow You be like, I hope these muthafuckas bulletproof If not, I'm show 'em what these bullets do Cuz, the mack spraying, saying nigga what? "So why has it got to be so damn TOUGH!" - Kurtis Blow sample [Ruste Juxx] I came to the game a vet, O.G. on the set Hella choppers on deck, why G's in check Like a Mossberg round when I'm bringing that sound You muthafuckas now rocking with the king of the crown I ain't running, I'm gunning with my latin ratcheto For bricks of that pure pedrico, ask Rico Faggot niggas talking bout I'm hating on the south Cuz I'm hating all that wack shit niggas be putting out Bitch bullshit is bullshit from B.K. to V.A. Have my nigga B.A. bodyslam the D.J. Magnum's striking like the wrath of God Heltah Skeltah, crash through the math, I'm hard You know who you Rucking with, y'all niggas can't Rock Got runningback bullets that ya'll vest can't block Niggas buzzing the hood, screaming Juxx shit is rough "So why has it got to be so damn TOUGH!" - Kurtis Blow sample [Chorus] [Rock] It's Mr. Monster Mad Rocko Oscar the Grouch, hop up out the garbage can and pop toast Reincarnate your ass with the rugers Michael J. Fox clap ya stupid ass 'back to the future' You ahead of your time, huh, huh? Watch how you talking To grown

folks, I don't throw fits, I throw folks You had no idea
the dirt I do, you summamabitches I call a cab and
throw you in front of it, I ain't old school But I'm big
Rock, I hit you in the head with the big block And pop it,
you gon' stop and drop Niggas bad, rookie, the guns
bust and boogie You don't move, nigga fill you with
heat, in the street Doing the tweak, wheezing and
freezing wishing you could scream Why his last
episode, eat a nigga cheese I am past eskimo, cooler
than a breeze Cold meal, they cold still, and make you
stupid niggas freeze [Chorus]

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