

Heltah Skeltah f/ Flood

"Smack Muzik"

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[Sean Price] Listen, rap to the beat, ya'll niggas can't rap to the beat Clap at ya fleet, leave ya niggas flat in the streets Smashing your peeps, whole fucking faculty meet Ahead of my time, rhymes'll come back in a week Smack Muzik, that gat in ya lap music That North Cakillac, with crack in the 'lac music Act stupid like niggas in special ed Your ass'll get left for dead when I sketch yo head Bent some bread, better than any nigga you know Sean Price get nice like Henny, Remy and 'Dro If inni, minni and moe, try to fuck up my flow then I whip my gun, the semi ready to blow Smash ya face, skinny pimp, smash ya tape It's hard out there for a pimp, ask Pastor Mase Listen, I rap wild but the cash is great You? You rap mild but ya cash is late Ya'll niggas wack like black in alley My niggas trapped, see the mack I carry? Hah, listen, when I kill 'em, I kill 'em in cold blood I ain't playing with none of these niggas, let it go, Flood [Chorus: Flood] Uh, ya'll niggas don't want no drama In ya house, talking to ya mama, quit Put niggas on Slim Fast, that's a lead type You want it with him? Huh, go ahead try it Ya'll niggas ain't built like that Ya'll niggas ain't been like that, where you been at, black? P, eat them niggas, feel that track Let 'em know, where Brooklyn at? What the fuck, we right here, nigga [Rock] Listen, this Smack Muzik, you sucka ass niggas get smacked to it For no particular reason, just cuz you rap stupid Or maybe just cuz it's heated, niggas react to it End of Pulp Fiction, you lucky you ain't get clapped too Welcome to my animal house, or should I say the cannibal house We moved out the animals out, damn it, we foul Cannons about, as big as your mother, we hit you, you done I don't mean like dunn-dunn, dumb ass, your for 'em Son, these ain't real niggas, I smell bird They a bunch of bitches that like bitches, they L Word Impersonators, I heard a hater, they a tell word Wanna send me to jail, I'mma send them to hell, first Terrorize you like my name Osama I'm not, I'm hardcore President Big Rock Obama That's me, you third grade math, you are not no problem Divide or subtract you niggas when the shots got blocka I'm such a monster, appear and destroy and I'm up in God, chumps Rest

assure your boy is fucking bonkers Just ball, like MJG,
you don't want no drama Monster, never seen one? I
can show ya No deep cars, but I'm a Rock N Rolla Let's
roll, I drive you crazy, I'm not chaffeur You cannot
hang, you not my posters, hit 'em Flood [Chorus]

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