

Heltah Skeltah f/ The Representativez

"Ape Food"

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[Supreme] You better wise up, times up, competition gets sized up When I bust, I crush every single thing I touch So get your grind up, foes get lined up Rewind up, tied up, fronting and get your eyes shut We stay alert and niggas know it's affirmative These young wack journalists, flipping, get on some murder shit Ain't nothing permanent, nigga you know who turn it is It's the alternative, ill street verbalist Kick ass, take names, cock back, then take aim Supreme on my A-Game, I spit heat, spray flames So watch how you say things, you cats better maintain Come back like the A train, clap at your main plains [Rock] You muthafuckas know me You green like frog, but no F-R, just O-G I'm R-O-C-K Ness monster, the chest stomper The skit blonger, that nigga just bonkers Dress warm in the summer time, that's just heat on my waist Careful you, open the other, it'll be heat in your face Keep it in place, bong, die when the sket burst, hit cha Roll deeper than them Verizon network niggas Can you hear me now? D.I.R.T. and the Reps hurt niggas pride Well them bird niggas ride, now them herbs get ya nine mills And killas, I'm gorilla They think they banans, well fine I'll peel ya [Chorus: Rock] Finally, about time, something you can hate to Hate to, two step, frown up your face too Nobody dance around, acting all playful Fuck outta here, this is muthafucking ape food, flame you [Sean Price] Listen, I will end your life, man With a knife, but tonight I will Kimbo Slice fam Catch me hopping out the hot truck Cold stares, no fear, knock 'em out the box, Ruck Murder a man when I blam the chrome, but I can Roberto Durang you, the hands of stone, fuck it It don't matter to me, capital P Independent rapper, trafficking to package your D Listen, I clap you with the weapon, yeah Receive shells well, the immaculate reception Accurate, I smack you with a rap and get to stepping Before you face to face with a Black Smif-n-Wessun, P [Lidu Rock] Aiyo, I'm back in this bitch like a nigga never left though I'm still hammer handling, shotty will blow ya chest off Started where we left off and I leave you where you finish, kid You dinner plate, murder you monkeys where them gorillas at Now where them killas

at, wind 'em all up Flip a county, pop a nigga face, line
'em all up Yeah, listen, I put the metal to you herbs The
combination is heavy, it's like it's heroine and herb I'm
a devil with the bird, you niggas just like to talk and
flash Soft packing nigga for stunting and let it spark his
ass This is the Dirtyville, nigga, not the dirty south We
still get it rocking with choppers and let them birdies
out [Chorus]

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