

James Jones**"You Ain't Heard Shit Yet"**

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[Ant Diddley Dog]

Yeah, I hope your motherfucking eardrums is ready for this

Bad N-Fluenz in the motherfuckin' house

Finna kick some shit for all the niggas who think they be flowing

I'm about to introduce my young partner, so kick back

Hit the weed, and tweek off these motherfucking flows

Spit that shit, Rappin' Ron

[Rappin' Ron]

That nigga Ron's back, with a bomb sack

I'm either smoking or I'm signing on a contract

And you will never see me sober cause I'm always lit

And when I spit, I don't wanna hear y'all say shit

Cause when niggas talk shit, I tax they ass

While they bitch be begging for a backstage pass

Cause the bitches be loving it, just they way I be shoving dick

All down the hoes throat cause I ain't no joke

Provoke, and I'll blow your chest open

Come to Oakland, so you can get your neck broken

And I'm the nigga that's doing the neck snapping

Ripping these motherfuckers in half just like a wet napkin

I'm up to no good in yo hood I'm walking through

You know this fool, buster, who the fuck you think you talking to?

Saying you kill a crew, talking bout how you peel a few caps

When all you do is steal a few raps

Perhaps you should cut all the bullshit before you get

Beat with a bullwhip and then catch a full clip

And you'll get jumped like a grasshopper

And in the motherfucking trunk I got a pump for your ass, partner

Motherfucker, this a nine thing

You running up to Rappin' Ron and catch a permanent migraine

And murdering is what the hobby is

And I'm a motherfucking gangsta nigga, ain't that shit

obvious?

Boy you can't hang, I'm deep in the game
Rappin' Ron is the name, smoking bomb is the game
And every day I'm smoking it, straight out of Oakland,
bitch
Cussing when I'm busting, crushing that mediocre shit
Nigga cross the line and I'm beating those
Cause they try to bust flows and they fold and they
decompose
And I kick back like a big vet
So nigga you can hit the deck but you still ain't heard
shit yet

[Ant Diddley Dog]

Man, told y'all motherfuckers he was a goddamn fool!
Hell naw, fucking with these young gangsta poets
Coming with this lyrical-ass shit
My young parter Rappin' Ron gonna show you y'all
Motherfuckers how it's supposed to be done
So turn up the goddamn Zaps and bump them 15's
Cause you STILL ain't heard shit yet

[Rappin' Ron]

You ain't heard shit yet, cause I'm a motherfuckin' vet
My style will break off and take off just like a jet
Set to grab the tec, and pop in some clips
And hit the corner in the mob, let off some shots while
they diss
Bitch you'd better break, killing is in the take
First the 8 then the 9 so you'd better get it straight
Wait, nigga stizzop, Ron's getting prizzops
And if you get disgusted you'll get busted in your
chizzops
You can't fuck with me, cause I'm a young G
Nigga the O is the town, the 89 is the T
That's my turf since the birth, putting fools in a hearse
Yeah I love to bust raps, but I gotta bust caps first
Leaving punk motherfuckers on they backs
Cause when I pull my straps, all them saps just collapse
And I watch them figgety fall, cause I'm a higgedy hog
Coming up out the kiggedy cut with my partner Ant
Diddley Dog
I ain't scared, cause they unprepared
I said "flee" and the fled, I said "bleed" and they bled
from the head
Now they doead, they caught too many slugs
But gimme the mic and I'm ripping and rapping and
rocking
And dropping them lugs
So motherfuckers love Rappin' Ron cause I'm perking
up off that bomb

And I'm really not that high when I'm off that chocolate
Thai
So let's go and get some dank and some drank and
let's lounge
Don't try to creep, peep a nigga from the town
That's down to blow up your whole fucking block
Get on my nerve when I'm perved and get served like a
knot
And then catch the shot from my glock when it busts
Yeah you probably be fucking with them but nigga but
you never be fucking
with us
So trust, that punk motherfuckers get served
Talk shit when I'm lit and get kicked to the curb
And punk-ass niggas get served quick
And your ass needs to chill cause you still ain't heard
shit

[Ant Diddley Dog]

Goddamn! This nigga's sick as fuck!
Check thise out, man, oooh, this nigga ain't even
finished yet
So calm your motherfucking ass down, peep this last
verse

[Rappin' Ron]

Now everybody think that I lost it
So they be running up quick but I be coming up with
that raw shit
The one that flow, now everyone I know
I'm another motherfucker and I'm coming from the O
To the A to the K, straight from the Bay
Where the nigga slang the yey or they either snort the
pay
Some niggas be hopped out, big time and got clout
And some went to school but them fools just dropped
out
So if you made it, nigga, then I'm glad you made it
But I'm undereducated cause I never graduated
But I don't give a FUCK about no goddamn diploma
I'd rather grab my gat and put a nigga in a coma
I don't know no calculus, algebra, or geometry
But I got my gat so I know trigga-nometry
And all that school shit was nerve-racking
That shit ain't gave me pape, that's the reason I prefer
jacking
Perking off of Genuine Draft
The kinda nigga that'll put a couple in you and laugh
Lend you half a motherfucking gravesite
You can't fuck with the man with my hand on my guage
tight

But I'm a do it like this so your crew will know
Tie your leg to a car, tie the other to a pole
Talk shit and laugh cause I got the gift of gab
Hop in the car, hit the gas, watch your ass split in half
Motherfuckers think that they stacking
I got more raps than a gift and more straps than a
straightjacket
It's just that flow shit, that coming up out the O shit
Now wait for the next song so you can hear some more
shit, bitch

Rappin' Ron in this motherfucker, you know what I'm
saying?
Saying what's up to all my potnas in East Oakland,
California
Crazy-assRegis from 89th Avenue
My potna Ace, my homeboy FT
You know how we doing it, my potnas Sunny and Shine
Just kicking it, doing this Oakland type shit

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