

Tone Loc

"Sweet Science"

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[CHORUS: repeat 3X]

Here we go, here we go, here we go, get your guards
up
Knowin' we got the sweet science

[Rasco]

I, enter the ring
Touchdown ready to swing
My footwork quick hit y'all with hard licks
I'm Cassius Clay
Y'all niggaz be the last to spray
I'm here to whoop a niggaz ass today
So I, tighten the gloves
The world 'bout to show me some love
I work hard better put up your guard
I spent time out in the yard, I'm here to train me and my
squad
My head straight baby me and my God
Techniques obsolete, I want the crowd up on they feet
The world champ that they couldn't defeat
Me and Charlie 2n, PLATOON!
Y'all cats better give us some room
I sidestep then I lower the boom
You cats better call your goons
Tonight 'cos I've entered the zone
First round, put your back on the ground
I'm the best pound for pound, you out never hearin' a
sound
Face straight now I'm spinnin' you round and round

[CHORUS]

[Chali 2na]

Yo, the ring is now a disaster scene
As the trainers apply vaseline, I come to smash the
king
The fight game dominator, I'm bringing the drama
hater the common denominator
respondin' to trauma greater than most'
As my fatal fists begin, the volatile combination of
leather sweat and skin

Is slittin' yo eyebrow for spittin' this glass style
Repetitious hittin' my mittens are hostile
Fo' sure the southpaw nigga star can outspar
Competitive outlaws with delicate glass jaws
Applause and Paparazzi flash, you can not see past
When me and Rasco control the fiasco
Unmask those, untalented assholes
With fast blows to physically challenge my past foes
We smash those degenerate weak ducks
And I catch a heat rush from the canvas my feet touch

[CHORUS]

[Rasco]

I run six miles a day
To outlast niggaz, I'm top class
Hopin' that you challenger talk trash
You get dropped fast, baby we rock last
You on the undercard stuck, runnin' without gas
I stick jabs in ya abs and stay in the lab, rhymin'
Goin' for feints and bad timin'
It be the team that'll shatter your spleen
I go twelve rounds baby 'til your clock is clean
NA MEAN

[Chali 2na]

Swift to avenge Sugar Ray
I'm Roy Jones, to you toy clones
Send 'em back in a brutal way
Rush to follow, as I crush the hollow
With the knowledge and the insight of a, custom model
I paint a bizarre picture to break your whole structure
The texture of your face cracked and fractured
You wheeze and sob, as I weave and bob
We relieve your squad, you better believe the odds are
against you

[CHORUS]

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