

## Various Artist

### "We've Had Enough - Dudley Boyz"

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We've had enough  
Of the what you coulda  
What you woulda  
What you shoulda done  
To avoid the unbeatable  
Dodge the undefeatable two

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We've had enough

And we're prepared for war  
Prepared for the tow to tow, so let's go  
Prepared for the head to head, nuff said  
We about to put these little punks to bed  
One slap, kick ass, bitch slap, four  
These little punks aren't ready for war  
These little bitched aint ready to ride  
And it's nowhere to run, nowhere to hide  
Lights out one tag, two tag kaboom  
Let 'em feel the pain, don't count 'em out too soon  
Let 'em hit the mat, then pick 'em up on two  
Suffer, pain, hurt, you're through  
Over, Done, body count tally  
Last call, move on 3D finale  
Told you all we come to settle the score  
The talkin ends now, it's time for war

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Best say no more

Come here to settle the score, so lets go  
Tonight all debts will be paid in full  
All debts collected, all wrongs corrected  
It's been enough talk, there's been enough threats  
About which two man team is the best  
So listen now, see us here now,  
Don't care who you are, y'all goin' down  
I'm fed up to here, don't doubt the will  
I'm gonna do the job, gonna go for the kill  
Drive to survive, best say goodbye  
Hardcore rules apply

So come on, come on, come on do you hear us  
Come on, Come on, come on are you with us  
Hands in the air if you feel us, come on  
Hands in the air if you feel us, come on

Catch me, any part of town, bling to the navel  
Honeys got their eyes on the cable  
I step like, I walk like I don't care  
I might screw face, your whole place I have no fear  
I live amongst wolves, set up shop in their den  
I'll never lose my jewels and have to cop it again  
They don't know the hell I've seen  
Where I've been  
They'll never try me again  
Louder than Fuck and twice as tough  
Like New York City, we ain't never giving up  
A God given package, ask all the women  
Hard like steel, tougher than denim  
There's no limit to how I live it  
No amount of pressure can test my will  
We're here to clean house, king of the hill  
All the other wrestlers think they can be like us  
Tryin to take us down with just one punch  
Now they wonder why me and Bubba blow 'em out  
Next time, close your mouth  
Now you're lookin like New Jack  
All flabby and sick  
Tryin to play your hate on shit

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