

Heltah Skeltah, Duck Down

(feat. Lord Digga, Cocoa Brovaz, Smack Man)

[Rock]

Yo son hit me, this shit's three times fatter than my sis be
Fatter than the last spliff I smoked wit the dred-nitty
It be Alvin Catraz, don't forget me
Remember this? It went down like this see
Long story short, I'm in this joint livin shifty
In the cloud of smoke, in the club where ya bitch be
She leavin wit me, the no g rap work lovely
She with three other dimes and they all wanna fuck me
Yeah they want me, why, cuz I'm so macho
Some cats wanna bluck me, but they ain't go no
Wins wit the bummy jab, call me Rocko
Stop foes, makin shit hot like Sounds of Dew Nacho
Not cho average guy, I never fit in
Ran wit these steps, startin trouble for a livin
Like Tyson's ex-chick, we stay robbin and givin
Aches and pains, parley, y'all end up missin

[Smack Man]

This goes out to all of my thug niggas
Peace, one love niggas, to lock down and drug niggas

[Lord Digga]

I'm comin in through Brownsville and Flatbush, niggas bout to get mush
Makin crews change they faces like some bitches
Who you screwin, what you doin, nuthin, Gold Pass iced up, frontin
Bout to get your back blown out, cuz we goin out blastin
Anybody gets body for askin, whose them niggas
Duck Down and Digga, bout to deliver
You head in a box, off the top of ya neck
Some men of steel, wit nine techs
Everybody hit the deck, we got next
Yo game it's over, some wild cats from BK
Fuck Villanova, get ya Earth and ya Wisdom after playin strip poker
Ain't no jokers here, bout to smoke ya where
You stand from the first to the last man
Keep blastin and every bodies passin to gas man

[Ruck]

Yo S-E A-N-P R-I-C, yo, don't forget the E
My category, top rankin, stop thinkin
That you can fuck wit the Ruckus, when shots sinkin
Where it goin son, who give a fuck where it land at
Long as my gems phat and at same time this man flat
I slam cats, yet and still they still don't understand that
Heltah Skeltah only mean war pa, so stand back
This man raps, whatever the fuck I feel like
I feel like I can bust your head wit this steel pipe
Yo, I'm wiggin out, off the weed that I just got from my nigga house
Never give and shout, cuz the front don't buck web
I snuff heads, on the D-L, since I cut dreads

[Smack Man]

It's the thug hemmy, Henneccy and Remi bent me
Cognac and Semi place unknown for mind stone
Plus the stress and hustlin, got me catchin ulcers
Me and these military soldiers, connects takin over
Keep my burner in the soldier hoister
Three deep inside a hummer jeep, reclined in the leather seat
Between me and the cream, let no man intervene
You got me trapped in the state of depression like a fiend
But on the other side, hustlin is just a struggle

Tryin to make this loot double, and watch my block bubble
When you hustle hand to hand, can't afford to lose a bond
Every day is a war, like you live in Vietnam
On every block there's a snitch, stoppin you from gettin rich
Some old noisy bitch, son ain't that some shit
It's Trent French, swing a bat like Johnny Bench
On my workers, when they try to short me for chips
If I gotta get dirty for dough, guess I'll filthy rich
Screamin, fuck the police, cuz life is a bitch

[Tek]

I can be ya enemy, ya friend, fuck ya bitch, rob ya man
How I'm above average, what you can't understand
It's Tek-a-million, it's the plan or aim
Watch how many niggas envy once I cop this range

[Steele]

These niggas crazy, thinkin they can take me, ST
Take less then three seconds to cock and squeeze on my enemies
See me ridin, enterprisin on my cellular
Black entrepreneur, you hate, so to hell wit ya
I dealt wit niggas like y'all before, and I'm tellin ya
You see me, I'm quick to broad, quicker to draw
And the only art I know, is the art of war
Not your average, I'm like Picasso wit a four-four
Bust my gat abstract, get artistic wit a biscuit
You only got one life to live, so why risk it
Police, trace ballistics, off the bullets we bust
Can't depend on my many friends, so in guns we trust
Cannon blast wit the thrust of the thunderous
Kick ass for fun or to get more funds for us
Dangerous go for the heart, and attackin high jackin
This rap shit, will get me put in straight jackets
Can't hack it, so I hack shit, get punk now
Run up on ya set, makin you niggas Duck Down