

House Gang Animalz, Right Now

[Intro: Inspectah Deck]

Yeah (yeah), beast mode niggas (Shaolin! What up)
Undadogz rockin' the set (Undadogz holdin' it down)
SWAT style (What's good?)
Jumpin' out of mothafuckin' helicopters and all that (Yeah, RC waddup)
Takin' over the fortress kid (Let's go)
Cause right now (Right now)

[Inspectah Deck]

Right now the drama begin
We gettin' low like John and the twins
For the dollars and cents
Top ten in the ranking, taking shots of the Henn
Flyin' his kite, for live niggas locked in the pen
And my name reign king, not worthy of fools
Your life is a fraud, just like your jersey and jewels
No mercy for you, it get dirty and cruel
At the table where the great sit hearing your food
Now, stop the bank, watch the hand throw flames
Niggas jail cause your man hold game like 'no thanks'
Sold 'caine for a living, never say no names
Got head before I bang those dames, ya'll chasin'
Legend like Curtis Mayfield in the field
With the hands of a carshop, dealin' the reel
All my warriors, feel what I feel
It's poppin' not from champagne, but from the peelin' of steel
In the city, see these been big wheels
Overtime on the graveyard shift, just to get this meal
When your livin' it, it get this real
Got niggas in my grill, over mami with the six-inch heels
Got the pigs talkin' business deals
They might as well lock me up now cause the kid don't squeal
I'm bound by my honor, be out 'round maana
On the flight down to Guyana
Swimmin' with the big fish, my world's surrounded by piranhas
That's why I keep a out of town casa, battle ground mobster
Don't eat shrimp or scungili
Made man playin' my hand, the slums feel me
Some hate me, they wanna wear my kicks
Cause i'm rugged like where I live
S.I.N.Y. enterprise, hit the square five six
Better duck when we air our clips, now move
This is what it's come down to, ground rule at the X-Games
Skatin' to this like "Wow, Dude"
Rumble in the jungle, there'll be no round two
It's the UD's doggie, let my blood hounds through
I'm from where they smile with a razor in cheek
Ruff Rydin', like Styles, Jada, and Sheek
Son beware, if they label you weak
It'll be the nigga turn fifteen, that'll lay you to sleep
Playin' for keeps, the streets get iller with time
On the low life, with kingdom for shine, it's real
So I keep a nine mill'a on mine
For the dogs, the wolves, the apes, the gorillas, and lions