

# Rappin' Ron & Ant Diddley Dog, The Bomb

(Ant Banks)

Yeah... Really though...

Real smooth you know what I'm saying...

Back on that ass hoe...check it

It's the banksta, back in the door, rappin a flow, smacking a hoe  
So motherfucker you should act like you know  
Cuz, I'm coming with the Bad n' Fluenz clique  
A lunitic bitch, and we had to ruin shit, you made we doing this  
But ain't no use in getting angry cuz we came G  
The big dick gangsta you can't change me  
I got game see and a dick big as an elephant  
I'm hella bent, now pass the pussy cuz, i smell the scent  
And if you miss out on this dick bitch you unlucky  
Cuz I'm so good I could make a nun fuck me  
But let's get back to this way out shit  
Not that bootsy ass flow shit that play out quick  
I gotta come with the shit that 'll have y'all jocking  
Now hoes draws dropping, and house walls knocking, they flocking  
Just to hear my flow style straight gangsta profile  
looking sick ass fuck with no smile  
The whole crowd go wild when this nigga flow  
And when I hit the Door I'm leaving with the thickest hoe  
That's what the macks do, leaving hoes stuck like a statue  
With this rap style you get attached to  
A wack crew 'll fall fast when we all blast  
and attack you with a few slugs in yall ass  
I'm a menace and niggas finish in last place  
Niggas be flowing and don't be knowing they ass fake  
I guess them niggas got a weak brain, I'm from the streets mayne  
So just kick back and peep game  
Can't get with this cuz this shit is on hit  
And don't forget I spit on this way out shit b-yatch

(Chorus)

(Ron: The bomb got me thinking of some way out shit)

(Ant: If you ain't getting lit, you better stay out bitch)

(Ron: The bomb got me thinking of some way out shit)

(Ant: I'm in the house with the motherfuckin' Bad n' Fluenz clique)

(Rappin' Ron)

The chronic got me thinking of some way out shit  
I'm in the motherfuckin' house you better stay out bitch  
Cuz it's me you can't fuck with, giving hoes rough dick  
Now I'm back up bitch and i'm talking much shit  
And i can back it up for those who be running up  
Yeah, they be acting up, but I don't think they dumb enough  
To think that they can stop the Ron, cuz I be dropping bombs  
And if you bring yo mama in it then I'm socking mom  
But it ain't gotta be like that, go around the corner and pick up a nice sack  
And bring that ass right back, ignite that, so we can get lit  
Cuz when I hit the joint I be getting to the point quick  
I like sit back and stay calm and don't choke  
So let me hit that it ain't bomb I won't smoke  
So get the dank, don't get lit and spill the drank  
Just smash on the gas hella fast, fill the tank  
So we can go kick it and do some shit so wicked  
like pull out my dick and watch yo hoes lick it  
And those bitches, they can't say shit to Ron  
I stay lit everyday smoking zips of bomb...  
bitch cuz I'm... a motherfuckin' mack  
And when I bust a rap you know you can't fuck with that  
So admit you can't fuck with it  
Because the shit that you claim that you fitna do, nigga i done just did it

And plus I'm 'bout to do some mo'  
And I pack a tec 9, so next time you fools 'll know  
We get funky like dog shit, and me and diddley dog  
spit on this crazy off the wall shit

(Chorus)

(Ant Diddley Dogg)

Now it's that lyrical mack so uh, hear it go smack  
In your motherfuckin' face, this ain't no miracle black  
It's that way out shit that I be thinkin' of  
Straight mickey's ice in my system, I ain't drinking bud light  
I love mics that's why I rips it up  
And I love that hennessy too, that's why I sips a cup  
Every time it passes, I'm ready to kick some asses  
If you can't see that I'm the tightest get some glasses  
But you might need bifocals when you hear my vocals  
Believe it it's true, Ant Diddley's coming through  
And you could ask your mama hoe, flowing astronomical  
Me and Rappin' 'll flow straight for an hour so  
Quick to devour your crew feel the power of two sick niggas so  
What the fuck you cowards gone do  
Seven up to a gun fight, cuz all i need is one mic  
And every time I grab it I'm guaranteed to come tight  
So listen as I let it slide out  
and for a talkitive bitch I gotta dick for her wide mouth  
And all violators will get prosecuted  
when the glock is cocked, bitch I got's to shoot it  
You say you the tightest but that's not the truth  
I got more brain than Einstein and more rhymes than Doctor Sues  
Coming with explosive shit, niggas can't get close to this  
Ant Diddley Dog got technique, fuck them flows you spit  
I make my rhyme sound fat got it down packed  
Nigga pass the bomb i ain't fucking with no brown sack  
So kick back cuz Bad n' Fluenz ain't gone play out quick  
comin with this way out shit

(Chorus 5x)

(Ant Banks)

It's got your bitch on a long ass dick