

# The Five Deadly Venoms

## Chubb Rock

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[verse one - hotdog]

Aiyyo ? ? , I got the batter, get the mixer  
As the trickster will fix ya a batch of rhymes  
You know that soothes, like an elixir  
And sticks your ribs so let the cheese and wine  
Or rather wine and cheese  
Cause I aim to please with ease hope the crowd sees  
That i'm, the man that loves to flam  
And when I step into a jam I just slam like jordan  
And this is the world, accordin to me  
The capital-h-the-o-the-t, the-d-the-o-the-g  
Rockin, heavenly hype and ? ? steadily  
When I come in to rock'n'roll, I'm sure you will agree  
That I got a hype type of style a family  
But diggy doc gave it to rob to rock and howie tee  
Now, I'm talkin about omega psi phi fraternity  
Givin a little history  
For some people, their lucky number's 7  
For q-dogs, it's 1911  
November 17th, underneath the ceilings  
Behind the walls of ? thurkill hall?[verse two - ? ]  
This is a family affair, rather a gathering of the brothers  
United we stand, we're not divided like the others  
And when I mention the word divided, you know what I'm meaning  
Show a brother something they don't have they start fiending  
First the ear-grabbin, then the back-stabbin  
This from brothers that I call friends, I'm not havin  
The other negative things in a friendship  
An occasional whipser, gossip, a loose lip  
I once trusted a brother with an eyeful  
He told the next man, cause he's livin trifle  
But now I'm not worried cause I'm part of a family

United til death simply cause we choose to be  
An occasional joke, a diss, or a crowd pleaser  
Callin your moms a ? ? look-a-like skeezer  
Whoever wins the diss battle, respect is given  
Fightin over words is not how we are livin  
Then there's ? ? word I almost forgot  
Three-on-one, no heat, but the rumor's still hot  
The bro's get a hoe that you know is totally widdit  
There's no need to be discrete cause you know she won't admit it  
When I think back on the memories  
Just like these - is it a wonder that I love the 80's[verse three - rob swinga]  
Well I'm rob, a.k.a. as the swinga  
Comedic at times, and a stone-cold thriller  
I got somethin to say I'll make it short and sweet  
Me I'm the swinga i'ma swing it to this beat  
Now I talk to a lot of people with the large vocabulary  
Colloquial language I'll use that's secondary  
And then there is slang and I would use that third  
And I'll say outrageous things that might sound absurd  
But - right back into my large vocabulary  
I'm the type of guy that'll always be primary  
Never secondary, to any adversary  
If they want to be like me, on the contrary  
They try to compete, but I will always delete  
I'll leave them cryin from the agony, of defeat  
And when they try to return to repeat  
I make them hold on peace signs, say "swinga I retreat"[verse four - chubb rock]  
Well the toad is immensely strong on the instrumental  
The lyric can hit and shock the pure metal  
Chubb rock has a weak spot, creatin  
An iron maiden cannot pierce my skin when I hit top 10  
Run for shelter, cause you're gonna fear this tune  
More than you feared the age of helter skelter  
Watch how we behave, diggity dog and dave  
The roadrunner and swinga always sayin that smegma  
Is the product of ten intense games of balls under balls  
I have professor paul's  
Kicking ability, the snake's agility  
The ricochet speed of the centipede  
And the devilish mind of the scorpion  
The lizard is unrealistic and simplistic  
And loitering is prohibit, the tune is illiterate  
Diggy doc no, ed lover forever my brothers in crime  
They watch my back at the drop of a dime.. when we climb  
And work and work hard and struggle to stay alive

And strive, the venoms, the five - check this out..

The roadrunner[outro]

Yo chubbs can we make a little gravy and shit

Can we get ours, whassup man?

Niggaz is takin caravans all the way to north carolina n shit

Whassup wit dat shit? niggaz don't respect my situation

Yo can we make a little gravy chief, whassup?

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