

Leflaur Leflah Eshkoshka (feat. O.G.C.)

Heltah Skeltah

Yes yes y'all (yes y'all)
OGC, Heltah Skeltah be the best y'all (best y'all)
Fab 5 slam from East to West y'all (West y'all)
Sound pound straight through your bubble vest y'all (vest y'all)
And check yo' chest y'all (chest y'all) Ay Caramba, Starang, Gunn Clappa Numba
One on the set man I cut you like lumber
Still play the back in my thunder gear, down to my underwear
Make all you motherfuckers wonder where
I come from, cause motherfuck Dapper Dan
I'm a Gun Clappa fam plus I run rappers man
Fab 5 mad live blow up the spot
Dru Ha gets the paper, Black Moon still gets the props A-yo next to snap a neck be big R-O-C-K
Send MC's to me in squads of three say
Rockness Monsta, is he for real, it can't be
See him in action as he transform, that man's me
Enemies ain't Kotter, ain't no welcome back in my home
Knots get blown like quarter slots in payphones
Phone home or return like Jedi
I bet I can without la give your stupid ass the red eye Me nah like
Niggas who can't see pass a likkle bit of light
You come tes' the champions ya gon' die tonight
And six feet deep is where you sleep
Eternally resting in peace you felt relief
Now big up to all my true heads in the East
Stalking the block not leaving the house without they gat
You best to believe that Fab 5 got my back (got my back)
Like that (like that) I control the masses, with metaphors that's massive
Don't ask if the nigga Ruck'll bash shit like Cassius
I'm drastic, when it comes to verbs I be flipping
Cause herbs just be shitting off the words I be kicking
I scold you, double headed sword for the petty
But I told you, bitch niggas that heads ain't ready
Now I mold you, back to the bitch that you are
Fucking with the Ruckus get bruised, battered and scarred Guess who, punk, chump, your brain just blew
It's the Originoo Gunn Clappa Two
Rushing through, three on three you can't see we
Cause we stay tight and not too many niggas wanna fight
Some sneaker-wearin' nigga in the cipher of the camp
Just got amped and so I took 'em out for a dance

Bigger triggers falling down
Like the bridges of London, but ain't too many niggas running Yes yes y'all (yes y'all)
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And check yo' chest y'all (chest y'all) A-yo why oh why did I need cappucino
Scar on my face but I'm not Al Pacino
(We're 3 amigos)
Sparksky and Dutch, we bring mo' drama than what?
(A prime time NBC TV show) Heads don't know and damn sure ain't ready
Niggas walk the streets with more Boop than Betty
(Shit'll get heavy)
Back up, retreat, now surrender
My pine hits your mind mix thoughts just like a blender Then I dish off from a shooting guard to a center
Like Rockefeller you hit rock bottom when you enter O.G.C. rush the scene, permission for backup
Baseball bats attack like Jersey fools that act up
Punks in back stand petro, go get yo'
Pepto-Bismol before this nigga lets go Get set, Go, which you do, crews screwed, I blew through
Two crews who claim they got funk, may be true cos they doo-doo Everybody 'fraid, ain't nobody yapping no
more
Have evidence on your clique so y'all niggas hit the floor
With that mouth murdering you got that ass in hot water
Now I just oughta send a piece to your headquarters
To take away your stripes, you fucked up tonight
You don't do right you're g'wan get dead to spite
Our click foundation stays thick through the war
I'm keeping my eye out for infiltrators at the door It's a shame how these MC's are wannabees
Front on these and get hung up like dungarees (please)
Ease off selector Strangle wrecks ya
Plus bust asses on whoever passes through my sector So what you gonna do when you're stuck at thirty-two
Degrees, please get off your knees and follow these
Now swallow these, buckshots from the rifle
Then I will make niggas beat it and scream like Michael So how many corny MC g'wan try
When Strang sets shit off like the 4th of July Nobody (why?)
Cos everybody gets bodies my brother
I smother a nigga then the Ruck bounce like rubber Step to the stage set the microphone on fire
Your desire, they call me sire cos I'm flyer
(Live like wires), beast from the East who is he
When I roar like a grizzly they say damn he gets busy Yes yes y'all (yes y'all)
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Songwriters

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