

No Doubt (feat. M.O.P. & Teflon)

Das EFX

Kick ass, nigga, come on
Yeah, yeah, Hit Squad Firing Squad
Nine, eight, shitNo doubt, no doubt
Do your thing, do your thing
No doubt, no doubt
Do your thing, do your thingIt's Diggy Das M.O.P.
And that nigga Teflon
Let's get it on what, what
Let's get it on yeah, yeahAnother new year I got my crew here, let's get it on
Miggity make money, money, yo, son, I got the bomb
See me swervan, through the urban
Black Suburban, puffing urban, wiggity wild and drinking bourbonSee I'm learnin', while I'm earnin'
Rapidly firin', like that shit that the Ku Klux be burnin'
Who wanna get stuck up or get fucked the fuck up?
Blucka, blucka blowe, bitch, nigga your lucks upYo, I'm about to pull the plug out, thug out, but rub out
Head for my car, get blazed, turn the whole club out
Shit I set it for real when I bug out
My trey mark making it possible for paramedics to pull the plug outYo, we just seep underground to be dug out
We represent the Ruffhouse
Keep one and a half, even while I'm banned at the thug house
Now your facing a one of a kind dude
Undefined dude, top of the line dudeAiyyo, we giggity getting bug in here
All my people up in here, it's rough in here
Bullets figgity flying every fucking where
It's unfucking faitiggity tear cats out the frame
Diggy Das, Billy Danz, Teflon and Lil FameNo doubt, no doubt
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Let's get it on yeah, yeahSay hello to the bad guy, excuse me as I grab my N U Ts
No need to ask why, we blow the spot up

Hit 'em with the uncut raw
Could be somewhat more advance with the product
You dealing with sacrifice, real hardcore
All the love for these thugs that I'm willing to die for
First family style, its deep, you catch us on these beats
But we should never be disconnected from these streets
See my higgity hard times that bring forth these higgity
hard rhymes
Hard crimes, leave 'em hospitalized with scar lines
Figgity far rhymes, my squad shines, it's turn to eat again
Motivated by cats who would never see the street again
See him in the next life 'cause that's where we're gon'
meet again
And if it goes down then you gon' bleed again
Any ground I roam, I stand on it
Keep a llama with eight shots and my hand on it
Yeah, so let's expand on it, put my mans on it
Its the shit that make flies wanna land on it
The Higgity Hit Squad and Firing Squad
We billin', ya, killin' ya, figgity feelin' ya till the next millennial
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