

# can u dig it

## Rough House Survivors

Uh, yeah what up?  
I know y'all wanna take me down  
I know y'all wanna see me get clowned  
I know y'all wanna take my sound  
And put a nigga like me in the lost and found  
But I refuse to fade I'll stay this way  
Spreadin' venom in the mic till I'm old and gray  
And now niggaz wanna attack me  
Flip flop and back me  
But fool you's a mackey  
I'll starch your ass like some khakis  
Your shit is tacky and you better play the backwoods  
Me and my crew will use your CD for a hackey sack  
Imagine that and it shouldn't be hard  
'Cause your style ain't large  
And you wanna make all the profits with crowbars  
Can you dig it? When nothin' can save it  
Shock your ass like a phaser  
Burn and cut like a laser  
Amaze you, with this flava  
I run with a pack of tennis shoe playas  
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?  
Can you dig it?  
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?  
Can you dig it?  
The first law of age is called survival  
That's why I'm deadly on revival  
And it's vital to my basic instinct  
That all wack mcs become extinct  
Because we on the brink or, should I say the edge  
Like a schizophrenic with seventeen personalities walkin' on a ledge  
Then you can't see the black 'cause it's blocked  
By the blue and the red  
U.f.o.s and scandalous ass hoes  
Waist deep in the shit, it's still smellin' like a rose  
And I suppose you want me to play superstar  
And when I see you on the street act like I don't know who you are  
So, you can run back and tell that but I won't do that

So, fool you can chew that to all sucka mcs you better beware  
I been conjurin' up forces way back in my lair  
And my crew don't scare and we don't care, we act, we wear, I swear  
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?  
Can you dig it?  
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?  
Can you dig it?  
It's the thrilla straight outta Compton, not manila  
Got a choke hold on the mic like I was M.C. gorilla  
Take this to the heart for real a  
Don't you ever try to steal a  
Like aids this shit came like gin a  
Might fuck up your Liva  
Call me pharaoh 'cause I'm floatin' bustas up the river  
When I deliver make your sister and your grandma shiver  
Top feelin' steadily rakin' up the scrilla  
Kickin' back in my easy chair sippin' on some henna  
Exol 'cause my whole crew is locin'  
And fools always tryin' to fix shit that ain't broken  
I'm down with pixies so you don't wanna see me  
So, grab everyone in your crew and disappear like a genie  
Never said I was the best but I ain't the one to be testin'  
Cross the line and in pieces you'll be destined  
Don't stop, get it, get it  
'Cause I blow up the spot every time  
I grab the mic and hit it, hit it  
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?  
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