

# Afro Puffs (Feat. Snoop Dogg)

## The Lady of Rage

I rock rough and stuff with my Afro Puffs

(Rage)

Rock on, wit' cha bad self I rock rough and stuff with my Afro Puffs

(Rage)

Rock on, wit' cha bad self I rock on with my bad self 'cause it's a must

It's The Lady Of Rage still kickin' up dust

So mm, let me loosen up my bra strap

And mm, let me boost ya with my raw rap 'Cause I'ma break it down to the nitty-gritty one time

When it comes to the lyrics I gets busy with mine

Busy as a beaver, ya best believe a

This grand diva's runnin' shit with the speed of a cheetah Meet a lyrical murderer I'm servin' 'em like two scoops of chocolate

Check it how I rock it

I'm the one that's throwin' bolos, ya better roll a Rollo

To find out I'm the number one solo, uh The capital are A now take it to the G-E

I bring the things to light but you still can't see me

I flow like a monthly you can't cramp my style

For those that try to punk me here's a Pamprin child

No need to say mo', check the flow

Rage in effect once mo', so now ya know I rock rough and stuff with my Afro Puffs

(Rage)

Rock on, wit' cha bad self Now I'm hittin' MC's like hit MC's like

(Hoo yu ken)

Ain't no doubt about it I'm the undisputed

So what you uh, wanna do is back on up

I'll tap that butt, wax the cuts, pass the bucks So put your money on the bread winner

I kick lyrics so dope that the brothers call 'em head spinners

I got the tongue that is outdone anyone from the rising

To the setting of the sun or the moon I consume the room with doom

When I hear the kick of a 808 bass poom

Boom, bam, God, daym

I'm hittin' so hard you could say it's a grand, slam, dunk, punks

Get broken off for chunk when they feel the funk Of the rhythm fresh that I give 'em

Let it hit 'em, split 'em, did it now I'm rid of 'em, yeah

I put that on my unborn kids

Rage in effect so you know how it is I rock rough and stuff with my Afro Puffs

(Rage)

Rock on, wit' cha bad self I rock rough and stuff with my Afro Puffs

(Rage)

Rock on, wit' cha bad self  
Now ever since my debut, I've continued to lay you  
Flat on your back from the raps that I spat, spit  
Oh shit, I'm the shit  
You can't get wit the Rage then tough tit tie  
I pity the fool, that gets with the lyrical murderer 'cause my shit is  
rude  
(Ooh)  
You wanna get with the wickedness?  
With that big botty that's kickin' it, rippin' it apart like Jason  
You'll be, chasin' a dream like Freddy  
Are you ready for the cream de la creme?  
I'm steam pressurin' those who ain't measurin' up  
I keep competitors stuck in the muck with they butt up  
What chu wanna nut up like cashew  
Don't you know that I will mash you? For real  
That's the deal, I'm straight out of Farm ville, VA  
(So what you gotta say?)  
I rock rough and stuff with my Afro Puffs  
(Rage)  
Rock on, wit' cha bad self  
I rock rough and stuff with my Afro Puffs  
(Rage)  
Rock on, wit' cha bad self  
Uh, I am the roughest, roughest, roughest  
(Say what? Say what?)  
I am the toughest, toughest, toughest  
(Rage) Uh, I am the roughest, roughest, roughest  
(Say what? Say what?)  
I am the toughest, toughest, toughest  
(Rage) Uh, I am the roughest, roughest, roughest  
(Say what? Say what?)  
I am the toughest, toughest, toughest  
(Rage) Uh, I am the roughest, roughest, roughest  
(Say what? Say what?)  
I am the toughest, toughest, toughest  
(Rage) Get with the uh, roughest, roughest  
Get with the uh, toughest, toughest  
(Rage)  
Get with the uh, roughest, roughest  
(Yeah) Get with the uh, toughest, toughest  
(Rage)  
Get with the uh, wickedness, roughest  
I am the uh, wickedness  
(Rage) Yeah, one-nine-nine-fo'  
The indo blow and the grass grow  
Snoop Doggy Dogg still don't love a hoe  
But you gotta give credit when credit is due  
Women back down and bow down to my motherfuckin' homegirl  
The Lady Of Rage, she rocks rough and stuff with the Afro Puffs  
Handcuffed and she busts and trick biatch

She's guaranteed to tear shit up you know what I'm sayin'

Songwriters

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