

Leflaur Leflah Eshkoshka

Fab 5

Yes, the name of this shit here is
Leflaur Leflah Eshkoshka, the Fab 5
O.G.C., Heltah Skeltah be the best y'all
Fab 5 slam from east to west y'all
Sound pound straight through your bubble vest y'all
And check yo chest y'all Ay curumba strang gun clappa number
One on tha set man, I cut ya like lumber
Still play the back in my thunder gear down to my underwear
Make all you motherfuckers wonder where I come from 'Cuz motherfuck Dapper Dan
I'm a gun clappa fan plus I run rappers stand
Fab 5, mad live blow up the spot
Dru Ha gets the paper black moon still gets the props Eh 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 or
Knots get blown like cordless slots and pay phones
Phone home or Return like Jedi
I bet I can without lie give yo' stupid ass a red eye Me nah like
Niggaz who can't see pass a little bit of light
You come tess the champion ya gwan die tonight
And 6 feet deep is where you sleep
Eternally restin' in peace you felt relief Now big up to all my true headz in the east
Stalkin' the block not leavin' the house without they gat
You best ta believe that Fab 5 got my back
It's like dat I control the masses, wit' metaphors that's massive
Don't ask if the nigga Ruckest bash shit like Cassius
I'm drastic, when it comes to verbs I be flippin'
'Cuz herbs jus be shittin' off the words I be kickin' I scold you, double headed swords for the petty
But I told you, bitch niggaz that headz ain't ready
Now I mold you, back to the bitch that you are
Fuckin' wit' the ruckest get bruised, battered and scarred Guess who, punk chump, your brain just blew
It's the original gun clappa two
Rushin' through, three on three you can't see we
'Cuz we stay tight and not many niggas wanna fight So sneak in where a nigga in the cipher of the camp
Jus got amped so I took 'em out for a dance
Bigga triggas fallin' down
Like the bridges of London but ain't too many niggaz runnin' Yes, yes, y'all
O.G.C., Heltah Skeltah be the best y'all
Fab 5 slam from east to west y'all

Sound pound straight through your bubble vest y'all
And check yo chest y'all Aiyyo why, oh, why did I need Cappuccino
Scar on my face but I'm not Al Pacino
We 3 amigos, Sparsky and Dutch we bring mo'
Drama than what? A prime time NBC TV show Headz don't know and damn sure ain't ready
Niggas walk the streets wit' more Boop than Betty
Shit'll get heavy back of the tree now surrender
My pon hits yo mind mix thoughts like a blender Then I dish off from a shooting guard to a center
Like Rockafella you hit rock bottom when you enter
O.G.C. rush the scene, the mission from backup
Baseball bats attack like Jersey fools that act up Folks is passed now, petrol, go get dough
Pepto-Bismol before this nigga let go
He said go what you do grew screwed I blew through
Two crews who claim they got funk maybe true, 'cuz they doo-doo Everybody framed, ain't nobody yappin' no
more
I've evidence on your click so y'all niggaz hit the floor
With that mouth, murderin' you got that ass in hot water
Now I just oughta send a piece to your headquarters To take away your stripe, you fucked up tonight
You don't do right, you're gwan get dead to spite
Our click foundation stays thick through the war
I'm keepin' my eye out for infiltrators at the door It's a shame how these MC's are wannabes
Front on these and get hung up like dungarees
Ease off selecta strangle wrecks ya
Plus bust asses on whoever passes through my sector So what you gonna do when you stuck at thirty-two
Degrees please, get off yo knees and follow these
Now swallow these, buckshots from the rifle
Then I will make niggaz beat it and scream like Michael So how many corny MC's gwan try
When strang sets shit off like the 4th of July
Nobody why? 'cuz everybody gets bodies, my brother
I smother a nigga then ruck bounce like rubber Step to tha stage, set the microphone on fire
Yo desires, they call me siah, 'cuz 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
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And check yo chest y'all Yes, yes, y'all
1 2 3 , rockin' Rappy be the best y'all
Fab 5 slam from east to west y'all
Sound pound straight through your bubble vest y'all
And check yo chest y'all

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