

# Magnum Force

## Heltah Skeltah

/all together  
This goes out to my magnum force  
When we lay a nigga out they come and drag him off  
May the force be with me and if not our fault  
For life, fuck alla y'all  
Yo you can't manage this (manage this) the bomb scandalous  
From here to los angeles, ruckus tossin the random shit  
But can you get, with the nigga tall sean manuscript  
Man you shit, all up in your pants when the cannon click  
Man I flip, on niggaz for no apparent reason  
Squeezin shots at you heathens, to stop you from breathin  
When the cops come he bleedin, I think he need some cpr  
See we are the illest niggaz out that's on your tv pah  
So when you greet me pah, better have your fuckin shit straight  
Your fifth make, nobody move, I think your shit fake  
You fishcake, whatever the fuck ruck dictate  
The shit great, higher than shows made by rick lake  
You'll lick eight, shots at them niggaz who be fuckin with  
International irrational beat got you ruckus bitch  
Enough of this, bullshit talkin let's start wettin shit  
Peep the etiquette of a nigga that's known for settin shit  
When the weather get free yo I hate the scene, drinkin seagulls  
V.o., novacainin my sufferin through the strugglin  
Easin the agony, postponin the misery  
Smoke some weed, blank out my memory momentarily  
Calculatin my every motion, cautious coastin  
I see the blue and white scopin, slowly approachin  
Eyeballin me and my sons, like we the ones  
With the stashed guns, hopin we run, like the last ones  
So they can get they rocks off, sound they glocks off  
Light my blocks off, gangsta nab niggaz bump cops off  
Drunk from red scotch, got a dead shot  
Jamaicans in the dread spot'll blow a fed top  
Chop a pig into hamhocks, got it on slam lock  
Hit the swats with a cinder block off the rooftop  
Regulatin, livest motherfuckers on this side  
Bitches dick ride, stone soldiers with brick eyes  
Keep on talkin aight? get more than your style rammed up  
You see me? don't say shit like pink panther  
You talk too much like run'n'them and your breath smell like pampers  
Get knocked the fuck out by dr. david banner  
Dj at the bar be act like records got dandruff  
Makin niggaz scream "oh! oh!" and throw they hands up  
You know this man's ruff, so my man ruck could do stand up

So who wanna battle? we'll learn you some manners, God damn ya  
 You niggaz make me sick as cancer, I slam ya  
 Whole crew of emcees, dj's and your dancer  
 Half-steppers can't run, panic catch a tantrum  
 Teared a new hamstrung, I stick niggaz for ransom? again now they got front, I slap cats at  
 random  
 Deflate your egos you too gassed off the mylanta  
 Take your dough and hoe and dissapear like the phantom  
 Send her back pullin her hands up, singin the m.f.c. anthem  
 Man dem, strong like samson, shorty and jux  
 Cause I'm that nigga rock from heltah skeltah plus I'm handsome  
 But scrape that, bring handguns, my crew sorta bananas  
 Like plantains, any questions boo-yaa your answerAiyyo I'm movin through this life shit with  
 the only fam I got  
 My triple r rated niggaz steady blowin up spots  
 You think not it's little rock we bust shots at your car  
 And leave you stretched in your ride like these fake rap starsThis shit right here I'm handlin'll  
 leave your head scramblin  
 All that panickin'll get your shit ran up in  
 I can't stand it when mc's get caught ramblin  
 Have crews abandon them from slugs that my cannon send  
 In this land of sin where they break fool for the chips  
 Over jewels and whips pack my tool and my clipsSo when we start to bust clips on y'all, niggaz  
 assume  
 The straight, dead position when my lead go boom  
 Embeddin this tune, all into your fuckin doom  
 We move through these evil streets steady holdin chromeMy rep niggaz stay mashin, big up my  
 thugs on?  
 Forever gat snatchin everytime we see the cops passin  
 Your team is has-beens, gaspin from the ass slashin  
 The repz baby, time for action, action\* "what's" uttered by various bccers \*2xThrow y'all  
 middle fingers up in the air  
 Say, "fuck y'all niggaz, we don't care!"  
 Word is bon jov', oh oh  
 We run up on foes, oh oh oh oh oh  
 Niggaz think they fuckin with my magnum force  
 Cause when we lay a nigga out they come and drag him off  
 May the force be with me and if not our fault  
 For life, fuck alla y'all  
 Hehehehe, see  
 Slogan is made of force be with me  
 Not our fault  
 You can't fuck with that? fuck you all  
 Word is bon jov'.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>