

# Ruff Ruff

Boogie Down Productions

\* voice echoing\*

Think you dope? want this title?  
Then you better come step up or step off!

Yo check this out, all jokes aside  
Let's get busy

Word! blastmaster krs-one in the house  
Hah, everybody for some reason wanna be a gangsta  
You don't know nuttin about bein no gangsta

Worrrrrrrd up! aiyyo check this out  
This is freddie f-o-x-x-x  
And guess what's next

Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack  
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack  
They jump pon the mic, an' wan fi do it like dat  
But ahh, now dis a krs, me nah takes dat  
When me open up to work, I put a cape on me back  
Then me, fly all around the emcee world  
Krs, the artical, is not to be Fucked with, ? with, or tampered with  
Don't give a fuck if you wanna riff  
But when you say kris, already derivative of kris  
My eyebrows lift and that ass I get with (huh)  
As a matter of fact, I attack, hijack  
Set back, your career, like a quarterback  
That broke his back, my tongue is like a bat  
Your eye'll get black, you'll need an icepack (rrrrruff!)  
I'm all that, come with your whole pack  
You'll be prayin to the God of isaac  
So freddie foxxx, it's time to get tough Just, get on the mic and get ruff,  
ruff

Soon as I flex, cause I'm about to rip up shop  
It's the return of the hip-hop master, freddie the foxxx  
(bo!) rappers that see me, don't even speak, just walk  
Cause I'm the maddest nigga in new york (hah!)  
I see a rapper in the crowd that I don't like  
I wanna fight, so when I drop the mic  
I'ma jump off the stage, bumrush your crowd to whip  
(suckers) that wanna be pimps  
How I heard it said that a pimp'll sell his ass  
If his hoe won't, but freddie foxxx don't  
Cover your chest g, you better wear a bulletproof vest see  
Cause I'm about to leave this place a motherfuckin mess  
Open hearts on the floor as I explore  
Rappers that wanted to be more than number four  
Number one's a hard spot; either you fight  
Or get shot, so this is what I got (bo!)  
Three tec-9's, my uzi, ten grenades, my razor blades  
And I aim to get paid!  
So who wanna step to this, don't come soft  
Cause i'ma straight up knock niggaz off (pom! pom!)

And when the cops come to get me  
I'ma take a dead body, and bop ten cops with me  
I'm sick and tired of hearin rappers talk smack  
About who's nice, and who's whack, motherfuck that  
They know my style, and my rep, every stage  
That I stepped on - I was the rapper they slept on  
But y'all rappers keep sleepin - cause when they plant  
Bombs in your house, i'ma wake you up and punch you  
In your motherfuckin mouth, knock your wife out  
Take your sons to safety, cause they're just kids  
And I wanna raise em to face me  
And when they get a little bigga  
I'ma mark them little niggaz, and put their fingerprints  
On the trigger -- double homicide, call the vice  
Another rapper and his family with no life  
Yeah you're mr. tough and, you're full of stuff and  
And freddie foxxx caught you bluffin  
I got you in my torture chamber and you scream  
Oh God damn, it's like \_silence of the lambs\_  
But I don't mangle em and eat em  
I take mc's to the war zone, and there I defeat em  
It gets much worse, with every verse  
As the f-r-e-d-d-i-e f-o-x-x-x, hurts!  
Punishes, stomps, smashes, crushes, maims  
You suckers know my name!  
Aiiyyo kris! I'm rhymin long enough (say what? )  
Get on the mic and get ruff, ruff

This is the year that I go all out (why? )  
Edutainment's what I'm all about (and)  
I don't eat franks with the sauerkraut (cause)  
Because I don't eat pork from the tail to the snout  
(well kick it) get on down, to the hip hip hop  
Before I start, peace to scott larock! (word)  
Now let me drop the style that has action  
Cause many mc's don't believe they're rappin  
They're lost, crazy mixed-up in their identity  
This is not, what hip-hop is meant to be (word up)  
I come unique, I can't be beat, hardcore street  
For the kids, with a hundred-and-fifty on their feet  
(kick it) I don't compete, I defeat and delete ya  
Then critique ya, all mc's retreat, here comes the t'cha  
Chewin suckers like smuckers  
Hittin on, sittin on, shittin on, flippin on motherfuckers  
Yeah, I'm like the movie \_aliens\_  
I hide inside your right hand man, when you think you got me  
Bam! my head comes out your chest  
A mutilated mess of nastyness  
Chunks of bloody flesh, yes krs on the slaughter  
Specialize in instant rhyme style, you simply add water  
Evian, I pull the string then  
Ring-ding-ding, ding-ding-ding-ding  
Back in the days, I wrote +south bronx+  
The juice crew got stomped, lick two shot  
Pom! pom! really it was magic's fault  
Always wanna diss somebody, he got put to a halt  
It's wack, when a sucker dj babbles on  
Soupin up mc's to battle on song  
That's wrong, but in any event, I drop the classic  
In 1992 the original it ain't plastic  
Everybody know, bdp, is fantastic, burn like acid  
Credit card plastic, stretch like elastic  
Love and respect is the tactic

Bam! in your motherfuckin face  
Krs in the place  
I never liked listening to bitches and hoes anyway  
(fi-yah!)

Well you know I like hoes, cause I'm a mack  
But I don't like the wack tracks, youknowhati'msayin?  
And for all your suckers out there  
That underestimate the militant mack, get the bo-zack  
You know what I mean? (word) word!

You know why?  
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack  
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, you know dem a wack  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack

Yes.. fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-two you suckers \* echoes \*

Motherfuckers! brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr! \* echoes to fade \*