

No Doubt

Das EFX

Kick ass nigga come on
Yeah yeah Hit Squad Firing Squad
Nine eight shit

[Chorus]
No doubt no doubt
Do your thing do your thing
No doubt no doubt
Do your thing do your thing
Yo it's Diggy Das M.O.P. and that nigga Teflon
Let's get it on what what
Let's get it on yeah yeah

Another new year I got my crew here lets get it on
Miggity make money money! Yo son I got the bomb
See me swervan, through the urban
Black Suburban, puffing urban
Wiggity wild and drinking bourbon

See I'm learnin, while I'm earnin
Rapidly firin, like that shit that the Ku Klux be burnin
Who want to get stuck up
Or get fucked the fuck up?
Blucka, blucka blowe!
Bitch nigga your lucks up

Yo, I'm about to pull the plug out
Thug out, but rub out
Head for my car, get blazed, turn the whole club out
Shit I set it for real when I bug out
My trey mark making it possible for paramedics to pull the plug out

Yo, we just seep underground to be dug out
We represent the Ruffhouse
Keep one and a half, even while I'm banned
at the thug house (tha'ts right)
Now your facing a one of a kind dude
Undefined dude, top of the line dude

Aiyyo, we giggity getting bug in here
All my people up in here
It's rough in here
Bullets figgity flying every fucking where
It's un fucking faitiggity tear cats out the frame
Diggy Das, Billy Danz, Teflon, and Lil Fame

[Chorus: x2]

Say hello to the bad guy
Hmhmhm, excuse me as I
Grab my N-you-Ts no need to ask why
We blow the spot up
Hit em with the uncut raw
Could be somewhat more
Advance with the product

You dealing with sacrifice, real hardcore

All the love for these thugs that I'm willing to die for
First family style! Its deep
You catch us on these beats
But we should never be disconnected from these streets

See my higgity hard times
That bring forth these higgity hard rhymes
Hard crimes, leave em hospitalized with scar lines
Figgity far rhymes, my squad shines, Its turn to eat again
Motivated by cats who would never see the street again

See him in the next life cause that's where were gon meet again
And if it goes down then, you gon bleed again
Any ground I roam I stand on it
Keep a llama with eight shots and my hand on it

Yeah, so lets expand on it (what)
Put my mans on it (what)
Its the shit that make flies want to land on it (what)
The Higgity Hit Squad and Firing Squad
We billin ya, killin ya, figgity feelin ya til the next millennia

[Chorus: x2]