Chorus 4x:

[Background] "I see the horizon the Grate Unknown" [Ruck] Im telling you man cut it out Yo...we embarked on this nocturnal excursion in order to exchange Conversation with these mortals not to play games For real behind every great Ruck there's a Rock The Rockness Monsta....Dutch Verse One: [Rockness Monsta] Yo it's the Rockness not Rock live Then again im Rock when im live But im not fat then again my shit is so fat Fans let your shot's fly (PLOW! PLOW! PLOW!) Swift and changeable no style, be Rock style Not foul, but play with me at your own risk and I might not smile You get with the pawn, in one arms I don't fight clean, flow like a butterfly, sting like a scorpion On the tip of a sick ding-a-ling, bring the noise with your peeps We up in this space deep, wit' nines like Star-Fleet, ah shit God bitch ass rappers, and P i'll trap ya, then like a federal case I'll crack ya word to my man Don Rulla, i'll cold beat your crew up If it gets thick then number two-a, pass me the ruler Click Click...Booya!! Chorus 2x: [Rock] If you don't know like I know, Then act like you know, like I know (Rock: I beat's more ass than mom dukes leather belta) (Ruck: 'Cause Rock make cops throw Glocks Down like Heather) [Background] "The Grate Unknown" Verse Two: I turn this upside down, clown Watch me and you'll get the picture, if ya don't understand Why I be the Mr. Flipster, rhyme deliverer Nine slug through your spine, and leave you on the floor vibratin' Like a fouled line Find the robbies, lurking in the dark ally With more nigga, than a motherf**kin' guard rally Tally up all the throats, the strangler hold choke That all the riots that my brother Ruck is provoked, don't like my style So I don't give a WHAT, cuz you bring the beef, and the Rock All the Rock buck you one time, so cover you by the loggins Machete I chop that beef you pop, and feed it to my nigga doggen Follow the trail of broken backs and, at the end of each you'll find Me standing with my blackjack, with the Smith and Wessun on my side smoke Another gat (Ruck: Some Illa Noyz be the act for the attack) Fuck you street fighter, front if you wanna get hyper I strap on bombs and blow your face up like Stryker Yo representatives light up another ? Spliff, while i dip, by the way (smack) big up to the I'll bitch

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(Rock: Rockness Monsta, stomp ya, ?)
(Never changin', forever face rearangin')
(You asked for it who want beef so here's war)
[Background] 4x : I see the horizon the Grate Unknown
[Ruck] We will, we will Rock you
Verse Three:
Question (What)
Yo, who's the crew with the juice tryin' to front (What!)
Yo money, yo life and wars all I want (What!)
Bring all beef to Bedrock I got my gun (What!)
Niggas soft as burger buns (What!What!)
Front man shit, spit
On the grave of the weak, when i speak, my tongue is nasty as a freak
I'm in a inner state of, inner mind
Which inner twines, with my inner body now im energizes
Its an insane shame, you can ask Ricky Steen
Order b-cheese be sweatin' , no shorties only gettin' green
BLING! the sound then ? ghost, gone, me and Sean
Your shit's now paid for the Tron, need i go on you damn right
Im foul as f**k, so if I should go to the line and shoot two (ah, shit duck)
Like James Bond I shoot to kill, Heltah Skeltah's here
Try square with me, clean a man like Mr. Belvedeere
Born in a place so far away it's prehistoric, Bedrock
No regular man survive that ? , from the age of stone
To the age of chrome, from Bedrock to Bucktown my f**kin' names known
Chorus4x:
(Rock: Military Punisher Rock MP)
(Manson punishin' and keep robbing like Danville)
(Scar on my face but im not Al Pacino)
(Run for your guns me and self comin' through, Heltah Skeltah)
[Ruck] We will, We will
[Rock] We will Rock you, motherf**kin' knock you...
[Ruck] Beats more western mom do ?
From the land of the darkness Heltah Skeltah....We will, We will rock
You...Word is Born
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[Background 8x] "I see the horizon the Grate Unknown"