* not 100% sure this is the mc's name We got them, sledge, (?) ruff heads (check the flow) King tee's on the set (check the flow) When niggaz try to get high-tech (check the flow) The dialect's on the flex Watch this, when I shine I bring rain Clouds, bust storms, yo, this ain't the norm When I perform, I get you up out your seat Get down with the real deal skills, then chill Then show your ass how to get amped, then lamp Stretch, flex, then tackle what's next Cause mc's, that luck up, need to hush up Who can't brush up, on their rap style, shut the fuck up Then duck from the one that gets buck-wild I chop your ass in half, with a smile Big grin, all teeth, for those who got beef Fuckin with me ock, you're six feet deep Down in the ground, alone with no sound While I'm up here chillin, top billin And illin, on all those, who oppose I wanna take one more shot, strike a pose, uhh! Smash, here comes the one that talks trash To garbage mc's, who try to diss me And my crew - the ill ville animal cannibal Backbreakers, government amputators Bounce to this if you think you know the hits And all you gassed-up critics, put the brakes on the shit Cause I'm tired of this, and I'm tired of that Motherfuckers sayin king tee's shit was wack But in fact, my rhymes crack backs and make money stacks By the truckload, now let's go for the gold So strap on your seatbelt yo and let's go And get down, to the sound that burns quick Cause I'm about to burn rubber, on this number And any mc who claims his style is legit Suckers wanna try me? (I know not why tee) I light that ass up like the 4th of July g, uhh! check the flow, check the flow, check the flow yo check the flow, check the flow, check the flow yo check the flow, check the flow, check the flow yo check the flow, check the flow, check the flow Capital s-1, crooked letter humpback fuck that Thump that, shit that's never wack Cause this goes out too all the niggaz that we rushin To hear the shit I'm bustin over ruptured percussion It ain't my fault that I'm layin niggaz down like asphault And blow your ass away like chalk, dust Then crush your monkey-ass unto the side Cause wrecked dialect is causin lyrical genocide I stress facts like irs wants tax From anyone claimin that they're livin, kind of fat You see, I could get sick in the thick of shit I turn my toes up, when it goes up, my foe's butt Hey nigga back-steps, even you can get hit I'm more crankier than a bitch on the shit! Niggaz get heated cause they just got defeated By the two man team, the sledge and the king, uhh!

[chorus]