

Take Dat

Lords of the Underground

Uh, uhh, yeah.. what?
LOTUG, uhh, yeah
Yeah, uh, uh
From the Q to New Jeru, yeah
Uhh.. hip-hop
Kid Called Roots
Who am I?

[Mr. Funke]
I am a Lord and see, yeah you know me
Brown ass nigga zig-zags from Jersey
When yo' system knocks, better be Lords on the box
Watch ya spot, we Set It like Vivica Fox
You know I be ridin in eighty-fitty-I wit Sha
while we umm inhales on lye
And when it's trouble, we push the Black Lex bubble
Me and Cappo, push the whip REAL SLOW
Tinted windows, so nobody know
Lord of Undo', translates to below
Feel the flow, cause we blow like so
Eatin NoDoz, quick to kick like bolo
You know, the way we go, you betta follow
Six-double-oh travel roads that's narrow
Watch your body, feel it twist like karate
Take dat, feel dat, it's enough for everybody

[DoItAll]
Check it - a hum dullah don't deserve to be a star
DoItAll, Lord Jazz, Funk Man, yo who we are - Lords
Immacular, push the black Lex car
Hang you off the balcony -- now my office hours are..
The rap game is full of wannabees who ain't nice
I get up in it, cook niggaz in a minute like rice
Rock a lot of ice! Keep the girls lookin at me funny
Tryin to get pregnant, tryin to get some money
But you must be crazy if you think we havin that
I've got lawyers that could prove that the Earth's still flat
Fools wanna stress me, but I can raise the mackin out
Got the Lex off the lot, make the owner back it out
What, L (L), O (O), T-U-G (G)
Livin like kings, gotta push the big Jeep
Take trips to Hong Kong, backstage at a show
with some Chinese broad named - Sum Dum Hoe - what?

[Chorus: x2]

Take dat, yeah nigga take dat
Feel dat.. "Take that take that take that" -> Puff Daddy

[Mr. Funke]
What the deal is? You see my jewels be the chillest
I be the illest, me and Lords, back with real shit
Hip shit, Hop shit, freak any topic
Knock it? Stop it, niggaz didn't lock this
It's Resurrection Dun-Dun, frequently let one
BLAOW from the big gun, make the whole crowd run
Ask Sun, come on down and hit me one

Break me off one, come and get some

[DoItAll]

Who wan' come test, take it to your chest
Put a bullet in your Bubblegoose like Wyclef
Funk Man got these rap cats jealous of me
Like Joe Frazier jealous of Muhammad Ali
But can't nobody touch this, far as I can see
If you don't want beef, you gotta give it to me
The Jim Carrey of this rap shit, makin niggaz laugh
at you dirty MC's, need to go and take a bath, uhh

[Mr. Funke]

Take a seat'n, ain't no competin
Me and Lord Jizzy, Funk Man ain't retreatin
Disbelievin, might end all your breathin
Catch me on the weekend, black Jeep creepin
Thug niggaz love niggaz, who bust niggaz
So bust this niggaz, pass the lime liquor
I'm quicker, than your average umm type niggaz
Take dat, take dis, this for you niggaz!

[DoItAll]

Take dat, Put It In Your Mouth like Akinyele
The style that I kick make all MC's jeally
The bone-crusher, rock the microphone from here to Russia
Leave dents instead of fingerprints when I touch ya
Efficiently declared illegal by the government
Kidnap your mother make you wonder where your brother went
My crew, retaliate like Benny Blanco
Make my getaway, in a stolen White Bronco

[Chorus x2]