

High Noon

Rascalz

Yo yo
We rude bwoys Van-city outlaws
Yo, the Red reaper, bust back your street sweeper
Call Mr. Martin and the preacher
To the saloon, the showdown high noon
Men dressed all black, yo pon cock platoon
Outlaws, shedding blood by the liter
Saddle up, ride into the sun, done defeat ya
Ride out and scout a safe hideout
With a bounty on my head, that's the word of the moth
Misfit and Red, wanted alive or dead
But Billy bad on the draw, cowboy ninja dread
Retreat to the bush where the Indians live
To survive off the land, recuperating
Yo, walk the warpath like a brave Mohican
Then scalpel the tongue chief rocker speaking
Young gun, bust and murder the sound boy
Anything in my way, no choice but to destroy

"Hold my ground like it's high noon"

Trigger happy, blazing these mics to this undoubtedly
Unanimous that we the champ, to center your cipher
And blow up the ship, just to get a rep, that's the way we step
Droppin rhymes, so clean out the top
You think I had a violent
Naughty locks chopping you down like box cutters
Spreading this lyric on the ideo like butters
Gripping neck, keeping next, the style that you missing
But you be getting it from the rendition
Hitting this rap game with some tight shit to remain
'Cause it's only the quicker the dead and I must remain
You know the name, Misfit, speed of the mantis
Rhymes will split your wig at ten paces, show down shit
So bring it, you had your warning
Mr. Martin, is on his way with an open coffin
Talking your way out of this, won't happen
We taking it to the front of the stage with a gun clapping
And when we done with your, we run your crew out of town
Dis that shit, stomp your wack lick sound
Never come around or let us catch you on the rebound
We pound suckers like cats who can't rap, who want to clown

"Hold my ground like it's high noon"

Yo dressed and ready to shoot, in my bad boy suit
Pistol grip on the hip like these cowboy boots
Ready to rip, some running judgement day coming
When we clack and reload like Kardinal done it
And ban it from the ground to the roof
'Nuff chat dem rats, se we leave no proof
As we move, rarely got nothing to prove
Rough ride and abide by none of the rules
Work our vibe, watch the hand read the eyes
Quick draw, nobody moves nobody dies
Yo, we in control let the story be told
By the Rascal outlaws from the north coast

What, you didn't know, FitnRed handle them foe
Take of the them soul, hang 'em out, let them die slow
And account of who the best was when they roll
Granted by the hand passage who afraid to explode
Yeah yeah, that's the way it goes
Anti-??? behold, we lay down tracks while the rest of be told
So best move and gets go, act like you've been told
By the heat of the sun or the tongue, when we let go

"Hold my ground like it's high noon"

Word, see what I'm saying
Rascalz, straight up we ain't playing
North west side of things
The Outlaws laying it down
The story's already been told
Rascalz, is the way we come brother
(Word up)
Word (From the mountain top to the valley below)
(Let the story be told my man, let it be told)

"That sound, is there time for hope?"