

Rappin' Ron & Ant Diddley Dog, The Bomb

(Ant Banks)

Yeah... Really though...

Real smooth you know what I'm saying...

Back on that ass hoe...check it

It's the banksta, back in the door, rappin a flow, smacking a hoe
So motherfucker you should act like you know
Cuz, I'm coming with the Bad n' Fluenz clique
A lunitic bitch, and we had to ruin shit, you made we doing this
But ain't no use in getting angry cuz we came G
The big dick gangsta you can't change me
I got game see and a dick big as an elephant
I'm hella bent, now pass the pussy cuz, i smell the scent
And if you miss out on this dick bitch you unlucky
Cuz I'm so good I could make a nun fuck me
But let's get back to this way out shit
Not that bootsy ass flow shit that play out quick
I gotta come with the shit that 'll have y'all jocking
Now hoes draws dropping, and house walls knocking, they flocking
Just to hear my flow style straight gangsta profile
looking sick ass fuck with no smile
The whole crowd go wild when this nigga flow
And when I hit the Door I'm leaving with the thickest hoe
That's what the macks do, leaving hoes stuck like a statue
With this rap style you get attached to
A wack crew 'll fall fast when we all blast
and attack you with a few slugs in yall ass
I'm a menace and niggas finish in last place
Niggas be flowing and don't be knowing they ass fake
I guess them niggas got a weak brain, I'm from the streets mayne
So just kick back and peep game
Can't get with this cuz this shit is on hit
And don't forget I spit on this way out shit b-yatch

(Chorus)

(Ron: The bomb got me thinking of some way out shit)

(Ant: If you ain't getting lit, you better stay out bitch)

(Ron: The bomb got me thinking of some way out shit)

(Ant: I'm in the house with the motherfuckin' Bad n' Fluenz clique)

(Rappin' Ron)

The chronic got me thinking of some way out shit
I'm in the motherfuckin' house you better stay out bitch
Cuz it's me you can't fuck with, giving hoes rough dick
Now I'm back up bitch and i'm talking much shit
And i can back it up for those who be running up
Yeah, they be acting up, but I don't think they dumb enough
To think that they can stop the Ron, cuz I be dropping bombs
And if you bring yo mama in it then I'm socking mom
But it ain't gotta be like that, go around the corner and pick up a nice sack
And bring that ass right back, ignite that, so we can get lit
Cuz when I hit the joint I be getting to the point quick
I like sit back and stay calm and don't choke
So let me hit that it ain't bomb I won't smoke
So get the dank, don't get lit and spill the drank
Just smash on the gas hella fast, fill the tank
So we can go kick it and do some shit so wicked
like pull out my dick and watch yo hoes lick it
And those bitches, they can't say shit to Ron
I stay lit everyday smoking zips of bomb...
bitch cuz I'm... a motherfuckin' mack
And when I bust a rap you know you can't fuck with that
So admit you can't fuck with it
Because the shit that you claim that you fitna do, nigga i done just did it

And plus I'm 'bout to do some mo'
And I pack a tec 9, so next time you fools 'll know
We get funky like dog shit, and me and diddley dog
spit on this crazy off the wall shit

(Chorus)

(Ant Diddley Dogg)

Now it's that lyrical mack so uh, hear it go smack
In your motherfuckin' face, this ain't no miracle black
It's that way out shit that I be thinkin' of
Straight mickey's ice in my system, I ain't drinking bud light
I love mics that's why I rips it up
And I love that hennessy too, that's why I sips a cup
Every time it passes, I'm ready to kick some asses
If you can't see that I'm the tightest get some glasses
But you might need bifocals when you hear my vocals
Believe it it's true, Ant Diddley's coming through
And you could ask your mama hoe, flowing astronomical
Me and Rappin' 'll flow straight for an hour so
Quick to devour your crew feel the power of two sick niggas so
What the fuck you cowards gone do
Seven up to a gun fight, cuz all i need is one mic
And every time I grab it I'm guaranteed to come tight
So listen as I let it slide out
and for a talkitive bitch I gotta dick for her wide mouth
And all violators will get prosecuted
when the glock is cocked, bitch I got's to shoot it
You say you the tightest but that's not the truth
I got more brain than Einstein and more rhymes than Doctor Sues
Coming with explosive shit, niggas can't get close to this
Ant Diddley Dog got technique, fuck them flows you spit
I make my rhyme sound fat got it down packed
Nigga pass the bomb i ain't fucking with no brown sack
So kick back cuz Bad n' Fluenz ain't gone play out quick
comin with this way out shit

(Chorus 5x)

(Ant Banks)

It's got your bitch on a long ass dick