

# No Doubt

Das EFX

Kick ass nigga come on  
Yeah yeah Hit Squad Firing Squad  
Nine eight shit

[Chorus]  
No doubt no doubt  
Do your thing do your thing  
No doubt no doubt  
Do your thing do your thing  
Yo it's Diggy Das M.O.P. and that nigga Teflon  
Let's get it on what what  
Let's get it on yeah yeah

Another new year I got my crew here lets get it on  
Miggity make money money! Yo son I got the bomb  
See me swervan, through the urban  
Black Suburban, puffing urban  
Wiggity wild and drinking bourbon

See I'm learnin, while I'm earnin  
Rapidly firin, like that shit that the Ku Klux be burnin  
Who want to get stuck up  
Or get fucked the fuck up?  
Blucka, blucka blowe!  
Bitch nigga your lucks up

Yo, I'm about to pull the plug out  
Thug out, but rub out  
Head for my car, get blazed, turn the whole club out  
Shit I set it for real when I bug out  
My trey mark making it possible for paramedics to pull the plug out

Yo, we just seep underground to be dug out  
We represent the Ruffhouse  
Keep one and a half, even while I'm banned  
at the thug house (tha'ts right)  
Now your facing a one of a kind dude  
Undefined dude, top of the line dude

Aiyyo, we giggity getting bug in here  
All my people up in here  
It's rough in here  
Bullets figgity flying every fucking where  
It's un fucking faitiggity tear cats out the frame  
Diggy Das, Billy Danz, Teflon, and Lil Fame

[Chorus: x2]

Say hello to the bad guy  
Hmhmhm, excuse me as I  
Grab my N-you-Ts no need to ask why  
We blow the spot up  
Hit em with the uncut raw  
Could be somewhat more  
Advance with the product

You dealing with sacrifice, real hardcore

All the love for these thugs that I'm willing to die for  
First family style! Its deep  
You catch us on these beats  
But we should never be disconnected from these streets

See my higgity hard times  
That bring forth these higgity hard rhymes  
Hard crimes, leave em hospitalized with scar lines  
Figgity far rhymes, my squad shines, Its turn to eat again  
Motivated by cats who would never see the street again

See him in the next life cause that's where were gon meet again  
And if it goes down then, you gon bleed again  
Any ground I roam I stand on it  
Keep a llama with eight shots and my hand on it

Yeah, so lets expand on it (what)  
Put my mans on it (what)  
Its the shit that make flies want to land on it (what)  
The Higgity Hit Squad and Firing Squad  
We billin ya, killin ya, figgity feelin ya til the next millennia

[Chorus: x2]