

# Ask Ya Self (Featuring Teflon)

## Krumsnatcha & Teflon

Ask ya self, is you ready for action?  
Ask ya self, is you ready for action?  
Ask ya self, is you ready for action?  
Ask ya self, is you ready for the hardcore?  
Ask ya self if you ready for drama

With two of the baddest motherfuckers ever to create, tunes to a lama  
You fucking with the best  
(First, ask ya self if you ready for Krumb Snatch)  
Then ask you self if you ready for Tef  
And if you ready for death, pull all the steps out  
I'ma make the glocks sound  
(Nigga we got it locked out)  
(Y'all niggas is popped out)  
We're raw 'n diggy Caveliti  
(All city)  
(And this here, what we call gritty)

I'm one of the five Horsemen, gimme twenty four hours to live  
And I'll swell with a baked beans outta Boston  
Proceed with caution, I'm about to wig out  
To the skit, on the D&D-project, blew the shit out  
By accident, we do some shit on the mic  
That a kid is convicted in Interstate, trapped again  
Fuck, y'all talking 'bout after we kick a hole  
In the speaker then pull the plug, we walking out  
Ask ya self, is you ready for action?  
Ask ya self, is you ready for action?  
Ask ya self, is you ready for action?  
Ask ya self, is you ready for the hardcore?  
The hardcore  
Now ask ya self, do you can keep run faster  
Than this bullet can chamber?  
(Son, you in danger)  
We hit off heavy metal to settle to be frequently  
And that's all me  
(Nigga)

Thinking you can talk sideways from the sound woofer  
No prove of action  
(My whole team laughing)  
And ask ya self, do you think we got the time  
For you tucking-truck rhymes?  
(Bitch, hell no)  
We put wigs on fire like Michael mean Pepsi

(Cats blowing like a lesbian)  
Testing me and Tef is like me and you laugh  
And we'll announce a breath from holy you nothing  
That's def  
Listen, nigga, we don't doubt you  
Simply we don't give a fuck about you  
Me and my girlfriend, I make the world spin without you  
You fucking with real niggaz, feel niggaz  
Walking through the house and kill niggaz  
(Hardcore)  
Bitch, nigga  
Ask ya self, is you ready for action?  
Ask ya self, is you ready for action?  
Ask ya self, is you ready for action?  
Ask ya self, is you ready for action?  
Ask ya self, is you ready for the hardcore?  
Na, na, na, fuck that  
Don't hold me back Tef  
Na, na, lemme go, lemme go  
Fuck these niggaz  
Naw, they don't know, hold up dog  
Lemme go, hold up dog, hold up  
Na, na, na, hold up, wait up, they went about it wrong  
Feelin' brave hearted, try me on a song  
I'm a let niggaz know, they got it confused  
You got gats and bats we get those too  
Semi's and macks cocked and aimed at you  
Bloodthirsty, star what the worst be  
No mercy, we god and bang hard with any squad or mobb  
Coming forty niggaz like a jail yard  
Blood on my silk shirt, choke niggaz out  
Scuffed up my Timbs, we bang 'em in the mouth  
You niggaz want a concrete rebel  
Pulling out busting like war in the jungle  
Mad 'cause my crew lay bubble in the tunnel  
Most humble, we send shots when we come through  
Get praised but still blaze in the battle  
The ruff days, these two bullets niggaz tattle  
I'm immune to them tuff-talk, them big boy stanze  
You coming in pairs, then two bodies by the stairs  
Nigga we bang with the best, the models to rest  
Create drama, rock armor, Smith & Wess-ons  
Blood shot, gun cocked, mingling shotting  
Lost in this world I'm in, feeling money rhyming  
Eyes roaming, zoning, looking with a Nottz beat  
Label most dangerous, police lay and watch me  
Harts start jumping, we peeping niggaz fronting  
We come through thumping, pulling out dumping  
Tangle with your best entourage

We coming in yards to face off with any yards  
Soldier you're dust on the fully loaded shotgun  
Whistling throughout the air, just to mock one  
Blood for your socks son  
Is you ready for the hardcore  
The hardcore  
And after Krumb Snatcha snatch yo' worthy possessions  
I got strict orders to clap you

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