

And You Don't Stop

Wu-Tang Clan

Yeah, now we're gonna give a shout out, knowumsayin'?
Def Jam, knowumsayin'?
Niggas like Method Man, Redman
Say all the artists here, knowumsayin'?
Bacon Lot, knowumsayin'?
I don't need no introductions, Cat
Whut I'm sittin' in my west, I'm analyzin' thoughts
I'm sippin' off a quart that I just had bought
I'm thinkin' of the moment, things soar in that head
I feel assurin' durin', also glad
Yes, feel assured by knowin' I won
'Cuz there's no one who can fuck wit' A-Sun
I'm not bein' pushy but I'm born to boss
You need A-Sun, oh yes, well, of course Don't see the riot, everyone keeps quiet
If you don't believe nigga, get hyper and try it
Yes, it is me, a total fresh MC
Yo, I'm born to be, MC history
Rhyming on time because that's the deal
You're only as fresh as your ass feel
Other MC's, you are bound to fall
'Cuz your real world is not a world at all Drunken Master, styles causin' street disaster
Blaze cut faster than a fairy slasher
Tai-chi, Kung Fu fighting, ODB hands quick as lightenin'
Technique too deadly Iron fist blew the pawn, switch styles like lay long
Let's get it on, heavy chow broke, it's not 'bout
Shadow boxin', better punch, you need oxegen, try again
When you catch the second wind, I'll break you in Approach the mic slow, it's about to blow
One foot crow crane, antichain movement
Restore the ming, some take this thing for joke
Serious men deep in thought, misunderstood, held the fork
He's too defensive, too mean, you didn't, now it's a scene
These cats over here got glock holdin' him down
These niggas scheming, I'm seeing everything
Ten steps ahead, on the wall smokin' my
Agent high told best friend of the wine Still drunk offa cheap wine
Holdin' front lines, niggas wanna front, fine
Fuck wit' me and mine, rain on your sunshine
Swine nigga's come as hard as a pork rind
Can you dig it? Only five percent live it

While the rest of you fake niggas try to get it
Now fuck around Drunken Master, styles causin' street disaster
Blaze cut faster than a fairy slasher
Tai-chi, Kung Fu fighting, ODB hands quick as lightenin'
Technique too deadly Iron fist blew the pawn, switch styles like lay long
Let's get it on, heavy chow broke, it's not 'bout
Shadow boxin', better punch, you need oxygen, try again
When you catch the second wind, I'll break you in Down wit' the, "All in together now crew"
The GZA, the RZA, me of course too
The thing I'm analyzing is strictly hip hop
That's what's made, well made is on my workshop
You was unable plus earn advance
Just to touch the untouchable hip hop dance
They're sayin' of the utmost, truly I'm the utmost
Have you ever caught the hip hop holy ghost Man, I mean really, that shit is mad hype
Especially when you find yourself rhymin' over mics
I became a wrecker through my amplifier
Break it down base, treble through my dancer
That's one new dance, it's to my 'Black magic' music
It's not classic, Arabic, or basic
It's strictly thickly, dirty and districly
If not don't you pick me and forget me Drunken Master, styles causin' street disaster
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