Windmill

Tussle

(Make me yours)
He get out of line, break his fucking arm
You know how it go, word up
Ain't playing no games with these niggaz man
None at all, man, no more, none of thatAiyyo, jump out the Acura, crazy heavy, what's popping?
Us locking the game, word to every hand on the lock men
Street gwop, everybody eats, sweep blocks
This is a message, ain't go no grams, we gon' beat boxStudy like lessons, niggaz in the game biting the grain
You knowing where it came from, stop it
You thought we wasn't coming? You dumbing, you blunted again
Watch Lex get that dough out your pocketRhyme all 'pallegic can't nothing move when I rhyme
When I drop lines it's law out in Egypt
Love ups, don't need no batteries now, what?
The only niggaz that'll glow'll be usYo, throw me in Sin City, leave me with the vultures and bats
Then give me two weeks to bubble like Kim titties
Dirt Dog, we miss you, now it's time to murder the game
'Cuz if things change, you know it ain't against WuWhat am I supposed to say? Yeah
Somebody tell me what do I do
What am I supposed to say? YeahWe keep it hot, keep the heat on the block
We never stop, drawing water up until it begin to drop
Raining with the patchwork of puzzles
That was written in the year of the dragon
More raw than you could ever imagineHow much of a great blessing to a rap city
Where the youth is organically fed
From the witty, unpredictable talent, natural game is lyrical
Analyze the picture, the portrait, the visualA Cuban Link Chef cooks spaghetti that's untied
Ragu nigga whose tomatoes are sun dried
He gave y'all niggaz whiplash from bling bling
But my rhyme'll give you hot flash and mood swingsMath shed light on divine secrets then science leaked it
For the lower level creatures that can't peep it
I observe MCs, regardless from a neighboring world
Which is ten times the sharpnessWhat am I supposed to say? Yeah
Somebody tell me what do I doLet the track wind and your mind flow free
Remain conscious on this ride to ya best ability
Infinity, back to the source of which it came
Energy, see it changed formsAtoms being born, never ending
On and on and on and travel with me
Not trying to convince the pack that it's a fact
For those who can't adapt, I lived it, shitted it back

We have agreedYou'll feel the impact of the truth when I'll squeeze
The brain feels something pop, hip hop, locked in texts
Fat checks, fly whips, jewelry, chicks
Enough kicks, fitted crown, buttoned downUnderneath your white T lies the four pound
This is forty-five minutes of menacing
Dismantling any MC opponent stepping in the zone
Get your face blownWhat am I supposed to say? Yeah
Somebody tell me what do I doObserve the word, when I speak, it's the truth that's heard
True to the curb, Wu classic is the new birth
Spreading the blessing across seven continents
Arm of the trench, there's no form of defenseEntertainment, nine swords swing rapid
Check the techniques, first bow to The Abbott
Witty, unpredictable, gritty individual
Valid if it's actual, talent and it's naturalGame, rugged like the train, pump it in your vein
I and I, ride or die, under the name
W-U, the primary, your secondary
Definitely not necessary, the legendaryYou printed the blueprints to do this shit
Moving the youth in the bricks
Spitting poison tipped darts that rip hearts
Through the chest when I manifest my sick artSpeaking my mind, fall in line when I spit mine
Still in my prime, still'll shine 'til it quit time
If this is a crime, find me guilty, I'm so sublime
So rapid with rhymes, same slacking is asanineRevealing the truth, catching feelings, it's still the Wu
Gorilla the booth, body armored, I'm killa proof
In living proof, I'm the wittiest, unpredictable
Most talented rap motherfucker you ever listened toI'm a hustler, I grind 'til my pack is done
Get a seed mad knowledge so they crack and run
Can't nobody fuck with me, I'm just too nice
Smack niggas in they head every time I writeYo, I'm straight from Park Hill where the guns is popping
Where them little black kids do they grocery shopping
Go to school fucked up, it's Africa Island
We poor in the bricks but inside it's nothing but talent

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