

# Do U (Feat. Prodigal Sunn & GZA)

## RZA

{ \*sampled singer singing "Do, Do you" repeats all throughout the song\* } [Intro: RZA (Method Man)]

Come on my niggas, yo..

Put your guns in your right hand and hold it down towards the floor

Point all your guns down towards the floor for a minute

Yeah, you could hold 'em, just point 'em down towards the floor

For a sec, aight? (Yo why'all ain't fuckin' wit the Wu)

We gon' splash like this, all my wild Digi heads

(Y'all niggas is crook) why'all niggas move a little up to the front

why'all niggas know what I'm talkin' about

Word up, my weedheads, why'all play the right for a second

Nahmean? Check it out

All why'all niggas on X, why'all keep why'all asses in the back

Aight? Straight up, in fact, matter of fact

We gon' mingle this shit like mothafuckin' peas in the mothafuckin' pot

Straight up Digi Digi style, word up, as we splash you right

(Yeah, yeah, my niggas is crew, now why'all ain't fuckin' wit the Wu

Oh now why'all.. come on!)[RZA]

Walk wit a didi bop ock, you silly pop, Jiffy Pop

Fuck around, son, I'll blow ya face up with fifty shots

Sharp darts, and it pop pop like tarts

Extreme speed like Anakin inside the Pod

Headed for the finish line, BOODOO, watch Bobby cross it

Hoes with the diamonds on your toes, come on and floss it

I be one of those tall skinny cats with the four-nine

Three-eleven that rips through Power-you's and breaks spines

I culture power-tuggin' boys who be drunk, buggin'

Lovin' loud noise from toys, club thuggin'

Sweet chocolate deluxe, rugged, sexy buttercup

That don't give a fuck about the cop in the club

Or the bouncer with the flashlight, one walked passed, right?

Some pulled the razor and chopped his ear like he was Mad Mike

I played the cipher in the corner, teachin' math

One for one thoughts, a hundred brothers won't last

Because you can't do me.. (x3)"Do you feel?"

Come on!

[Prodigal]

Yo, son, +Wake Up+! { \*coughs\* }

Yo, I gotta do this, man  
I gotta get this money, son  
Features in the crowd, appearance like, "Black I'm proud"  
In the background, no sounds, four pound, we hold ground!  
Brooklyn bound, seven initials up in the crown  
One man's ramblin', officials they shot him down  
Supreme, extreme, lean, killin' machines  
All I want to do is feed my seed, plus my team  
Keep it logical, no games, straight up about Prodigal  
Diabolic drums and I run from none  
Testimony one, give my life before my only son  
Thelonious crumbs, why they want to press me for guns?  
Now I'm in the face of the judge, court case thug  
From a race, laced, based on drugs, some made slugs  
As +It Was Written+, stroll through any block forbidden  
Glock hidden, why they want to stop precision?  
Eighty-five percent of my brothers locked in prison  
And we just keep dyin' for the love of good livin'  
But Do you! Do you! Do you!"Do you feel?" (x2)

[GZA]

You know those jams in the park, produced the spark  
Made me feel words how I read books in the dark  
I always took it to heart, loved the art  
A lifetime of darts, ripped crews apart  
Made their stay real short, I stamped the passport  
Couldn't bring through no wack shit of no sort  
I walked the borough challengin' the best that stood  
Torch metal mics, they conduct better than wood  
Once I electrify and only expect to die  
Rounded Bed-Stuy, ZZZZ, nigga fry  
My opponent block, the beat comin' from his box  
Investment ranker who's a joke in the stocks  
Keep a rhythmic pace, maintainin' great balance  
Movin' in steps of unheard of silence  
Normally progressioners, they're slow steepin'  
Niggas want to light up when there's gas leakin'"Do you feel?"

Songwriters

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