Do U (feat. GZA and Prodical)

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, sonFeatures 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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