

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

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Down wit' the, "All in together now crew"

The GZA, the RZA, me of course too

The thing I'm analyzing is strickly hip hop

That's what's made, well made is on my workshop

You was unable plus earn advance

Just to touch the untouchable kip 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 strickly thickly, dirty and districkly

If not don't you pick me and forget me

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