

# Windmill

## Wintercoats

(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 that Ayyo, 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 box Study 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 pocket Rhyme all 'pallelegic 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 us Yo, 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 Wu What am I supposed to say? Yeah  
Somebody tell me what do I do  
What am I supposed to say? Yeah We 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 imagine How 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 visual A 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 swings Math 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 sharpness What am I supposed to say? Yeah  
Somebody tell me what do I do Let 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 forms Atoms 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 agreed You'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 down Underneath 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 blown What am I supposed to say? Yeah  
Somebody tell me what do I do Observe 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 defense Entertainment, 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 natural Game, 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 legendary You 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 art Speaking 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 a sine Revealing 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 to I'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 write Yo, 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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