

Windmill

Wu-Tang Clan

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(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 Aiyyo, 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, shifted 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 asanine
 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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