

# Whatever Happened (The Birth)

AZ

Yeah, some firm shit, you know I mean?  
For all the niggas, in New York  
All across the motherfuckin' world  
Ain't nuttin' changed yet, shit's still real  
YoYo, major large niggas get they grind on cash  
While the crab thinkin' niggas keep they mind on ass  
I guess most motherfuckers ain't designed to last  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past? You know the routine, fast cars, rings get a crew seen  
We true fiends, old school style that's how we do things  
Born and destined, hands on many investments  
Strong, reflect this 'til I'm drawn back to the essence  
Street wise, 36 waist, small feet size  
The C.I.'s quick to slide off, once the heat rise  
Detour, poverty zone, police war going through each dawn  
Searchin' new ways for me to eat more  
Fast learner, quiet storm, play the back burner  
Bureaucrats, I react like Nat Turner  
Hold weight, used to rock kicks wit no lace  
Fuck a soulmate, low heart pace, pulse at a slow rate  
Runnin' rapid, while others play as if they captive  
Brain's inactive, bein' subjected to this crab shit  
To each his own, fuck the foulness, need a week alone  
We can zone, all day long, on the speaker phone  
600, nine five North, stay blunted  
Stress, I came from it, sex got drained from it  
The new breed star gazin', raisin' two seeds  
To be free, the franchise is all a whole crew need, indeed  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past? Whips and full clips and pussy lips, rubber grips attached to hips  
Past the journey to the crib, the purest sickness cura  
Holy Koran, sirah, leaves man to understand  
I stand up as rough briva  
Heart is bleedin', stress got my hair line receedin'  
God look, we feedin', leadin' my seeds, back to Eden  
And stay suspicious of promiscuous bitches  
Who don't wash and do dish  
And to big for your britches  
Lustin' riches, fuckin' the next man mistress  
You wonder why your pussy itches  
Fat ass sample wit out the glitches  
Shatter your mental, split your bean up like a lentil  
Disfigure your face, you recognizin' by the dental  
Hot lead from raw heat, left in store meat  
Lay it out on Broadstreet  
Before he left all he heard was the echo from the shot

Cops autopsy revealed, he was stopped by the glock  
Devils lettin' off Scuds, thugs trapped up in hood houses  
New York, been infested by BloodsLustin' for colors of red More black lies done shed  
Through yet the blood travelin'  
Through veins remain blue  
Boned out until we zone out, no doubtChicken heads beg for the 9 inch Applehead  
Their legs open like fallopian, lubricated by petroleum  
Nine months later comes the ovary explosion  
Bitch you stupid? A hundred dollars you couldn't recoup itWhen I reign the truth on your brain you muted  
Rula, zig-zag, zig Allah, plus Allah zig, zag-zig  
We addin' more knowledge to your wigYo, major large niggas get they grind on cash  
While the crab thinkin' niggas keep they mind on ass  
I guess most motherfuckers ain't designed to lastWhatever happened to the realness from back in the past?  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?Word up, word up, yeah  
Wu-Tang, firm up in this piece know what I mean?  
Open it down, stamp of approval, you know?  
Get ya brain washed, you know what I'm sayin'?Get ya muscle tendered & straight  
No doubt, no doubt  
Word up, the black God exists in the physical form, you know?  
Holdin' this, A to the Z, I know what time it is, aight, Armageddon

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