

# Second Coming

## !distain

God damn man these radio station be buggin'  
Man it's three o'clock in the mornin, damn  
This hip-hop shit just keep  
Damn we got to slow this shit down man, you know what I mean?  
Fiends were never waiting in the hill  
They ran one step ahead  
But the jiggy was always there  
Upon the project pavement  
There was death, enslavement of the mind  
Single mothers are filled with stress  
As I lay there with my baby  
We would look, from the window and cry  
Then suddenly in the sky  
Between the new world ages  
We were blessed and Wu-Tang fills the ear  
With the melody of a train  
(Lord is suddenly here)  
False MCs are melting  
In the dark, all the weak LP's  
Are going down  
God released the tape out, early May  
And I don't think the world can take it  
'Cause it took so long to make it  
And the hip-hop game'll never be the same

Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang  
Upon the project pavement  
There was death, enslavement of the mind  
Single mothers are filled with stress  
Between the new world ages  
We were blessed and Wu-Tang fills the air  
With the knowledge that God posses  
As I lay there with my baby  
We would look, from the window, and cry  
Then the Wu-Tang sign appears, in the sky  
Billboards started melting  
In the dark, all the weak MCs  
Are going down  
God released the tape of, Earthly pain

And I don't think the world can take it  
'Cause it took so long to make it  
And the hip-hop game'll never be the same  
And I don't think the world can take it  
'Cause it took so long to make it  
And the hip-hop game'll never be the same  
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang  
Wu-Tang

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