

Second Coming (f. Tekitha)

Wu-Tang Clan

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, ya 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 MC's 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 possess 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 MC's 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

Songwriters

WEBB, JIMMY / DIGGS, ROBERT F. Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group, A SIDE MUSIC LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>