

Conditioner

Wu-tang Clan

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Tired of takin' motherfuckin' bullets for niggas and shit
Know what I'm sayin'?
Catchin' 45s, being chased by the government, shit like that
Bitches you know, mindscapin', tryin' to set a nigga up
Know what I'm sayin'?

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Yeah, yeah
Wu-Tang clan
Big Snoop d O double G
Somethin' for the 2000
Your Mama name Peter, Papa name Cita
Fuck that nigga, when it come to the heater
Be the elevator, pussy eater
Too desperator, got shot, a hibernator
Hit a nigga later, he got to vacate 'em
Old dirty corporata, splash, I'm up on the punanny flash
Bad gas, Macintosh, the light is red
Pee in the bed, I'm frustrated
For 29 years, no educated
High caded, 'cuz you kept it checkmated
What a waste, I'm up in yo' face like what
All you niggas I'm puttin' you in your place
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Mr. No-meaner, pussy ho-beater
I keep fo' heaters when I'm dippin' with my vita
Suckers they wanna beat us, join us but we don't need 'em

Pump 'em and defeat 'em, dump 'em, and delete 'em
This negro right here pimps hoes
I smoke so much dope I have ya bloody at the nose
Since my buddy at these hoes wit a bud like a rose
It just so happens I'm the nigga that she chose
I flows above the rest, mos' def'
Got you shakin' yo' ass, and you throwin' up yo' set

Whatever you do, you keepin' it true
Big Dogg and ODB, I thought you knew
Ooh, the Wu, is back up in this motherfucker
Ooh, and Snoop, is burnin' rubber on these truckers
It's a dog day afternoon
The clan go bang and the bang go boom
How you love it, how you like it and how you get it?
Do that damn thing and quit bullshittin' wit it
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Yeah, yeah
Yeah, pump that shit, testin'
Check, 1, 2, yes, yes, yes
Yes, yes y'all, to my niggas y'all
To my click y'all, you can't quit y'all
Wu-Tang bangin' that dope shit y'all
That make you wanna roll up and smoke shit y'all
To the beat y'all, you can't sleep y'all
On my flow y'all niggas don't know y'all
You see my style calm but wild
You witness the rhyme, nothin' but dimes
The eightball murder verse, freestyle or rehearsed
I wreck MC's whether I'm last or first
What, what, what, what, hazardous dart
Visual long forgotten art
That fell apart, 'til the blood ran from the heart
Pump through the street, razor make re-break beats
Packed seats, rapid fire raps at off track meets
And an arm tank, high rank, heavy metal shank
Blow 'em off the plank when they ships approach the bank
Wu niggas rollin', throwin' the first rap slogan
Heroes of Hogan, shot up the military clothin'
Quickly blow up, rolled up in rappers like pennies

My brother stack tracks on the behalf of many
With the wisdom, power of, science from experts
Self applyin', that put giants in the network
The compact disc and televised live cults
Will multiply our strength, on a worldwide note
Yes, what, what
Yes, yes y'all, you don't stop
You keep on, 'til the break of dawn
Ah yes, yes y'all, you don't stop
Ah Wu-Tang known to make your body rock

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