C'mon

The Screaming Jets

Yeah, yeah, motherfucking right I do
Taping
Yo, are you taping baby?
Baby are you taping? Ohh yeah
What the fuck anybody wanna do?
Right motherfucking now
I'm the God who's ahead of the Lords
Dirty Bastard from the Wu-Tang squad
Can I get raw, yes I get Dirty to the floor
Rhymes, hittin' on your mind, you could never ignore
Hip hop to me is like a place to be
My specialty from me to you is emcee
Say what you wanna say, baby say
I flip the microphone-ah, any day
I'm mad swift because I got that gift of gab
Niggaz get mad, your ass stink never had
This talent that I got will resound the spot
MC's, you got paid a lot
You ever notice a black man damn mostly slams
When it come to the money, yo, it ain't funny
It's what you gotta do what you got to do
C'mon, can I get a Wu-Tang

Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang
Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, it's on your brain
I get riggy diggy raw when it's time to get
On the dancefloor shotgun kill the shit
Blaow, then you won't step to me
Thinking is he really raw as he said he'd be
If I wasn't really raw, standing here on the floor
You'd be like boo, he ain't no hardcore
Niggaz play like they live but won't survive
Jumpin' up and down ticklin' that jive when you ticklin' gab
I'm an average man, G O D fan
Let it be known who's the champ, Wu-Tang Clan
It's coming through and Wu, boy it's bad too
Throw your hands in the air, if you don't care
Who, the Ol' Dirty Bastard be
Oh me on my, you be hoppin' on my shit just like a fly

Bzzzt, all around
The dirtiest stinkin' sound down to the ground
What what, what you wanna do?
What you wanna do when I'm coming for you?
I'm gonna give it to ya, baby, baby, baby

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