

# Fuck What You Think

Rza

Yo, yo, fuck what you think  
Fuck what you think  
It's about what you know, so fuck what you think  
Twenty-one and over to drink  
Nineteen and over to fuck  
Sixteen and over to Pat  
A twelve year old kid got bucked  
The sweet premium classic lay your ass flat as a mattress  
Smack your head off the axis, the rhyme facious  
Silencer on the tech-nine shot got your pillow wet  
All your bitch say was the black silhouette  
Of the dark Ninja, Lion King of the jungle, Simba  
Cut the roof to your family tree, timber  
Me and Dr. Strange in the black reign smokin' chimneys  
Fat Cappadonna tape stuck inside my Benzi  
The blue coats is comin', the red coats is comin'  
The fed coats is comin', the wet heads is comin'  
I heard to Dirt was up in the Riker's fuckin' a female  
CEO, Wu-Tang keep it on the D-low  
Third eye is a trillion million watt gigabyte  
Insight like bright, can't find this on your website  
Everglow superior to your inferior material  
Verbal serial murder, givin' you pussycat's venereal  
Injections, lethal injections, ran from house  
Left the dictionary, pictionary, the non-fictionary  
Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig Allah, puzzle like jigsaw  
Struggled for charisma, yo  
It's about what you know, so fuck what you think  
Nineteen and over to fuck  
It's twenty-one and over to drink  
Sixteen and over to Pat  
A twelve year old kid got bucked  
Aiiyo, rock head niggaz who grab mics for the first time  
Get fronted on majorly once the God slides in  
On the scene, love-love in the place to be  
All-American lyrics, the top choice in this rap market from  
Now y'all the way to England  
'Cuz my click be jinglin' under Wu-Tang Productions  
That's quick to sell a million, then bounced on tour outta state

Rap fiends was trapped in cells like hot cakes

Faster than the rate of the Earth travel  
Which is one-thousand-thirty-seven and one third miles per a hour  
And peace to the God Power for never fallin' for nothin' less  
Than a hundred grands and rap with rubberbands placed in  
Golden suitcases, slitted across the table  
To walk the dogs in the nine-eight, the nine-eight  
Yo, I build with the great minds of Africa  
RZA, Star Trek Voyager, Killah Hillside Strangler  
Captured you in inside thirty-six gas chambers  
North American, Arabian, half-tone dark Indian  
9th Prince convinces his enemies to kill themselves  
Like Dr. Kavorkian, travel like razor satellites  
Prepared for battles, devils try to raid the castles  
Got tackled by the rebels, the plate in my head is heavy metal  
Lyrical chain reaction, deadly instruments, run for symantecs  
The international civil war assassins  
Geological, biochemical, camouflaged nuclear aropostles  
Sounds possible, 'cuz regardless visual  
English grammer, mental examiner  
I shock the world like the death of Princess Diana  
Reverse psychology on technology, accept no apologies  
The penalty is to cut off your arms and feet  
Poetry teachers are speechers seepin' through the speakers  
My fans will become die hard listeners, plus ear bleeders  
Fuck what you think  
Fuck what you think  
Fuck what you think  
It's about what you know, so fuck what you think  
Twenty-one and over to drink  
And nineteen and over to fuck  
Sixteen and over to Pat  
A twelve year old kid got bucked  
So fuck what you think, it's about what you know  
Twenty-one and over to drink  
And nineteen and over to fuck  
Sixteen and over to Pat  
A twelve year old kid got bucked  
Word up, fuck what you think  
Word up, yo

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