Second Coming

Team Cybergeist

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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