

# Labels

## Gza

Tommy ain't my motherfuckin' boy  
When you fake moves on a nigga you employ  
We'll all emerge off your set, now you know God damn  
I show living large niggas how to flip a def jam  
And rough up the motherfuckin' house cause I smother  
You cold chillin' motherfuckers, I still warn a brother  
I'm ruthless my clan don't have to act wild  
That shit is jive, an old sleeping bag profile  
The soft comedian rap shit ain't the rough witty  
On the reel to reel it wasn't from a tough city  
Niggas be game, thinking that they lyrical surgeons  
They know they microphone's a virgin  
And if you ain't boned a mic you couldn't hurt a bee  
That's like going to Venus driving a mercury  
The capitol of this rugged slang is Wu-Tang  
Witty unpredictable talent and natural game  
I death row an mc with mic cables  
The epic is that I rush associated labels  
From east west to atco, I bring it to a next plateau  
But I keep it phat though, yo  
I'm hitting batters up with the wild pitch style  
I even show an Uptown MC a style  
Who thought he saw me on 4th & Broadway  
But I was out on the island, bombing MC's all day  
My priority is that I'm first priority  
I bone the secret out a bitch in a sorority  
So look out for A&M, the Abbot and the Master  
Breaking down your pendulum  
As I fiend MC's out with a blow that'll numb the  
Appendix, I'm holding more more weight than Colombia  
Index Interscope, we RCA, clan  
That's coming with a plan to free a  
Slave of a mental death MC don't panic  
Throw that A&R nigga off the boat in the Atlantic  
Now who's the bad boy character, not from Arista  
But firing weapons released on Geffen  
So duck as I struck with the soul of Motown  
My central broadcasting systems is low down  
And dirty, like that bastard

It's getting drastic

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