Money Don't Own Me

RZA

My woman and my money don't own me
I've got to keep holdin my ownHeaven, heaven
The dangerous dynamite dosage, mind full of explosives
Digital brain is the closest to Moses
Civilizin came, the flame inside the holster
Revitalize the game, the name's on the posterThe mask with no cape, the flash'll crush grapes
The dancer on the lap, the ass with no face
It's shaped like an ace, say your grace before you taste it
Haste makes waste, slow down or you may waste itThe bunny in the car look like an Indian squall
The honey's in the jar, the money's in the bra
It's funny ha ha ha, how dummies, ha ha ha
Think 'cause we call 'em sunny they can be a starI implement the instrument, disintegrate the 10 percent
You entered the square but you don't know where the circle went
You ain't worth the cent, you cursed, I birthed the Prince
Drenched the baby from creators that the nurses sentYou can't still convent, don't have seven cents
Grave the raven, my birds are heaven sent
Where the brethren went? Where the Reverend went?
I told you these words are heaven sentMy woman and my money don't own me
I've got to keep holdin my ownIt's time to show you how them rugged MC's rock
If that's steel you see, it's that steel I pop
If that Benz I want, it's that Benz I got
Who rock them white tees first, get a West Cost propsCan't nobody do it better than the West Coast veteran
Three six letterman, Monk's the name
Black Knights the gang, I'll ignite the flames
Strike my hood up on the wall and cross out your nameWith a K on the end of it, that won't be the end of it
'Til them guns is drawn and you standin on the end of it
Poof be gone, I'ma write that wrong
I'm the shit all by myself, nobody writes my songPeep my technique, strictly gangsta classics
Gun talk nigga, muthafuck theatrics
My flow is matchless, ain't no way you could surpass this
Level I'm on, better go home and try to practiceWhy yes, am I next to impress
D T S, bless the best, no cess
Stress from guess to gold press
The quest to protest, we head the Pro-Keds
But this is the new improved shit
'08 from the AMG, '92, bitchMy woman and my money don't own me
I've got to keep holdin my ownKeep holdin, keep holdin
Keep holdin, keep holdin, no

Songwriters
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