

windmill

Bubblegone

(Make me yours)

He get out of line, break his fucking arm

You know how it go, word up

Ain't playing no games with these niggaz man

None at all, man, no more, none of that Ayyo, jump out the Acura, crazy heavy, what's popping?

Us locking the game, word to every hand on the lock men

Street gwop, everybody eats, sweep blocks

This is a message, ain't go no grams, we gon' beat box Study like lessons, niggaz in the game biting the grain

You knowing where it came from, stop it

You thought we wasn't coming? You dumbing, you blunted again

Watch Lex get that dough out your pocket Rhyme all 'pallelegic can't nothing move when I rhyme

When I drop lines it's law out in Egypt

Love ups, don't need no batteries now, what?

The only niggaz that'll glow'll be us Yo, throw me in Sin City, leave me with the vultures and bats

Then give me two weeks to bubble like Kim titties

Dirt Dog, we miss you, now it's time to murder the game

'Cuz if things change, you know it ain't against Wu What am I supposed to say? Yeah

Somebody tell me what do I do

What am I supposed to say? Yeah We keep it hot, keep the heat on the block

We never stop, drawing water up until it begin to drop

Raining with the patchwork of puzzles

That was written in the year of the dragon

More raw than you could ever imagine How much of a great blessing to a rap city

Where the youth is organically fed

From the witty, unpredictable talent, natural game is lyrical

Analyze the picture, the portrait, the visual A Cuban Link Chef cooks spaghetti that's untied

Ragu nigga whose tomatoes are sun dried

He gave y'all niggaz whiplash from bling bling

But my rhyme'll give you hot flash and mood swings Math shed light on divine secrets then science leaked it

For the lower level creatures that can't peep it

I observe MCs, regardless from a neighboring world

Which is ten times the sharpness What am I supposed to say? Yeah

Somebody tell me what do I do Let the track wind and your mind flow free

Remain conscious on this ride to ya best ability

Infinity, back to the source of which it came

Energy, see it changed forms Atoms being born, never ending

On and on and on and travel with me

Not trying to convince the pack that it's a fact

For those who can't adapt, I lived it, shifted it back

We have agreed You'll feel the impact of the truth when I'll squeeze
The brain feels something pop, hip hop, locked in texts
Fat checks, fly whips, jewelry, chicks
Enough kicks, fitted crown, buttoned down Underneath your white T lies the four pound
This is forty-five minutes of menacing
Dismantling any MC opponent stepping in the zone
Get your face blown What am I supposed to say? Yeah
Somebody tell me what do I do Observe the word, when I speak, it's the truth that's heard
True to the curb, Wu classic is the new birth
Spreading the blessing across seven continents
Arm of the trench, there's no form of defense Entertainment, nine swords swing rapid
Check the techniques, first bow to The Abbott
Witty, unpredictable, gritty individual
Valid if it's actual, talent and it's natural Game, rugged like the train, pump it in your vein
I and I, ride or die, under the name
W-U, the primary, your secondary
Definitely not necessary, the legendary You printed the blueprints to do this shit
Moving the youth in the bricks
Spitting poison tipped darts that rip hearts
Through the chest when I manifest my sick art Speaking my mind, fall in line when I spit mine
Still in my prime, still'll shine 'til it quit time
If this is a crime, find me guilty, I'm so sublime
So rapid with rhymes, same slacking is a sine Revealing the truth, catching feelings, it's still the Wu
Gorilla the booth, body armored, I'm killa proof
In living proof, I'm the wittiest, unpredictable
Most talented rap motherfucker you ever listened to I'm a hustler, I grind 'til my pack is done
Get a seed mad knowledge so they crack and run
Can't nobody fuck with me, I'm just too nice
Smack niggas in they head every time I write Yo, I'm straight from Park Hill where the guns is popping
Where them little black kids do they grocery shopping
Go to school fucked up, it's Africa Island
We poor in the bricks but inside it's nothing but talent

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