

# Conditioner (feat. Snoop Dogg)

## Wu-Tang Clan

{ Know what I'm sayin'?  
Tired of takin' motherfuckin' bullets for niggas and shit  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
Catchin' 45s, being chased by the government, shit like that  
Bitches you know, mindscapin', tryin' to set a nigga up  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
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Know what I'm sayin'?  
Catchin' 45s, being chased by the government, shit like that  
Bitches you know, mindscapin', tryin' to set a nigga up  
Know what I'm sayin'? MC conditioner, you could never say this boy's a amateur  
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MC conditioner, you could never say this boy's a amateur Yeah, yeah  
Wu-Tang clan  
Big Snoop d O double G  
Somethin' for the 2000 Your Mama name Peter, Papa name Cita  
Fuck that nigga, when it come to the heater  
Be the elevator, pussy eater  
Too desperator, got shot, a hibernator  
Hit a nigga later, he got to vacate 'em  
Old dirty corporata, splash, I'm up on the punanny flash  
Bad gas, Macintosh, the light is red  
Pee in the bed, I'm frustrated  
For 29 years, no educated  
High caded, 'cuz you kept it checkmated  
What a waste, I'm up in yo' face like what  
All you niggas I'm puttin' you in your place MC conditioner, you could never say this boy's a amateur  
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MC conditioner, you could never say this boy's a amateur Mr. No-meaner, pussy ho-beater  
I keep fo' heaters when I'm dippin' with my vita  
Suckers they wanna beat us, join us but we don't need 'em  
Pump 'em and defeat 'em, dump 'em, and delete 'em  
This negro right here pimps hoes  
I smoke so much dope I have ya bloody at the nose  
Since my buddy at these hoes wit a bud like a rose  
It just so happens I'm the nigga that she chose  
I flows above the rest, mos' def'

Got you shakin' yo' ass, and you throwin' up yo' set  
 Whatever you do, you keepin' it true  
 Big Dogg and ODB, I thought you knew  
 Ooh, the Wu, is back up in this motherfucker  
 Ooh, and Snoop, is burnin' rubber on these truckers  
 It's a dog day afternoon  
 The clan go bang and the bang go boom  
 How you love it, how you like it and how you get it?  
 Do that damn thing and quit bullshittin' wit it  
 MC conditioner, you could never say this boy is a amateur  
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 MC conditioner, you could never say this boy's a amateur  
 Yeah, yeahYeah, pump that shit, testin'  
 Check, 1, 2, yes, yes, yes  
 Yes, yes y'all, to my niggas y'all  
 To my click y'all, you can't quit y'all  
 Wu-Tang bangin' that dope shit y'all  
 That make you wanna roll up and smoke shit y'all  
 To the beat y'all, you can't sleep y'all  
 On my flow y'all niggas don't know y'all  
 You see my style calm but wild  
 You witness the rhyme, nothin' but dimes  
 The eightball murder verse, freestyle or rehearsed  
 I wreck MC's whether I'm last or first  
 What, what, what, what, hazardous dart  
 Visual long forgotten art  
 That fell apart, 'til the blood ran from the heart  
 Pump through the street, razor make re-break beats  
 Packed seats, rapid fire raps at off track meets  
 And an arm tank, high rank, heavy metal shank  
 Blow 'em off the plank when they ships approach the bank  
 Wu niggas rollin', throwin' the first rap slogan  
 Heroes of Hogan, shot up the military clothin'  
 Quickly blow up, rolled up in rappers like pennies  
 My brother stack tracks on the behalf of many  
 With the wisdom, power of, science from experts  
 Self applyin', that put giants in the network  
 The compact disc and televised live cults  
 Will multiply our strength, on a worldwide note  
 Yes, what, whatYes, yes y'all, you don't stop  
 You keep on, 'til the break of dawn  
 Ah yes, yes y'all, you don't stop  
 Ah Wu-Tang known to make your body rock

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