

# On Tha Ground

Rza

This is not those two DJ's, not Touch, not Wop  
Not that skinny bitch Cameron although she's hot  
Not those brothers Tony, wanted to pop me in that movie  
Now I'ma claim that name, Diaz, y'all can sue me  
Any beat given to me, shit, I'll close it down  
In and out the booth, hot like we supposed to sound  
Now who holds the crown? Yo let's split it four ways  
I'm always, gonna be Spain and Norway  
[Petter (RZA)]Slicka upp sparka ner dessa katter blir fler  
fÃ¶r dessa snubbars problem  
jag silar snacket pÃ¥ scen  
det Ã¤r vad dom sÃ¥nger nÃ¥r jag har gÃ¥tt  
vad dom skriver pÃ¥ sitt nÃ¥t  
hur jag lÃ¥tt, hur jag var  
vad jag sa, var jag bra  
var jag keff, var jag deff  
Var jag aight, var jag tight  
var jag nice, var jag bajs  
var jag ingenting alls  
var jag kung, var jag tung  
(Fuck that shit)  
om du inte diggar min stil man  
(Nigga, fuck that shit)  
[RZA]Don't fuck with my money, son, don't fuck with my bitch  
Don't fuck with my lab and don't fuck with my whip  
Don't fuck with my jewels, my weed or my dip  
Or I might get the glock, son, and fuck with this clip  
Blast off the Remingtons, steel shots got you tremblin'  
Runnin' so fast you lost the tree off the Timberland's  
Flamed from the heat I squeeze, feel the adrenaline  
And we could bust shots like we cowboys and Indians  
[Feven]Yo  
Let the world witness some real shit 'bout to go down  
RZA program, N.Y. mixed with Europe sound  
When it's laid, history already made  
We broke gates across waters, across lands, across borders  
Remember my name F-to the E-V-E-N  
Tell ya crew, tell ya school, tell ya next to kin

In act two, this is my chance to blast thru  
 And my crew G-F-X, yeah remember that too  
 Down here on the ground - ? (repeat 4X)  
 [RZA]Nigga-nigga-nigga what?  
 Down here on the ground, we fuck niggaz up  
 We break shit down, yo look  
 The God Rzarec' is known breakin' Gucci specs  
 Magnetic attraction to wizzes keep their coochie wet  
 Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, I'm a super-nova  
 Controller of the lunar and polar, German luger holders  
 Best to back the fuck up, my mag buckin' up  
 The slugs could stop Mack trucks so don't act up  
 Fatal guillotine carrier blast like the space harrier  
 Sip of the blackberry, Berry I might marry ya  
 [Diaz]There's a lot of shit that separates y'all from me  
 I'm in touch with the streets, they reply to me  
 If I'm needed by my people there's no why in me  
 A real fighter, maybe there's a young Sly in me  
 I'm like that Spanish Rocky, attitude a bit cocky  
 Me around ya girl, y'all could guess where that cock be  
 Well it's not in my pants, not in my hands  
 Y'all could look at it like, I make her hot in advance  
 [Petter]Jag ser ett finger I ett publikhav  
 vi tar till publikhat  
 det Ãr alltid likadant, hÃr ditt prat I publikhav  
 jag klarar mig sjÃlv  
 fixar mitt shit sjÃlv  
 slashar mitt shit vÃr  
 drar in cash varje kvÃll  
 stÃndigt aktuell 100 decibel, debil, ikvÃll  
 gÃr pÃ scen I ett svart klÃdesstÃll  
 jag Ãr som en grogg utan virke, bara ren jÃvla stil  
 jag Ãr som en hundra formel ett, fast I en jÃvla bil  
 [Feven]Let me bring more, spit more, kick more shit  
 I'ma hit more, stick more than Clark on Dick  
 I'm a bit more sharper than Bronco whips  
 You talkin' this, don't underspeed the Miss that's killin' this  
 Down here on the ground - ? (repeat 6X)

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