

# Whatever Happened (the Birth)

## Az

Yeah, some firm shit, you know I mean?

For all the niggas, in New York

All across the motherfuckin' world

Ain't nuttin' changed yet, shit's still real

Yo

Yo, major large niggas get they grind on cash

While the crab thinkin' niggas keep they mind on ass

I guess most motherfuckers ain't designed to last

Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?

Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?

Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?

You know the routine, fast cars, rings get a crew seen

We true fiends, old school style that's how we do things

Born and destined, hands on many investments

Strong, reflect this 'til I'm drawn back to the essence

Street wise, 36 waist, small feet size

The C.I.'s quick to slide off, once the heat rise

Detour, poverty zone, police war going through each dawn

Searchin' new ways for me to eat more

Fast learner, quiet storm, play the back burner

Bureaucrats, I react like Nat Turner

Hold weight, used to rock kicks wit no lace

Fuck a soulmate, low heart pace, pulse at a slow rate

Runnin' rapid, while others play as if they captive

Brain's inactive, bein' subjected to this crab shit

To each his own, fuck the foulness, need a week alone

We can zone, all day long, on the speaker phone

600, nine five North, stay blunted

Stress, I came from it, sex got drained from it

The new breed star gazin', raisin' two seeds

To be free, the franchise is all a whole crew need, indeed

Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?

Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?

Whips and full clips and pussy lips, rubber grips attached to hips

Past the journey to the crib, the purest sickness cura

Holy Koran, sirah, leaves man to understand

I stand up as rough briva

Heart is bleedin', stress got my hair line receedin'

God look, we feedin', leadin' my seeds, back to Eden

And stay suspicious of promiscuous bitches  
Who don't wash and do dish  
And to big for your britches  
Lustin' riches, fuckin' the next man mistress  
You wonder why your pussy itches  
Fat ass sample wit out the glitches  
Shatter your mental, split your bean up like a lentil  
Disfigure your face, you recognizin' by the dental  
Hot lead from raw heat, left in store meat  
Lay it out on Broadstreet  
Before he left all he heard was the echo from the shot  
Cops autopsy revealed, he was stopped by the glock  
Devils lettin' off Scuds, thugs trapped up in hood houses  
New York, been infested by Bloods  
Lustin' for colors of red More black lies done shed  
Through yet the blood travelin'  
Through veins remain blue  
Boned out until we zone out, no doubt  
Chicken heads beg for the 9 inch Applehead  
Their legs open like fallopian, lubricated by petroleum  
Nine months later comes the ovary explosion  
Bitch you stupid? A hundred dollars you couldn't recoup it  
When I reign the truth on your brain you muted  
Rula, zig-zag, zig Allah, plus Allah zig, zag-zig  
We addin' more knowledge to your wig  
Yo, major large niggas get they grind on cash  
While the crab thinkin' niggas keep they mind on ass  
I guess most motherfuckers ain't designed to last  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?  
Word up, word up, yeah  
Wu-Tang, firm up in this piece know what I mean?  
Open it down, stamp of approval, you know?  
Get ya brain washed, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Get ya muscle tendered & straight  
No doubt, no doubt  
Word up, the black God exists in the physical form, you know?  
Holdin' this, A to the Z, I know what time it is, aight, Armageddon

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>