

Wherever I Go

RZA

Yeah, uh, it's dark outside
We still in the hood with this one, ya'll
Yeah, from the projects, slums, Fort Greene
Huh? Ain't no sun outside, never sunny where I'm from
Always grimy, yo, yo, yo, yo Everyday is a struggle, but you can catch my team hustlin' to the late night
Takin' risks, playin' dice, screamin' "We hate life!"
Gettin' this money, but we want more
I see a lot of niggas beefin', but they don't want war
I heat targets, anything you sese, rob it, got beef like the meat market
I'm clappin' captains, lieutenants, and police sergeants
I got two hoes named Denise and Margaret
They come through and finish drama after we start it
All my chicks major, I rep N.Y. like a Knick player
Get paper, split haters, I still spit and shit razors
Got eight pair of sick 'gators, five watches
Switch flavors, 50 red and blue rocks around the wrist, player
My vision is deep the Division will creep
Run up on you, start hittin' your peeps
Nigga, we ain't playin, our mission's discreet
I'm clippin' your peeps, have you missin' for weeks
To let you know we ain't playin'Olive oil and fried tomatoes and basil
I stepped in flared nasal from Hazelnut Amaretto
My watch 80 G appraisal
Plus they drop 50 G's for a RZA beat
Cherry wood, hid the receipts, presidential suites
Ice cold bottles of Cristy 'til my eyes misty
Complainin' to my lawyer how this rookie tried to frisk me
Jealous of my jeep, I gave his badge to the chief
And got his ass directin' traffic in the heat for a weekKeep comin' out your gums like loose teeth
You gonna take a 40 to the mouth and it ain't no brewski
That monitor gonna show straight lines like looseleaf
Got Up North niggas straight out the box like Lucies
Wanna shoot me? know you get a kick out of that just like Bruce Lee
Ya'll don't wanna lose teeth
Comin' all out of your face just like pimples
That thing comin' out of my waist, gotta hit you
'cause ya'll niggas ain't with it, better quit it
'Til you catch one through that man dribblin' on your fitted
That mean one through the front, through the back of the cap

Like the great Pun packin' a Mac in the back of the Ac'
You could take one, not talkin' bout a Ac'
I get cake from the fat crack bag with them packs, what?

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