

Word, these bitches be bugging God
Reason why ain't got nothing to do with nothing

Yeah, check it out y'all one two
We back up in this joint! What?
Check the fly shit, yeah
Don't black out on me

Yo, black man watch out, she salt-water trout
Al Deuce dug her back out, inside the dugout
Heard the pussy was good, big niggas fell victim
Mentally stripped em one God turned Christian
She know magic, soaking wet pussy on the mattress
Skin like Cleopatra's, the leading actress
She been fucking since we went to fourteen, look at Miss Thing
With a ponytail kept a jar of Vaseline
She's a big girl now, with a body that growl
Likewise murder trial, smile attract crowds
Most niggas, would light the lord over this broad
Big niggas in they drawers pose one knee on the floor
Little kids daydream of humping wildflower
Hanna Barbera faint I'm riding no Rivera

Fat-ass whips big asses, colorful lips
Wide hips, baller kits, chrome dipped wearing
blue kicks, plus jeans booming beats
Loud horn beeps, crowded streets, the fusion yo
the heat is on, never too black or too strong
In one hour Wu-Tang Clan is about to perform
Police barricade, sidewalk crowded like parades
The arena now present, de event of the decade
Long braids and fades, baldheads, spangle waves
extensions, nails Friday, just got paid
Headliner or marquee is the prime time rhyme crime family
That shines Godly light
Upon this hip-hop art form, yo Dunn
We can't be measured by no chart, the God brung
Never bust premature for sure
You want it raw, let me plant my dynamite bitch
deep inside your core, the explosion stops the menstruation
Causes stomach inflation
Patiently waiting nine months for deportation
Of the Earth from the Moon, black woman stay in tune
Yo God, let me pour y'all the science about the womb
It's a black hole for those who lose control
Fertile soil before you are wise
And spoiled many men and took many lives
And all you brothers changed sides
Only worth a decimal compared to those who died inside