

# Can't Loose

RZA

What, What  
Four Shellies  
What, What, What

Four shellies rip through his belly  
Blast him right outside of Mike's deli  
Dip to the tele  
Call my bird up on the cello  
Bobby what Bobby lust I walk strange  
And talk strange  
Long range sniper aims  
Swiss cheese your brain  
I don't sleep  
And don't eat meat  
Rest twice a week  
Speak without moving my lips  
Got fifty pairs of sneaks  
Fingerprint proof rubber grips  
Hollow tip clips  
Eight ounce sip bud nips  
We crack private do chips  
And clock a bird off the block  
Straight away from a flock  
Just caught me at the bus stop  
Twist the Snapple top  
Off, pierced her breast  
Kept her hair processed  
No panties underneath the dress  
Wally ankle bracelet  
Polo frames  
Her shades had no name  
Popocane  
I slowed my game  
Thick gold chains  
Make your eyes flame  
Up against the Bodega gate  
She stay straight  
Perfect figure eight  
Shape, couldn't wait  
To bust her grape  
With the applehead  
Legs spread open  
Invincible body armor  
My scarlet blade will slice the leg  
From the Shaolin llama

Cause I...("can't lose")

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(Yo) Cause I...("can't lose")

Yo, 2001summer heat  
Icy hot, play the street  
Twelve month, seven day a week  
Cat in eye, we hit  
Blunts hard

Fuck birds hard  
Bitch slap retards  
Quick fast  
Wind up in mass  
Body cast, its like  
Don't start shit  
Won't be shit  
Allah quick to spot shit  
Smash hit  
You know the name kid  
Don't splash it  
Pop a joint and blast it  
The shit sound  
Hype in your whip  
Make you take the car and crash it  
Megagraphical  
Always speak actual  
Only deal with natural  
One hundred percent  
Five percent  
Militant in aim  
With the intent  
Beretta Nine, blast mine  
On some empty the clip