

# 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  
Slicka upp sparka ner dessa katter blir fler  
FÅr dessa snubbars problem  
Jag silar snacket på scen  
Det är vad dom säger när jag har gått  
Vad dom skriver på sitt nät  
Hur jag låter, 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 do inte diggar min stil man  
(Nigga, fuck that shit)  
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  
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 through  
And my crew G-F-X, yeah remember that too  
Down here on the ground - ? (repeat 4X)  
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  
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  
Jag ser ett finger I ett publikhav  
Vi tar till publikhat  
Det År alltid likadant, hÅr ditt prat I publikhav  
Jag klarar mig sjÅlv  
Fixar mitt shit sjÅlv  
Slashar mitt shit vÅl  
Drar in cash varje kvÅll  
StÅndigt aktuell 100 decibel, debil, ikvÅll  
GÅ pÅ scen I ett svart klÅdesstÅll  
Jag År som en grogg utan virke, bara ren jÅvla stil  
Jag År som en hundra formel ett, fast I en jÅvla bil  
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)