

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
FÄrr 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 du 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)