

## We Pop

RZA

Yo, yo, P. Diddy might run this city  
But I walk down the block, flash my - (Yo RZA, hold up, hold up)  
Yo what's up son? (Yo, we gotta remix this joint)  
Yo, come on then (Yo, 40, it's on you)

I gotta tell you, we ain't next to nice, made you nice  
Don't get your head cracked, don't get your tomato diced  
I'm the coldest M.C. in the game  
And I shouldn't have to say it, you squares know my name  
Pimped with all the slang in the game, that they recite  
Every time I open mouth, these suckas bite  
I bust like a Dutch Master, blast you if a have to  
Somebody call the pastor

We got realest long beats  
Flows stop, make the beat go -  
I'm in the Coup with the seats low  
Even on the East Coast, I gotta keep my heat close  
We leaving holes in your cheap clothes  
My only job is to stop imposters, watch the mobster  
Cop the Boxster, drop the top and squat  
Switchin' through lanes, this is the group thing  
Cause this is Wu-Tang and Horseshoe Gang, what up?

We pop, we brawl, get money till the day we fall {please believe it}  
(We pop, we brawl, gettin' money til the day we fall) {please believe it}

Yo, I Bonecrush' ya, like I ain't 'never scared' brother  
That baby mother's like baby powder and there another  
M.C. does this cutter, when I cut, I split jugglers  
When my teeth get yellow, I spit butter  
By now you know my name, man, who hold the belt, now  
Plus who hold his self down, all with the same hand  
Now what's the game plan, let money change hand  
I'm still champ, and white boys still can't hang

Yo, P. Diddy, might run this city  
But I walk down the block, flash my glock on the jiggies  
An ounce of chronic, crushed up in the ziplock  
Outside the club, is packed up to the gridlock  
Dime piece wizes, high heels and the flip flops  
Real players pop with those cringy wrist watch  
Big bouncers the size of Sasquath  
Tuck riff with the rim that'll make your eyes pop

Do I have to assassinate them?  
Man, I leave 'em with no ultimatum  
I ain't hate 'em, I ain't make 'em make mistakes  
But I'mma break 'em, the cops, could I shake 'em  
Or will they catch me and charge me  
On the streets I put something in ya, that'll send you to God  
Meet my man, we don't have to roll, candy when we ride  
She love it, when I give her, pull her panties to the side  
Bullet loco, you might catch me breaking and entering  
Mama, I had to jump bail right before the sentencing

Get it up in 'em, cool, that strip and claimin' the set

And quick to Sway the Tech, ya'll straight bang and connect  
It's the dog, ya'll get it off, on your backpack and blue marker  
Chronic smoke cougher, I don't shoot walker  
Dub Sizzle on the remix, the last to speak  
Now it's all coming together like sweaty gas leaks  
Fo' sure, a nigga will say, 'yo, it's Dub C'  
40, Crooked I, RZA, Method Man and Jayo