

Stay In Your Lane

U-God

Yeah
Tired of all this shit god
Channel you want to come out?
Niggas betta respect this shit
I see, I see the same ol' rap cats gettin real lame
Same ol' funny cats
Radio Cats
Dummy Squads
Get one gold record step in the party hard
Like Tyson with ten body guards
Quiet stormin, we still countin enormous odds
One enter this shit, in a sense represent
Just the sun drenched the gods up
Kept his law start date March 5th nineteen nintey nine
Mighty Healthy, wealthy for fine
Braveheart, veins, respect mines
Before the war happened we connect to your glass spines
And as we bash heads, clash nines, who said you could use my lines?
Who said you could rock my Wu sings?
The golden eye chastisement
Supreme team shit
Spy versus spy shit
Small crimes committed
Tryin it wit my shines on
Gimme mines
Suppost to be comin wit proper flows son
Over the hill, headed with thrill on elephants
Till the buffalo guns
The greatest of all times
This time, I'm not go'n say no names
If you not one of the same I suggest you

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Stay off my stage, stay in your lane
If you ain't from the grain
If you ain't my main man like RZA
Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane

The run-away train double the sting
Me and Edith stay beneath us
Flip like Batman and Bruce Wayne
Don't take my kindness for weakness
36 peak shit
Sweetness, ride the bridges skim the bubbles real fridged
Don't get mad couse we lived it
As our dog we don't trouble you
Tell your bitch and your friends respect that "W" too
y'all make me sick
Renegade chicks, strap a grenade to my dick
This shit is feather
Stuck in a high, but more calibre job
To rip your best in half
We arm wrestle you till you beg
Pop your legs in the pretzel
The one in the flames and came out the drain

I suggest that you

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The rain of Spain falls mainly on the plane
Ready to bake this shit
Snake verse crane
Detrail me, hope I fell
I'm hot on your tail people
You can't be the light
I came to Earth first by a meteorite
Frog, analog non descript, I gently empty the clip
Crack the whip, rip you from your lips to your hips
Chip for some men off, you fake dreds
Action bitches about me and my black belt degree in rappin
I make a whole lot of shit happen
The moister peal, oyster vapors
Ember on papers
Still scalpin
y'all piggy backin snakes
Jiggy rap
Shinin like 'Pac, a whole fuckin album
This time, through the flames of triumph
Through the flames of triumph
I ain't go'n play no games
I ain't go'n play no games but I suggest you

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Stay in your lane
Mothafucka stay in your lane
You ain't from the grain
If you ain't my main man like RZA
Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane
Stay in your fuckin lane
Niggas
Bang bang