

# Turbulence

U-God

Boldly go only to sew the block up, lock shit down,  
Mama told me you's the giant  
Pump out the nose cold, crimewave, host em, baratone  
throne  
So defiant, they stole the science from the o.g.  
carbon copies, sloppy, trying  
To muscle out the o.d. slapshot, can't get it past the  
goalie mask  
Stonefinger roam, royalty zone off, henn, gin rummy  
stunts, cummin in sums, writing on ya tummy hun  
Low stamina, still hungry some, asthma,  
clogged up, Ramus smog, dialogue, dorm plasma, road  
hog it all, hammers  
No matter what, the track's right and exact, it  
matters, the scanners listen  
System jammer, right on ya rack, black panther on a  
mission  
Right back at you, ready to cook this shit!  
Babylon apple, natu-wu (natural) habitat, stone  
statues (planes crashin!)

Robotron golden arms, pentagon brain cell, all to  
gain, chained to the bumper.  
Wolfgang hunters, field goal punters tone, steel toe  
eruption, it's a gusher!  
Tonecrusher smith, usher the style, stubborn born  
criminals foul within the isle  
Let off a signal with attitude, magnitude, beat  
through, me devil lies that's sized of cathedrals.  
The track more lethal, came back to see you  
Finish the job off proper, live wire shit, spit the  
lava, the helicopter hit you, flyin saucers, of  
course, may the force not be with you  
These bengals that dangle, sinister phantom menace,  
hansome are my lenses, all in the register, speakin my  
spanish, clips like banana grips, bananza, dressed  
fancy in the club, Halle Barry slowdance, we romance,  
now gimme love  
(more planes, and pilots panicing.)

Verse Three:

Jackie chan movements, hard to kill for real, drill  
him some more with some  
old fashion smooth shit, long winded, splendid the  
bomb blow, on the whole  
a ruthless, butter roll flow. Show improvement? This  
shit is cool whip to me,  
when i throw off the wool. This music with a mule  
kick, eight ball in the side  
pocket corner, one mark the chalk, gimme my poolstick,  
smoked the dipped,  
notes by the throat, full grip, scud puddy in my  
hands, fans, read the blueprints,  
the truth, the slang you bit? To form in a sentence,  
the cold winters I spent with  
splinters, the apprentice under Rza's training, he  
sang, each aim's vintage,  
aimin at you swine eater, wifebeater scoundrels,

stolen vowel thieves, i'm swollen  
now, Collen Powel relief, throw the towel in, tools  
in, full spin, school em again,  
show em that the wise could rejuvenize all these  
hoodlums,don't sleep he could win.  
Pull a pen, it's full again,celeb, all on the web on a  
conquest, no disturbance,  
address it to ya chest, you're in turbulence,mighty  
men vitamin d. Rest in peace  
to my nigga bigga b.love you g. (repeat)