

'97 Mentality

Wu-Tang Clan

Yo! It's the burial ground sound, Dunn!
It's real out here
Staten Island puttin chills in y'all niggaz
Forever in it.. yo

My devastatin hot '97 Mentality
Keep me on point for my four-digit salary
Heavyweight lyric never lost one calorie
I'm soon to be seen, on the TV screen
Gambino Cappacino to the Afro Sheen
Stay black, where I'm at, high road to rap council
Splash love to Wu in a orderly tonsil
Never limit to the diction, cause chaos to mixin
Brutalize a sound check, ripple through the intermission
Rap's under siege, held tight like a squeeze
Forced in the world 'Donna nuclear freeze
Through the damage to the wannabe Flipmode and Def Squad
Ruckus a whirlpool in the rap entourage
If you dare to test thirty-six, chambers of strangers
My word of mouth it's all real wigs might peel
Livin large and in charge branch out Bon Voyage
Twenty-four diamond government named God
Alias Daryl Hill bring thugs back to kill
Circle around my son, Daryl Jr. never eatin large
Auntie Dauntie sixteen holdin me down
AIDS of rap music may be contagious to sound
Verbal the slang pushed back to create pronoun
Method forcin J-Love to Bring the Pain from underground
Realizin food for thought is self-compromisin
Shaolin cut the crack into a triple-O sizin
Blue do what he do to keep that currency risin
Hopin I catch a deal so we can catch a full wheel
Instead of catchin bodies, niggaz not keepin it real
Dirtball niggaz that steal cake from stores
That's my type of niggaz I be wantin on my tours
Can't help it, my styles stay fat like Roseanne
Ruckus in the square I stay rough like the Clan
Panther on my arm, pen and pad in my hand
Punk motherfuckers better beware of the Shaolin
Defy interactive project Children of the Corn
Gats and my man keep em bustin till he's gone
Style so ancient it sparks just like the unicorn
'Donna come through everyday my uniform
changes and switches, I came to make ladies out of bitches
Crackhead niggaz get stitches
So what up with that kid, danger when I attack kid
Watch how the slang hits you, just like the fat kid
Form another pyramid, look how we slid
All over Park Hill, Stapleton politic
on a twenty dollar bill all in it together
You can't fuck with the stormy weather, yaknahmean?

To the year Born God all the Gods strike hard
Fast from the swine hold down your boulevard
Father-U to C-Cypher, start the revolution
Middle finger in the air, for slang prostitution

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