

# Conditioner

## Wu-Tang Clan

Yeah  
Huh, huh  
Yeah  
Fo' sho', fo' sho', you know that...  
Knowhatimsayin, tired of takin motherfuckin bullets for niggas and shit  
Knowhatimsayin?  
I feel you my nigga  
Catchin 45s, being chased by the government, shit like that  
I'm diggin it  
Bitches you know, mindscapin, tryin to set a nigga up  
Knowhatimsayin?  
Yeah, MC Conditioner, yeah, knowhatimsayin?  
Tired of takin motherfucking bullets for niggas and shit Catchin  
45s, being chased by the government, shit like that  
I'm diggin it  
Bitches you know, mindscapin, tryin to set a nigga up  
Knowhatimsayin ...

MC Conditioner, you could never say this boy's a amateur... (4x)

Yeah, yeah  
Wu-Tang Clan  
Big Snoop D O double G  
Somethin for the 2000

Your mama name Peter, papa name Cita  
Fuck that nigga, when it come to the heater  
Be the elevator, pussy eater  
Too desperator, got shot, a hibernator  
Hit a nigga later, he got to vacate 'em  
Old Dirty corporata, splash, I'm up on the punanny flash  
Bad gas, Macintosh, the light is red  
Pee in the bed, I'm frustrated  
For 29 years, no educated  
High caded, cuz you kept it checkmated  
What a waste, I'm up in yo' face like what  
All you niggas I'm puttin you in your place

MC Conditioner, you could never say this boy's a amateur...

Mr. No-Meaner, pussy ho-beater  
I keep fo' heaters when I'm dippin with my vita  
Suckers they wanna beat us, join us but we don't need 'em  
Pump 'em and defeat 'em, dump 'em, and delete 'em  
This negro right here pimps hoes  
I smoke so much dope I have ya bloody at the nose  
Since my buddy at these hoes wit a bud like a rose  
It just so happens I'm the nigga that she chose  
I flows above the rest, mos' def'  
Got you shakin yo' ass, and you throwin up yo' set  
Whatever you do, you keepin it true  
Big Dogg and ODB, I thought you knew  
Oooh, the Wu, is back up in this motherfucker  
Oooh, and Snoop, is burnin rubber on these suckers  
It's a dog day afternoon  
The Clan go bang, and the bang go boom  
How you love it, how you like it, and how you get it

Do that damn thing and quit buillshittin wit it  
MC Conditioner, you could never say this boy is a amateur (say what)  
MC Conditioner, you could never say this boy's a amateur

MC Conditioner, you could never say this boy's a amateur...

yeah, yeah...

Yeah, pump that shit, testin  
Check, 1,2, yes, yes, yes  
Yes, yes y'all, to my niggas y'all  
To my click y'all, you can't quit y'all  
Wu-Tang bangin' that dope shit y'all  
That make you wanna roll up and smoke shit y'all  
To the beat y'all, you can't sleep y'all  
On my flow y'all niggas don't know y'all  
You see my style calm but wild  
You witness the rhyme, nothin but dimes  
The eightball murder verse, freestyle or rehearsed  
I wreck emcees whether I'm last or first  
What, what, what, what, hazardous dart  
Visual long forgotten art  
That fell apart, til the blood ran from the heart  
Pump through the street, Rza make re-break beats  
Packed seats, rapid fire raps at off track meets  
And an arm tank, high rank, heavy metal shank  
Blow 'em off the plank when they ships approach the bank  
Wu niggas rollin, throwin the first rap slogan  
Heroes of Hogan, shot up the military clothin'  
Quickly blow up, rolled up in rappers like pennies  
My brother stack tracks on the behalf of many  
With the wisdom, power of, science from experts  
Self applyin, that put giants in the network  
The compact disc and televised live cults  
Will multiply our strength, on a worldwide note  
Yes, what, what

Yes, yes y'all, you don't stop  
You keep on, til the break o dawn  
Ah yes, yes y'all, you don't stop  
Ah Wu-Tang known to make your body rock