

Ron O'Neal

Wu-Tang Clan

No matter what the weather, we be getting our cheddar
So we can have a better tomorrow
Oh, money, cars, superstars, getting ours, working hard
For a better tomorrow

Coach, put me in the game
I'm for real, other peoples tryna to put me in them chains
Whatever the topic, let's put it in the frame
We can even load it and cock it and put it in they brains
I'm saying, some rappers do it for a chain
Kill yourself, I know killers that'll do it for some change
These veterans is slipping, they ain't doing it the same
I don't slip, set a pick and put a shooter in your lane
Precise, 'bout shoot them at the range
But I ain't tryna shoot it with you rappers, I'll just shoot it at your dame
Y'all never should have threw me in the game
Found a new word for weed, that was so mean
I threw it in my name

My soul laid out on the block like arms spraying
The law hating, warring like Blacks and Caucasians
God versus Satan, I'm laying in the dark
With the Mossberg waiting letting off first basing
Slim from the cotton club washing a scrub
Deuce high when he cruise by, spotting his love
Hold the mic like a.38 muzzle to snub
This flow, call it OJ blood on the glove
Above rap, capital G's speak on the facts
Please believe that, meaning that I keep it a stack
He's back, he a beast on the track
The only time that I go soft is probably with your freak in the sack
Feel the bass make sure he shake, murder verse, first forty-eight
Manslaughter, nearly caught a case
I crack heads more than base
Stack bread when I orchestrate, that said y'all the base

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I seen ****as sniff coke through a crazy straw
Come out they shirts sweating bullets with the Bobby Brown jaw
Dry mouth, grinding back and forth plus he's steaming a Newport
We all holdin' the torch
Few staircase murders, some burners don't blam right
Guns that kicked around the wall you better stand tight
Full of X, AK's, whilin' in lobbys, bulletproof PJ's
**** around and get spunned like the DJ
CSI traumatized by viewing the instant replay
Spongebob ****as get scar ****a
I'm off style in any section of the hood I'll pull your car ****a

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See ignorance wouldn't allow retreat
So you rather pursue death than admit defeat
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Ay yo, I used to be so narcissistic, park the whip and spark the biscuits
Spit hollow tipped shells at the Narcs with quickness
Live to tell the tale, cause only God's my witness
Been a long time, change gonna come son, I'm optimistic
I hold the shield like Ron O'Neal
Super fly, do or die, killer hill, Brownsville
Never win, never will, yes I can, yes I will
Put a dot upon your knot then I shoot through your grill
Like a dentist, my apprentice speaks with a vengeance
Demented scientists counting bodies in the trenches
That's judges off the benches, got inches for y'all wenches
We plant those hot seeds then drove in cold winters

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