

Windmill

Wu-Tang Clan

(Make me yours) He get out of line, break his fucking arm...
You know how it go (What am I supposed to say? Yeeaaaah)
You know, word up, not playing the games, with these niggaz, man
(Somebody tell me what do I do...)
None at all, man... hit 'em off, none of that, man

Aiyo, jump out the Acura, crazy heavy, what's popping?
Us locking the game, word to every hand on the lockmen
Street gwop, everybody eats, sweep blocks
This is a message, ain't go no grams, we gon' beatbox
Study like lessons, niggaz in the game biting the grain
You knowing where it came from, stop it
You thought we wasn't coming? You dumbing, you blunted again
Watch Lex get that dough out ya pocket, rhyme all 'pallegic
Can't nothing move when I rhyme, when I drop lines it's law out in Egypt
Love ups, don't need no batteries now, what?
The only niggaz that'll glow'll be us
Yo, throw me in Sin City, leave me with the vultures and bats
Then give me two weeks to bubble like Kim titties
Dirt Dog, we miss you, now it's time to murder the game
Cuz if things change, you know it ain't against Wu

What am I supposed to say? Yeeaaaah
Somebody tell me what do I do...
(5x)

We keep it hot, keep the heat on the block
We never stop, drawing water up until it begin to drop
Raining with the patchwork of puzzles
That was written in the year of the dragon
More raw than you could ever imagine
How much of a great blessing to a rap city
Where the youth is organically fed, from the Witty
Unpredictable, Talent And Natural Game is lyrical
Analyze the picture, the portrait, the visual
A Cuban Link Chef cooks spaghetti that's untied
RAGU nigga whose tomatoes are sundried
He gave y'all niggaz whiplash from bling bling
But my rhyme'll give ya hot flash and moodswings
Math shed light on divine secrets, then science leaked it
For the lower level creatures that can't peep it
I observe MC's, regardless
From a neighboring world which is ten times the sharpness...

What am I supposed to say? Yeeaaaah
Somebody tell me what do I do...

Let the track wind and ya mind flow free
Remain conscious on this ride to ya best ability
Infinity, back to the source of which it came
Energy, see it change forms, atoms being born, never ending
On and on and on and, travel with me
Not trying to convince the pack, that it's a fact
For those who can't adapt, I lived it, shitted it back
We have agreed, you'll feel the impact of the truth when I'll squeeze
The brain feels something pop, hip hop, locked in texts
Fat checks, fly whips, jewelry, chicks

Enough kicks, fitted crown, buttoned down
Underneath the white T lies the four pound
This is forty-five minutes of menacing
Dismantling, any MC opponent stepping in the zone
Get ya face blown (Get ya face blown)

What am I supposed to say? Yeeaaaah
Somebody tell me what do I do...

Observe the word, when I speak, get the truth's heard
True to the curb, Wu classic is the new birth
Spreading the blessing across seven continents
Arm of the trench, there's no form of defense
Entertainment, nine swords swing rapid
Check the techniques, first bow to The Abbott
Witty Unpredictable, gritty individual
Valid, if it's Actual, Talent and it's Natural
Game, rugged like the train, pump it in ya vein
I and I ride or die under the name
W-U, the primary, ya secondary
Definitely not necessary, the legendary
You printed the blueprints to do this shit
Moving the youth in the bricks
Spit poison tipped darts that rip hearts
Through the chest, when I manifest my sick art

Speaking my mind, fall in line when I spit mine
Still in my prime, still'll shine til it quit time
If this is a crime, find me guilty, I'm so sublime
So rapid with rhymes, same slacking is assonine
Revealing the truth, catching feelings, it's still the Wu
Gorilla the booth, body armored, them killa proof
In living proof, I'm the Wittiest Unpredictable
Most Talented rap muthafucker you ever listened to

I'm a hustler, I grind til my pack is done
Give a seed, mad knowledge til they cracked and run
Can't nobody fuck with me, I'm just too nice
Smack niggas in they head everytime I write
Yo, I'm straight from Park Hill where the guns is popping
Where them little black kids do they grocery shopping
Go to school fucked up, it's Africa Island
We poor in the bricks but inside it's nothing but talent