

## **RZA f/ Inspectah Deck**

### **"U Can't Stop Me Now"**

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[Intro: RZA]

Round up, round up, round up, round up  
Round up, round up, round up, round up...

[Chorus: The Whatnauts "Message from a Black Man"  
sample w/ ODB sample]

No matter how hard you try, you can't stop me now  
No matter how hard you try, you can't stop me now

[RZA]

The greatest B-Boy of all time, started from small  
crimes

While others had big tops I was slingin' small dimes  
Tryin' to make the come up, the blow used to numb up  
A few G's a week, my clique used to sum up  
Till my brother got locked up, my girl got knocked up  
My closest homies each, got popped up and shot up  
And cops flood the block, no way to eat  
So I dropped a half a G on a rented SP  
1200 Sampler, and a Yamaha Four-Track  
The bass from the lab used to blow the fuckin' door  
back

While Ghost was doin' stick-ups, tryin' to make a vic' up  
Waitin' outside for the Brinks truck to pick up  
Nothing would work, so we're back to choppin' nicks up  
Givin' grown ass women two vials for a dick suck  
When I was stressed I would head to the rest  
Then the pads on the SP-12 got pressed  
Makin' beats for the streets, so the family could eat  
In '93, Wu-Tang Clan dropped their first LP  
We went platinum, \*whoo-peesh\*, yeah we flatten 'em  
Pockets got fat and um, went and got Cap and 'em  
Staten's on the map and um, Brooklyn Zu is bombin'  
'em

All around the world, Killa Beez start swarmin' 'em  
You can't stop us, you can't block us  
Rock us or mock us, knock us or top us  
Better sit back and watch us...

[Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck]

Can't stop me man...

No matter how hard, you better go hard

So hard, if you gonna try and stop me now

I be ruckus to rhythm like the blocks be wild

Bad enough I got the cops tryin' to lock me down

Can't nobody break my stride or shake my pride

Without a homicide, case and trial

It's a long time comin', long nines bustin'

Cradle to the grave I be on my grind hustlin'

Sometimes when I think about it, have my mind buggin'

The shit that I been through, things that I've seen

The chicks that I ran through, places I've been

I'm a victim of the very song I sing

That's how it is in the heart of it, most want no part of it

Some will soothe the pain through booze and narcotics

I'mma hold my head, stay true to where my heart is

Either you pay with your life, or you pay dues and  
homage

[Chorus 2X]

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