

## Wu-Tang Clan "And You Don't Stop"

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Yeah, now we're gonna give a shout out,  
knowumsayin'?  
Def Jam, knowumsayin'?  
Niggas like Method Man, Redman  
Say all the artists here, knowumsayin'?  
Bacon Lot, knowumsayin'?  
I don't need no introductions, Cat  
Whut

I'm sittin' in my west, I'm analyzin' thoughts  
I'm sippin' off a quart that I just had bought  
I'm thinkin' of the moment, things soar in that head  
I feel assurin' durin', also glad  
Yes, feel assured by knowin' I won  
'Cuz there's no one who can fuck wit' A-Sun  
I'm not bein' pushy but I'm born to boss  
You need A-Sun, oh yes, well, of course

Don't see the riot, everyone keeps quiet  
If you don't believe nigga, get hyper and try it  
Yes, it is me, a total fresh MC  
Yo, I'm born to be, MC history  
Rhyming on time because that's the deal  
You're only as fresh as your ass feel  
Other MC's, you are bound to fall  
'Cuz your real world is not a world at all

Drunken Master, styles causin' street disaster  
Blaze cut faster than a fairy slasher  
Tai-chi, Kung Fu fighting, ODB hands quick as lightenin'  
Techique too deadly

Iron fist blew the pawn, switch styles like lay long  
Let's get it on, heavy chow broke, it's not 'bout  
Shadow boxin', better punch, you need oxegen, try  
again  
When you catch the second wind, I'll break you in

Approach the mic slow, it's about to blow  
One foot crow crane, antichain movement  
Restore the ming, some take this thing for joke  
Serious men deep in thought, misunderstood, held the

fork

He's too defensive, too mean, you didn't, now it's a scene

These cats over here got glock holdin' him down  
These niggas scheming, I'm seeing everything  
Ten steps ahead, on the wall smokin' my  
Agent high told best friend of the wine

Still drunk offa cheap wine

Holdin' front lines, niggas wanna front, fine  
Fuck wit' me and mine, rain on your sunshine  
Swine nigga's come as hard as a pork rind  
Can you dig it? Only five percent live it  
While the rest of you fake niggas try to get it  
Now fuck around

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Down wit' the, "All in together now crew"  
The GZA, the RZA, me of course too  
The thing I'm analyzing is strickly hip hop  
That's what's made, well made is on my workshop  
You was unable plus earn advance  
Just to touch the untouchable kip hop dance  
They're sayin' of the utmost, truly I'm the utmost  
Have you ever caught the hip hop holy ghost

Man, I mean really, that shit is mad hype  
Especially when you find yourself rhymin' over mics  
I became a wrecker through my amplifier  
Break it down base, treble through my dancer  
That's one new dance, it's to my 'Black magic' music  
It's not classic, Arabic, or basic  
It's strickly thickly, dirty and districkly  
If not don't you pick me and forget me

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