

# Wu-Tang Clan "Windmill"

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**(feat. Cappadonna)**

*[Intro: Raekwon (samples)]*

(Make me yours) He get out of line, break his fucking arm...

You know how it go (What am I supposed to say?

Yeeaaah)

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

*[Raekwon]*

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

*[Chorus 1.5X: sample]*

What am I supposed to say? Yeeaaah

Somebody tell me what do I do...

*[GZA]*

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...

*[Chorus]*

*[Masta Killa]*

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)

*[Chorus]*

*[Inspectah Deck]*

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

*[Method Man]*

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

*[Cappadonna]*

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

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