

U-God f/ Mike Ladd

"Lipton"

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[U-God] Yo, yo, magnificent high score, master plan,
the crowd roar Throw up daily dosage, get ready for
the down pour Human cannonball, matador, standing
next to door Battle ya'll, sound more, get ready for the
round four Ground war, jigsaw, bearhug, bearclaw
Slimeball, crime bosses, you better count your losses
Dark lord, divorce court, hot sauce, the pen glide Then
fly, Bangkok, Chinese, Shanghai Red wine, fed time,
bring crime, the cake rise Take mines, break spines,
watch for them snake eyes Break ties, shake thighs,
watch how them dollars flow Scholar's home,
monotone, crush 'em on they collarbone Cyclone, you
styrofoam, up against the Wu brand Big gun to hold it,
it's gonna take two hands Check the newstand, I'm
running with the Manual Flammable, animals, call me a
dynamo Hannibal on elephants, got you in a
stranglehold Black man legal Gambino and my
bangles gold Hand in the finger bowl, your face is on
my chrome gauge Strapped with a bomb, gonna blow
you to the Stone Age [Chorus: Mike Ladd] Woo ooh,
ooh ooh, ooh ooh, ooh ooh, ooh ooooh Ay, ay, the way
she shake it Ay, ay, I can't take it Ay, ay, the way she
take it Ay, ay, I can't shake it [U-God] Yo, ever ready
wordplay, conscious survey Mountains fall crumble,
impact your chestplate Heavyweight, ankles swing,
therapy Bowflex Snowman, gold kid, melt you in your
vortex Raw sex vibe, ultraviolet on the sex drive Forty
five wives, new silent with my tech nines Respect mine
in chalk line, smash for your drama talk Backflips,
somersault, chopped by the tomahawk Pop off,
mozoltov, stung by the voodoo Old school, new school,
invest like the Jews do Your broke ass, no class,
broadcast on YouTube Fake boobs, handjobs, state
troops to damn slobs Hate you, fuck off, hate you with
duck sauce Feathers get, plucked off, when I cough
with ink dust Linked up, inked up, strokes from the
paintbrush Go for your taste buds, shrooms and I stay
buzzed Music for your forehead, smashed on your
horse face Wu on the warhead, crash through your
tourgates [Chorus] [Hook: Mike Ladd] Scott knocks, is
on the ball Let's rock, she love the boss Oh god, she

loves the mutt Jump up, and go for my mine It's so
deep, you get cross-eyed Take that heat, and roll
outside Black handprints on the wall Black handprints
on the wall [Chorus] [U-God] I say I'm pimping, bitches
on kneepads Lipton, sipping the tea bag

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