Wu-Tang Clan F/ Poppa Wu, Uncle Pete "Back Where I Belong"

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[LL Cool | Talking]

Yo, yea, aight after this particular practice run I'ma practice both verses, after this, I want you to find a spot

That's close to when the beat drops to the rewind point, locate point

You ain't gotta be on that all night, this the soundtrack Yo, Yea, Check it ok, alright, huh ok

[Verse 1]

The other night I was up at Farmers, politican wit some bloods

They told me "yo L, in the streets you aint gettin no Love

And Ever since the X's and the Jiggas came out my niggas aint tryin to the hear that smooth shit you talk about

What's Up wit that cat Canibus, some played you out Why you didn't answer back correctly, fuck was that about?"

as I sip on some henny, and try to explain some things about the life of a legend, and all the Drama it brings been gone a long time, had a lot of shit on my mind I decided I don't want to reach my goal if it means losing my shine

Streets is Hip-hop and I'm Hip-Hop, so the streets is Mine

Ballin' as long as you been livin', that's a long time Hard to Stay hungry when your pockets are so fat You hit a hot one in every city on the map And niggas keep sleepin' and you keep coming back You know better than the gat, but niggas still wanna clap

[Chorus-2x][Ja Rule]

It feels so good to be back Where I Belong The Streets is Where I Belong They Had me locked down much too long Hey Hey

[Verse 2]

Some Say "L that's cool, but see times have changed"
Niggas got red bandanas, and the grill in the range
That gold shit is dead, niggas rock platinum chains
Trade O.E. for Henny, Colt 45 for champagne
Hustling niggas found they way into the game
Extorting all these so called ballers wit big names
And you gotta have a squad, cuz running from Def aint
safe

I know you living good, but aint no smile up on our face I'm like a villain, I'm representing on my lyrics and force feed the world, even if they don't want to hear it

As far as Canibus go, my man is hittin' his ex-broad I'm getting head from his new piece

While 20 gang-bangers applaud, you came up with that bullshit

Some heads sucked it up, then you dropped that garbage album

And Totally fucked it up, I could a told ya I knew your moms

From the after-hours spot, when I used to be up in Canada

With the dreads on a black block, before you dick rode Lost Boyz

For a ticket our to Jersey, but being the man I am I tried to show ya mercy, I could a told the World The way ya label hates your guts

And how me and Wyclef, got together to set you up And how he gave me half your budget, don't believe me look it up

Ya A&R promotion niggas, they helped me hook it up I hate to be responsible, for destroying your career A one-hit wonder, huh

No Wonder you disappeared, I could atold the world You get your lyrics from the internet

Then spit 'em word for word

Like you really a rap vet, How you take metaphors from books

And put 'em in your rhyme, and how you really from Canada

And you been frontin' all this time
I heard your second album, that shit is garbage too
LL Cool J and I did this to you
On that note he said

"Yo L, you the man", I said peace, one love And Drove off in the Lex Land

[Chorus-2x]

[LL Cool J talking]

Yea nigga, the jig is up nigga, huh ha
You know what I'm sayin?, all that bullshit you was
talking
Dont mean shit, you finish now
I'm still the man nigga
the vanguard award is in my motherfuckin living room
You know what I mean? come get that shit, fuck, what
MIC still on my arm nigga, word up
Both arms, I'ma get another one nigga
You Know what I'm sayin, this LL you know how I get
down
You should of known, when you did it
He probably did it to get some fame
but is this really what you want? Hahahahahahahahah

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