

## Airbag

### "Whatever Happened"

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AZ:

Yeah... some Firm shit, you know I mean? For all the niggas, in New York all across the motherfuckin' world (world), ain't nuttin' changed yet (ain't nuttin' changed yet) shit's still real (shit's still real)... Yo (Yo)

CHORUS: [AZ]

Yo major large niggas get they grind on cash, while the crab thinkin' niggas keep they mind on ass  
I guess most motherfuckers ain't designed to last  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?

AZ: {Verse One}

You know the routine, fast cars, rings get a crew seen  
We true fiends, old school style that's how we do things  
Born & destined, hands on many investments  
Strong, reflect this 'til I'm drawn back to the essence  
Street wise, 36 waist, small feet size  
The C.I.'s quick to slide off, once the heat rise  
Detour, poverty zone, police war  
Going through each dawn, searchin' new ways for me to eat more  
Fast learner, quiet storm, play the back burner  
Bureaucrats, I react like Nat Turner  
Hold weight, used to rock kicks wit no lace  
Fuck a soul mate, low heart pace, pulse at a slow rate  
Runnin' rapid, while others play as if they captive  
Brain's inactive, bein' subjected to this crab shit  
To each his own, fuck the foulness, need a week alone  
We can zone, all day long, on the speaker phone  
600, nine five North, stay blunted, stress I came from it  
Sex got drained from it  
The new breed star gazin', raisin' two seeds

To be free, the franchise is all a whole crew  
need....indeed

Partial Chorus: [AZ] {starts after need}  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the  
past?  
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the  
past?

RZA: {Verse Two}  
Whips & full clips & pussy lips  
Rubber grips attached to hips  
Past the journey to the crib, the purest sickness cura  
Holy Koran, sirah, leaves man to understand, I stand  
up as rough briva  
Heart is bleedin', stress got my hair line receedin'  
God look we feedin', leadin' my seeds, back to Eden  
And stay suspicious of promiscuous bitches  
Who don't wash & do dish & to big for your britches  
Lustin' riches, fuckin' the next man mistress  
You wonder why your pussy itches, fat ass sample wit  
out the glitches  
Shatter your mental, split your bean up like a lentel  
Disfigure your face, you recognizin' by the dental  
Hot lead from raw heat, left in store meat  
Lay it out on Broadstreet, before he  
Left all he heard was the echo from the shot  
Cops autopsy revealed, he was stopped by the Glock  
Devils lettin' off SCUDS, thugs trapped up in HUD  
houses  
New York, been infested by Bloods, lustin' for colors of  
red  
More black lies done shed through  
Yet the blood travelin' through veins remain blue  
Boned out until we zone out, no doubt  
Chickenheads beg for the 9 inch Applehead  
Their legs open like fallopian, lubricated by petroleum  
Nine months later comes the ovary explosion  
Bitch you stupid? A hundred dollars you couldn't  
recoup it  
When I reign the truth on your brain you muted  
Rula Zig-Zag, Zig Allah, plus Allah Zig, Zag-Zig  
We addin' more knowledge to your wig

CHORUS

AZ (RZA) {sometimes overlapping each other}  
(Word up, word up) Yeah (Wu-Tang, Firm up in this  
piece know what I  
mean?) Holdin' it down stamp of approval, you know?  
(Get ya brain

washed, you know what I'm sayin'? Get ya muscle  
tendered & straight)  
No doubt, no doubt  
(Word up, the black God exists in the physical form,  
you know?)  
The Firm baby, holdin' this, A to the Z, I know what time  
it is  
(Aight) Armageddon

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