

# Cappadonna

## "Wu - Wear: The Garment Renaissance"

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Intro: method man

Ain't what you want baby  
It's what you need baby  
Ain't what you want baby  
It's what you neeeeeeeed

Verse one: rza

Yo diamond crystal rings sharp like icicles  
Nickel plated pistols, official wu-wear covers my  
physical  
Insulated thermal while others drain they co four butt  
solos  
Photographic photo type static great motivated soldier  
Or wu say boulder head flower  
You can detect the true and living God from the scorer  
Keep your sword straight, maintain your weight  
But he ate too much monosodiumglutamate, and  
polysorbate  
And drug rate concentrate, with sodium benzoate  
By the chicken thighs and tryglycerides  
And this bitch advertised her breast size  
Eighty-five didn't realize, til the truth opened up his  
eyes  
Then he became highly civilized  
And spent time amongst the wise, went through a  
garment renaissance  
And stopped wearing benetton  
Tommy hill, perry ellis, nautica, or liz claiborne  
Ocean pacific, fila, bill blass and leave fitted  
Quit the armani sweaters with the gucci wool knitted  
Now all he buys, kani's, cross colours, shabazz  
brothers  
Mecca, pelly pell, 88, north q, bear and a few others  
For the new year, strictly wu-wear

Chorus: method man

Ain't what you want baby  
It's what you need baby  
Ain't what you waaaaaant

Verse two: cappadonna

Pele egg-head the top dresser  
One man catalog the london fog casual hog  
Biere denim with the cash wu nike and kangol king  
Everyday, dlo jacket he gripped with the drawstring  
Fila supply big daddy started haveta brown skin derby  
Master tommy hil advil  
Double button woolridge, red dickie turtleneck  
Mockneck, eighteen carat holdin my twenty-two shine  
In this like macy's or bloomingdale's  
The century 21 son, the new portfolio dunn  
Now it's my time, asian wu-wear, cap and fleece wear  
One wear plaids the don will hold the best for all wear  
Plus blue wear, wu-wear, what's going on  
We're the best of this year, wu-wear and fleece wear

Verse three: method man

Ain't what you want baby  
It's what you need baby  
Just come see me  
Satisfaction guaranteed baby  
Just hold your own baby  
And just rock on baby  
I got this wine on my mind  
Feelin fine darlin  
Now all you see baby  
Ain't what you need baby  
I wanna know just how low  
It goes  
Official nasty asses, straight shots in dirty glasses  
Wu-wear fleece for you and your stinkin piece  
Hard time and killer tactics

Just hold your own baby  
Now just rock on baby  
I got this wine on my mind  
Feelin fine darlin  
Now all you see baby  
Ain't what you need baby  
I wanna know just how low  
It go

Just hold your own baby  
Now just rock on baby  
I got this wine on my mind  
Feelin fine darlin  
Now all you see baby  
Ain't what you need baby

I wanna know, how low, it go

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