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Johnson Michael
"Fuck What You Think"

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[Intro: RZA/Bobby Digital]
Yo, yo, fuck what you think
Fuck what you think

[Chorus: RZA/Bobby Digital]
It's about what you know, so fuck what you think
Twenty-one and over to drink
Nineteen and over to fuck
Sixteen and over to pat
A twelve year old kid got bucked

[RZA/Bobby Digital]
The sweet premium classic lay your ass flat as a mattress
Smack your head off the axis, the rhyme facious
Silencer on the tech-nine shot got your pillow wet
All your bitch say was the black silhouette
of the dark ninja, Lion King of the jungle, Simba
Cut the roof to your family tree, timber
Me and Dr. Strange in the black reign smokin chimneys
Fat Cappadonna tape stuck inside my Benzi
The blue coats is comin, the red coats is comin
The fed coats is comin, the wet heads is comin
I heard to Dirt was up in the Riker's fuckin a female
CEO, Wu-Tang keep it on the D-low
Third eye is a trillion million watt gigabyte
Insght like bright, can't find this on your website
Everglow superior to your inferior material
Verbal serial murder, givin you pussy cats venereal injections, lethal injections, ran from house
Left the dictionary, pictionary, the non-fictionary
Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig Allah, puzzle like jigsaw
Struggled for charisma, yo

[Chorus]

[Islord]
Aiyyo, rock head niggaz who grab mics for the first time
Get fronted on majorly once the God slides in
on the scene, love-love in the place to be

All-American lyrics, the top choice
in this rap market from Now Y all the way to England
cuz my click be jinglin under Wu-Tang Productions
That's quick to sell a million, then bounced on tour outta state
Rap fiends was trapped in cells like hot cakes
Faster than the rate of the Earth travel
Which one-hundred-thirty-seven and one third miles per a hour
And peace to the God Power for never fallin for nothin less
than a hundred grands and rap with rubberbands placed in
golden suitcases, slitted across the table
to walk the dogs in the nine-eight, the nine-eight

[9th Prince/Madman]
Yo, I build with the great minds of Africa
RZA, Star Trek Voyager, Killah Hill side strangler
Captured you in inside thirty-six gas chambers
North American, Arabian, halftone dark Indian
9th Prince convinces his enemies to kill themselves
Like Dr. Kavorkian, travel like razor satellites
Prepared for battles, devils try to raid the castles
Got tackled by the rebels, the plate in my head is heavy metal
Lyrical chain reaction, deadly instruments, run for symantecs
The international civil war assassins
Geological, biochemical, camouflaged nuclear aropostles
Sounds posible, cuz regardless visual
English grammer, mental examiner
I shock the world like the death of Princess Diana
Reverse psychology on technology, accept no apologies
The penalty is to cut off your arms and feet
Poetry teachers are speechers seepin through the speakers
My fans will become die hard listeners, plus ear bleeders

[RZA/Bobby Digital]
Fuck what you think
Fuck what you think
Fuck what you think

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: RZA/Bobby Digital]
Word up, Fuck what you think

Word up, yo

beepin sound to fade

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