

**Wu****""97 Mentality"**

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Cappadonna]

Yo! It's the burial ground sound, Dunn!

It's real out here

Staten Island puttin chills in y'all niggaz

Forever in it.. yo

My devastatin hot '97 Mentality

Keep me on point for my four-digit salary

Heavyweight lyric never lost one calorie

I'm soon to be seen, on the TV screen

Gambino Cappacino to the Afro Sheen

Stay black, where I'm at, high road to rap council

Splash love to Wu in a orderly tonsil

Never limit to the diction, cause chaos to mixin

Brutalize a sound check, ripple through the  
intermission

Rap's under siege, held tight like a squeeze

Forced in the world 'Donna nuclear freeze

Through the damage to the wannabe Flipmode and Def  
Squad

Ruckus a whirlpool in the rap entourage

If you dare to test thirty-six, chambers of strangers

My word of mouth it's all real wigs might peel

Livin large and in charge branch out Bon Voyage

Twenty-four diamond government named God

Alias Daryl Hill bring thugs back to kill

Circle around my son, Daryl Jr. never eatin large

Auntie Dauntie sixteen holdin me down

AIDS of rap music may be contagious to sound

Verbal the slang pushed back to create pronoun

Method forcin J-Love to Bring the Pain from  
underground

Realizin food for thought is self-compromisin

Shaolin cut the crack into a triple-O sizin

Blue do what he do to keep that currency risin

Hopin I catch a deal so we can catch a full wheel

Instead of catchin bodies, niggaz not keepin it real

Dirtball niggaz that steal cake from stores

That's my type of niggaz I be wantin on my tours

Can't help it, my styles stay fat like Roseanne

Ruckus in the square I stay rough like the Clan

Panther on my arm, pen and pad in my hand  
Punk motherfuckers better beware of the Shaolin  
Defy interactive project Children of the Corn  
Gats and my man keep em bustin till he's gone  
Style so ancient it sparks just like the unicorn  
'Donna come through everyday my uniform  
changes and switches, I came to make ladies out of  
bitches  
Crackhead niggaz get stitches  
So what up with that kid, danger when I attack kid  
Watch how the slang hits you, just like the fat kid  
Form another pyramid, look how we slid  
All over Park Hill, Stapleton politic  
on a twenty dollar bill all in it together  
You can't fuck with the stormy weather, yaknahmean?

[Ghostface]

To the year Born God all the Gods strike hard  
Fast from the swine hold down your boulevard  
Father-U to C-Cypher, start the revolution  
Middle finger in the air, for slang prostitution  
(repeat 2X)

...

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...

To the year, to the year Born God all the Gods strike  
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