

**Brandy F/ Tamia, Gladys Night, Chaka Khan****"The W \*"**

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\* track 13 on non-US versions of the album

[GZA (RZA)]

I grew up around block parties ready to rock  
Behind the rope nigga with my rhymes on cock  
The verse shot first nigga who had shit to pop  
A bad weather blow the feathers off a hundred flocks  
With 70% goose, 30 ducked, get stuck  
And each link in your chain is trucked  
No ends in this rhyme cipher with nine snipers  
Charge of the kiss from the Pied Piper  
I live around DJ's, b-boys, MC's  
Through rap never thinkin' +Airways+ are TVs  
It was strictly all about magnificent rhyme clout  
+Rec Room+, 2 dollars with the flyer as we would  
doubt  
Now his wigs pushed back  
Name scratched off the plaque, too wild to re-enact  
(Yo)

[Chorus x2: U-God]

Got to check out +The W+, got to check out-- +The W+  
Got to check out +The W+, got to check out-- +The W+

[Method Man]

MC's have the right to remain silent  
Everything you say can and will be used against y'all  
muh'fuckers  
And Mef can only trust ya as far as I can see ya  
Me need ya? That'll be the.. day, ya busta  
It gets no rougher when, me and my comrades rush ya  
Like red heat with hammers and sickles  
I milk like ya baby mama's nipples, got issues  
It's just us, so what's what if any can touch us  
Then lord strike me down where I stand at now  
wit this bottle of Remy, gettin' fucked up child, listen  
The most notable MC, ya source for hip hop quotable  
MC  
Of course it's Tical!

[Chorus]

[U-God]

The Princess, the Pope, incest, dope  
Choke you by the throat, the chrome handle smoke  
The man not for joke, we all out for broke  
Plus the herbal that I tote, the murder that I wrote  
You can't do me none, my Uzi weighs a ton  
I'm comin' from the slum, Wu is number one  
I stumbled on the drum, the Gods are troublesome  
+Rumble+ when we come, boy you better +Run+,  
+Run+

[Chorus]

[Raekwon]

Aiyo, it's like this jumpin' out of golden whips  
Flashin' mega bricks, outfits, rock ridiculous whips,  
bitch  
Wavy hair, men of the year, bent in the stairs  
Sick winter gear, been on position is where  
Call him an Asiatic God-body, +Longevity+  
Slang rap, you get your whip wrapped  
Swing through the hood calmly  
Yo what up? Staten Island, Bush, George  
Dust shut shit off, whips spin off  
Get off, slips, which, wiz  
Mind di-tects mines, lines lick sick nines  
Pick wines, lift up, bill a nigga six flies  
Dip wide, dress my shit up, fuck six times, wish mine  
Rub lamps, take thousand dollar crystalines

[Chorus]

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