

## Amil F/ Beyonce

### "Rock Steady"

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[Intro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Go head..

[Raekwon]

Give me all Gucci colors, my niggaz get real for  
brothers

We idolize big lines and nines

Jumping out of big joints live, projects

Lot of objects, front if you want, you gon' die

Lex with a sawed off, Killa gonna tax him in the  
Waldorff

All bloodhounds, pop, show it off

Actin' like that money ain't live

Built it from the getty-up, New York City gonna fry

Aiyo, son, I take mines, rape lines

Yeah, I'm realer than Riker's who orchestrate great  
crimes

Jump out the Lex', lookin' zesty, real Nestle

What, picture nigga, except bless me

God, I'm high-powered, gun of the hour, crafted  
Flowers

Give it the blend, double it, and blow like the Towers

All ya'll need to take showers, can't take what's ours,  
pa..

Been sellin' crack, been sellin' crack

Been sellin' crack, livin' the black

Revealin' how we flip that, strip cats

We write rich raps

Help out the body, me, similar to the Gotti

Story, I'm kinda young, son, a fly forty

The Reverend cold shittin' on shorty, did it to shorty  
pop

And gave him like ten in his jaw piece

Remember this sayin': "Staten Island Gun Slayers"

It's mayors, all gauges, minimum wage the raises..

[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard (\*RZA reverses and flips  
voice samples\*)]

...up the Rock..

[Method Man]

Niggaz be killin' me, actin' like they ain't feelin' me  
Knowin' they bustin' them guns with my artillery  
Usin' my words as if it's his and hers  
That's that shit that make me not wanna pass the herb  
The fake artist, I'm coming Razor Sharp regardless  
I bump lah, sowed of liquor, light and spark  
Make it crunk live, the dirty dirty try and serve me  
Like black folks in scary movies: you die early  
Tony Toca, Meth Tical, vida loca  
Esta loca, if she think I eat the chocha  
Ma, toss the, smoke ya, win free (Winfrey) like Oprah  
And un-hoast that roast, your meat, for the butcher  
Licky lost ya, don't even come a step closer  
When I approach a track, I slam like my culture

[RZA]

Chill with the feedback, black, we don't need that

[Method Man]

GZA told you it's a "Cold World", where ya heat at?..

[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard (\*RZA reverses and flips  
voice samples\*)]

...up the Rock..

[U-God]

Hots on the shit, just so we can lock horns  
Throw a package in the streets, get the block warm  
Something happens when we meet, hit the block strong  
Get it poppin' in your face, taste the popcorn  
Now that we back on track, can't lose  
My back gets huge, bitches Moulin Rouge  
The way I move, the Cadillac, so smooth  
Battle rap improve shit, light the fuse  
Bruised off the booze liquor, doozy kicker  
The dynamite style, shinin' lights still flicker  
Wu-Tang stickers is a nuclear reaction  
Tony Touch scratch the table, RZA on the back end  
Pure, the talent, yes, yours truly  
The brand combination of jazz, class and beauty  
Here to do my duty, up another notch  
The gospel according to rap is mega watts  
Agenda never stop, dead center, mega hot  
Go mop it up, go cop it when it drops..

[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard (\*RZA reverses and flips  
voice samples\*)]

...up the Rock..

[Outro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Haha, they coming over here..

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