

# RZA

## "Do U"

Visit "[Do U](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Come on my niggaz, yo, put your guns in your right hand  
And hold it down towards the floor  
Point all your guns down towards the floor for a minute  
Just wanna talk to you, yeah, you could hold 'em  
Just point 'em down towards the floor for a sec, aright?

We gon' splash like this, all my wild Digi heads  
Yeah, y'all niggaz move a little up to the front  
Y'all niggaz know what I'm talkin' about  
Word up, my weed heads I'll play the right for a second  
Nahmean, check it out

All y'all niggaz on X, y'all keep y'all asses in the back,  
aright  
Check it up, matter of fact, yo, matter of fact we gon'  
mingle  
With this shit like peas in the mothafuckin' pot  
Straight up Digi, Digi style, word up, as we splash you  
like this

Walk wit a didi bop ock, you silly pop, Jiffy Pop  
Fuck around son, I'll blow ya face up with fifty shots  
Sharp darts, and it pop, pop like tarts  
Extreme speed [Incomprehensible] like anakin inside  
the pod

Headed for the finish line, watch Bobby cross it  
Hoes with the diamonds on your toes, come on and  
floss it  
I be one of those tall skinny cats with the four-nine  
Three-eleven that rips through Power-U's and breaks  
spines

I culture power-tuggin' boys who be drunk, buggin'  
Lovin' loud noise from toys, club thuggin', huggin'  
Sweet chocolate deluxe, rugged, sexy buttercup  
That don't give a fuck about the cop in the club

Or the bouncer with the flashlight, one walked passed,  
right  
Some pulled the razor and chopped his ear like he was

Mad Mike

I played the cipher in the corner, teachin' math  
And I for one thoughts, a hundred brothers won't last

Because you can't do me, because you can't do me  
Because you can't do me, come on

Yo, son, wake up, yo, yo, I gotta do this  
Man, I gotta get this money, son  
Features in the crowd, appearance like black, I'm proud  
In the background, no sounds, four pound, we hold  
ground

Brooklyn bound, seven initials up in the crown  
One man's ramblin', officials they shot him down  
Supreme, extreme, lean, keen, killin' machines  
All I wanna do is feed my seed, plus my team

Keep it logical, no games, straight up about Prodigal  
Diabolic drums and I run from none  
Testimony one, give my life before my only son  
Thelonious crumbs, why they wanna press me for  
guns?

Now I'm in the face of the judge, court case thug  
From a race laced based on drugs, some made slugs  
As it was written, stroll through any block forbidden  
Glock hidden, why they wanna stop precision?

Eighty-five percent of my brothers locked in prison  
And we just keep dyin' it for the love of good livin'  
But do you, do you, do you?

You know those jams in the park produced the spark  
Made me feel words how I read books in the dark  
I always took it to heart, loved the art  
A lifetime of darts ripped crews apart

Made their stay real short, I stamped the passport  
Couldn't bring through no wack shit of no sort  
I walked the borough challengin' the best that stood  
Torch metal mics, they conduct better than wood

Once I electrify and only expect to die  
Rounded Bed-Stuy, nigga fry  
My opponent block, the beat comin' from his box  
Investment ranker who's a joke in the stocks

Keep a rhythmic pace, maintainin' great balance  
Movin' in steps of unheard of silence  
Normal progression as the slope steepens

Niggaz wanna light up when there's gas leakin'

Visit [RZA](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.