

RZA

"Fools"

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And I told him, "Don't fuck with me, don't fuck with me"
Yo, yo, everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
Yo, come on

Everybody plays a fool, sometimes
There's no exceptions to the rules
Get your nines

Digi Digi, Shaolin Shaolin
But in Brownsville
Check it out

Niggas was psyched out, Beretta brought the dirt bike
out
Everlast, just came home, it was his first night out
He was arguin' with these bitches how they don't mind
their business
When he was locked the fuck down, no one came to
visit
He was snuffed, black, his little cousin Moe stuck Cap
That's Miss. Sommers on the bike with the gat like,
"Fuck that"

But finessin' over here, he could've wished he had ten
more years
Cracked a cold beer then bust a shot in the air
Everlast, ego went full blast, didn't splash
He'd act like his head was too big for the casket
I told him, "Slow down God, you ain't wild
You ain't been in these projects in a while
Runnin' 'round with that old school style"

Don't think these young bucks won't lay you down like
tile
A hard head makes a soft ass, these New York lads
Chopped faces, you talk fast, they bust off fast
And chase you out the hood, in a bloody hood
Yo, son, you seen that kid was actin' Hollywood?

Yeah, I mean that nigga, clap happy Cali, clap when he
'ttack
Most get astounded by surrounded sound effects in

the back
Adidas shoe, phat laces, packin' budge in his jacket
Head nappy, black and nasty, but he nasty for gats
He nas', passed me, bumped me and laughed
Then flashed me his Mac
Said, "I got sixteen for you, we could bang on the
track"
So strap this, nah, this bar's a bullet, par pull it
In fact, blast me bastard, I done came to far for this

Boulevard life, remember late nights?
Mama stomach touchin' a bed, two bids
Cats sacky in Com stack, retire from the crack
I'm askin' Allah that the warm Hennessey help me
I ain't chose the struggle, the struggle chose me
Lord forgive me for I have stolen from my brothers
Snaked my brothers, even killed my brothers

Familiar fish scale, everybody plays the fool
The older God's givin' me jewels
The younger God's givin' me tools
Solomon Allah, I feel I was jerked
To the drug dealers, my baby mother's a flirt
Holey socks, one fatigue suit, what you feel it don't
hurt?

That's my problem now, I ain't afraid to talk
Still cop coke from the well Willy
When I was young I got robbed from the neighborhood
bully
'Til he forced me to hit him with the nine milli'
Now him and his click know that I'm a thug fully

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