

## RZA

### "Ova Da Wudz"

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Something's gotta give!

Yeah, you know what I'm sayin? Uhh  
Herring homes, unh, martel homes, carver homes,  
tekwood  
Martin luther king, bankhead

Verse One: Big Boi

Under-cover, over da hills and thru tha woods I go  
Like green lights, a southern nigga that's comin fo' yo'  
throat  
But not no guillotine see, we be them southern playas  
Remember the football socks, aerobic Reeboks and  
Decatur, now  
You up to par and ready fo yo lesson  
I got an ounce of dank and a couple of drinks so let's  
crank up a session  
Like Tri-City high school, was pullin em in a broke down  
Rabbit  
I spit a couple of words and layin em down was just a  
habit  
Just like smokey, choking off da pee-wee that we rolled  
up  
Talkin about the click will get you laid down hella  
swoled up  
Hootie hoo slapped ya boyz across the cheek wit  
Isotoners  
And went to tell yo momma and yo pop that you was a  
goner  
Tell em Big Boi did it; I swear that nigga be rhymin  
Every lyric that he spit be turnin charcoals into  
Diamonds and Pearls  
Girl when you givin up them draws, cause  
I got a couple of niggaz down the hall  
That wanna hit it too, I'm not the type to be actin selfish  
Set it out and let it out and I'll be right back just like  
Elvis  
Cause the postman rings twice...  
Hey Mr. Postman....

Chorus: repeat 2X

power, power, I come gimme some  
tha deadly voice over drums, we from, ATL  
put tha SWATS SWATS on yo' car  
let's travel far, tha southern star shines

Verse Two: Dre

Everybody wanna get signed, but (here to tell you)  
record companies act like pimps  
Gettin paid off what we made when we the ones that's  
fly like blimps  
But ain't no Goodyear, I tell it like it is so I'm like look  
here  
Just willin to get what I deserve my kids to have a  
mother  
and a little house, with a dog in the backyard goin  
"woof-woof"  
Who knows what I'ma say soon's I leave this recording  
booth  
Poof, back in the real world where birds fly  
From Miami by way of Cuba to whoever wants to get  
that high  
There's clouds of clowns, seas of G's  
Pro-jects, packed with playas meditating on their knees  
Just to make them ends meet, like ground beef, you  
won't believe  
The shit that niggaz attempt cause they got other  
mouths to feed  
besides they own

Chorus

Verse Three: Big Boi

There's some hoes in this house, damn right  
I'm thinkin about the way you skull me, guzz me  
Suckin me dry like deserts Mojave, Gotti, hotties and  
honeydips  
Likin the way you do me, screw me it make my money  
flip  
Shakin that ass for daddy puttin this gas off in my  
Cadi-llac  
Back, don't ever snap, packin the gats and pimpin  
whores  
Hors d'oevres, swerve, hit the curb because I'm  
reckless  
Back in the days when I was broke I'd snatch your  
fuckin necklace  
You ol' pussy-ass nigga... yeah

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